

# SMART SET

November

25  
Cents



The Only  
Magazine  
in the World  
For

The Girl of Today

Please Accept Special Offer Below

# Kissproof

The  
Lipstick that STAYS ON  
no matter WHAT one does!

"My DEAR, this new KISSproof LIPstick is simply amAZING! It stays ON and tells no TALES, if you know what I MEAN! I just put it ON and forGET it. I KNOW my lips will look smartly NATURAL and youthfully KISSable all day or evening LONG, no matter WHAT I do! I'll NEVER use ORDINARY lipstick aGAIN, my dear!"

This magic new lipstick can be obtained at all modern toilet goods counters for 50c. Just be sure the case is stamped "Kissproof". It's worth while insisting on the genuine—ordinary lipstick can NEVER give the same results.

## \* Send for Kissproof Treasure Chest

As a Special Limited Offer we will send you a genuine Kissproof Lipstick in brass case; a Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff; a charming Loose Powder Vanity; Kissproof Face Powder; a dainty package of Kissproof Paste Rouge; a bottle of Delica Brow with camel's hair brush for applying; all for coupon below and only 90c! Not stingy samples but a whole month's supply of each—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00! In striking New box—ideal for week-ends.

For your beauty's sake please accept this Special Offer. Don't delay. Send coupon before you forget. Kissproof are nature's own cosmetics—made to enhance natural youthful beauty. And how they stay on!

## Special Offer Coupon

(Mailed same day received)

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. 1328  
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For 30c enclosed (stamps or coins can be safely sent) send Kissproof Treasure Chest as outlined above. Include 16-page booklet, "Clever Makeup—Nine-tenths of Beauty," and 8 x 10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl, free. I use

☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette  
☐ Ivory Face Powder (Check which)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Free!

8 x 10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl, printed in 12 colors, included free with your Kissproof Treasure Chest. Mailed flat for framing.

AD  
payin

Now,  
\$6 per  
Draft  
pay.  
both—  
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O. C.  
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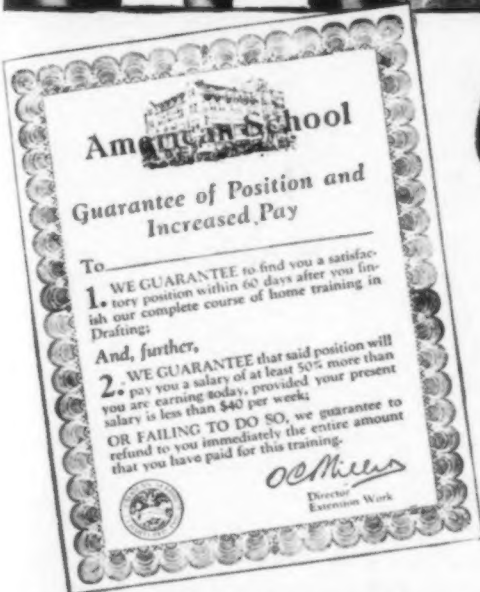


### Training

PREPARING you to fill a fine Drafting job at a substantial raise in pay...

### Employment

FINDING you the better-paid position and PLACING you in it, or money refunded....



### American School

Guarantee of Position and Increased Pay

To  
1. WE GUARANTEE to find you a satisfactory position within 60 days after you finish our complete course of home training in Drafting.  
And, further,  
2. WE GUARANTEE that said position will pay you a salary of at least 50% more than you are earning today, provided your present salary is less than \$40 per week.  
OR FAILING TO DO SO, we guarantee to refund to you immediately the entire amount that you have paid for this training.

O. C. MILLER  
Director Extension Work

### A Drafting Job GUARANTEED

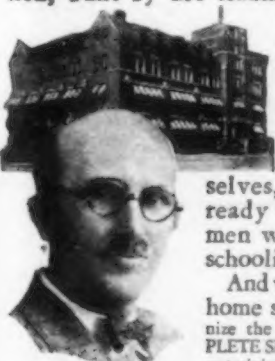
paying 50% more than you earn today  
—or not a penny of cost!

Now, at a cost you can afford, on terms of only \$6 per month, you can actually BUY a fine Drafting position and a substantial increase in pay. A million-dollar institution guarantees both—the training, then the employment. Under money-back penalty.

This agreement brings you your SECOND CHANCE. To repair a neglected education, to specialize, to change to a line where you can get ahead more rapidly. Read it, and investigate it!

### The American School

Chartered 30 years as an EDUCATIONAL institution and like the best resident schools and colleges, conducted NOT FOR PROFIT. We offer complete, thorough up-to-date instruction, built by 200 leading Educators, Engineers and Executives. A unique instruction, built to meet the specifications of well-paid jobs as laid down by employers themselves, yet simplified for ready understanding by men with only common schooling.



O. C. MILLER  
Director Extension Work

And we are the first in the home study field to recognize the need of giving a COMPLETE SERVICE to ambitious men—training, plus employment. Which takes you as you are, supplies the equipment you lack, and lands you in the better job you seek. Without risk to you!

# Come into Drafting!

Men who can read blue-prints and draw plans are "sitting pretty" these days. No wonder, when you consider that every machine, every building, all industrial activities start on the Drafting table! Intensive production, record-breaking construction operations, have created a great demand for expert Draftsmen capable of designing and calculating original plans.

### \$50 to \$125 a week paid to Expert Draftsmen

Get this point—that Drafting isn't just one line of work—it reaches out into the Electrical, Manufacturing, Building Construction, Automotive and Structural industries. That is why you'll find well-paid Drafting positions advertised in all industrial centers of the U. S. 70,000 vacancies reported in the past 12 months. And that is why I advise men to go into Drafting, particularly if handicapped by lack of high-school or college education. Today you are in competition with high-school and college graduates for the better-paid jobs. You must have specialized training to win.

### The Entering Wedge to Success in all Building and Manufacturing Lines

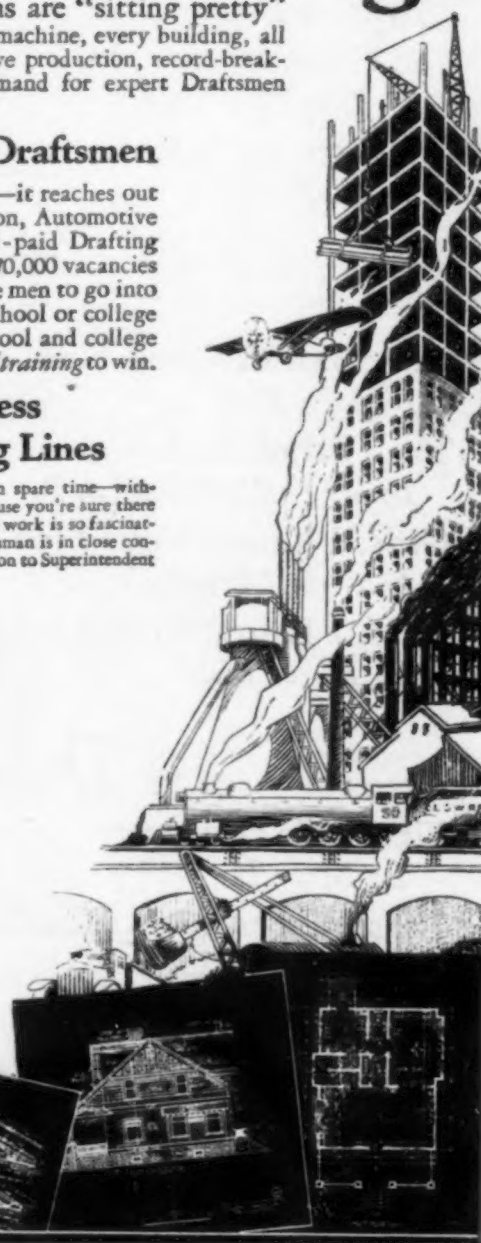
I recommend Drafting, too, because it can be QUICKLY learned at home, in spare time—without quitting your job, without losing a day's time or a dollar in pay. Because you're sure there will be a good position waiting when you are ready for it. And because the work is so fascinating and offers better-than-ordinary chances for advancement. For the Draftsman is in close contact with important work and BIG MEN, and he is right in line for promotion to Superintendent and other executive positions.

## 3 Drafting Lessons! Actually FREE!

to prove you can learn at home, in your spare time!

You will never have a more serious personal problem than deciding your future life-work—so we merely urge you to LOOK INTO

Drafting. See how you like it, see if you learn as readily as most men do, get the facts about the opportunities, the salaries paid, the jobs open, the chances for promotion. This is why, on receipt of your name, we will send you the first three lessons of our Drafting course without cost or obligation.



O. C. MILLER, Director Extension Work,  
THE AMERICAN SCHOOL,  
Dept. D-8251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St.,  
Chicago, Illinois

Please send without cost or obligation:

1. Three Drafting Lessons.
2. Facts about the opportunities in Drafting.
3. Your Guarantee to train and place me under money-back penalty.

Name .....

Address .....

Age.....Occupation.....

## The American School

Dept. D-8251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

SEP 28 '28

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NOVEMBER, 1928  
VOLUME 83, NO. 3

# SMART SET

WILLIAM C. LENGEL  
Editor

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Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive—SMART SET'S Gallery of Beauty, pages 19-24  
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NEXT

By  
FRANK R.  
ADAMS



© Pirie MacDonald

MONTH Beginning

PETER AND MRS. PAN

A Charming Novel of Modern Marriage

Published by MAGUS MAGAZINE CORPORATION at 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

JAMES R. QUIRK, President WILLIAM C. LENGEL, Vice-President KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary ROBERT L. MURRAY, Treasurer  
25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois  
Copyright, 1928, by MAGUS MAGAZINE CORPORATION, New York



# How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

*Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful system—Free book shows how.*

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the \$25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

## Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern Mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

## A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—



A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my Idea

is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

## Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made \$5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evelyn Balster, Chicago. (Former School Teacher.) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was \$800."—J. A. Ferguson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Former Dry Cleaner.) "Sold over \$100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J. (Former Grocery Clerk.) "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Ocean Springs, Miss. (Former Housekeeper.) "My first day's work in real estate netted me \$435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, San Diego, Cal. (Former Planing Mill Man.) "Have sold one \$5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Former Housewife.)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

## Get Free Book Now

My big, new illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 60-11, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

## \$1,000 Reward

We do not claim that all who follow our instructions make such amazing profits so quickly and so easily. But we do say that the fact that so many have done so is proof that the average person can make more money in less time our way than any other way we know of. And we back up this statement with an offer of One Thousand Dollars in gold, to any one furnishing proof of any other course of any kind that is helping as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as our Real Estate Course. AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.

PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.  
(Authorized Capital, \$500,000.00)  
Dept. 60-11, 18 East 18 Street, New York, N. Y.

Mail me your free book telling how you made \$100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

Name .....  
Print or write plainly

Address .....

City ..... State.....

# Dictated~But Not Read

**Y**OU know what "dictated but not read" means when you see it on a business letter. But do you realize how often it applies to other things? So many of our impulsive actions ought to be rubber-stamped—"Dictated by the Heart. Not Approved by the Head." How often they lead us into embarrassing situations! Just as often into delightfully amusing experiences. For instance:

**P**ETER was absorbed in watching the first performance of his new play. The girl beside him was absorbed in Peter. She was a perfect stranger to him but she didn't intend to remain so. On impulse—dictated by her desire for adventure and thoroughly approved by her calculating little mind—she asked Peter to pretend he was a friend of hers. She'd explain why later. Peter, on impulse, dictated simply by his chivalrous heart, agreed. Whether his exceptionally clever mind approved of all that gesture let him in for, you can only discover by reading the delightful adventures of

## Peter—And Mrs. Pan

By Frank R. Adams  
beginning in December SMART SET



What had he dictated?  
See December SMART SET

**I**S SOCIETY a magic word to you? Do you regard the world of wealth and culture as a fairy world of which you long to be a part? More and more often society is opening its golden gates to girls from shop and office and stage. Your turn may come next. When it does will you be wise enough to let your common sense and the advice of those who know, approve of everything your impulse dictates? May Cerf has found out for you from the supreme authority on good social usage just what you want to know. You can begin practising as soon as you read how to win your way

## In Society

By Emily Post  
in December SMART SET

**H**E WAS a serious minded soldier who didn't know how to be frivolous. She was a gay young thing who was always the life of the party. But she liked him better than any man she knew and she tried and tried to be the kind of a girl he'd like. But her irrepressibly gay young spirit constantly dictated otherwise. She knew he wouldn't approve and finally the house party at which she met him would be over and she'd never see him again. She decided to make one last desperate effort to impress him—and just at the critical moment she—well you'll see what fate dictated when you read

## The Life of the Party

By F. E. Bailey  
in December SMART SET

**T**HE letters that Fiske, Sr. dictated to his son at college were formal, businesslike—anything but fatherly. Constance Davis, his secretary, thought that Fiske, Jr. deserved better than that if he were to come through as his mother would have wanted him to had she lived. Fortunately all of Fiske Sr.'s correspondence was dictated but not read. Little by little Constance began to modify the harshness of these brief notes—unintentionally at first—finally with the definite desire to help this boy—a stranger, over the hard spots. You'll laugh and cry as you read this sweetly human story

## Dictated But Not Read

By Frederick Orin Bartlett  
in December SMART SET

**W**HEN fashion dictates slenderness at any price does reason always approve? Is the modern girl with her lack of feminine curves, her sunburn instead of a peaches and cream complexion, her shorn locks instead of the glorious golden tresses that artists raved about—really beautiful? A famous novelist says "as a whole the girls of today are indisputably inferior in beauty to the girls of the past." Perhaps your reason will approve the amazing statements regarding

## The Sacrifice of Beauty

By Gertrude Atherton  
in December SMART SET

**H**AVE you ever been jealous? Then you know how unhappy it makes you and every one around you. When jealousy dictates your conduct you appear in the worst possible light. Your reason does not approve because your reason is usually A.W.O.L. when jealousy is boss. If you are one of those who believe that jealousy is a sign of true love—perhaps you'll cease to believe it after you read

## Don't Be Ashamed of Jealousy

By Lucian Cary  
in December SMART SET

**F**REQUENTLY youth dictates what maturity cannot approve. Certainly the respective parents of Jean and Connie did not approve of their constant companionship. Neither set of these bridge-playing, jazzy parents could see anything worthwhile in the offspring of the other. And the children at seventeen couldn't see much to admire in their parents. But when grandma and grandpa came to town things happened that worried both sets of parents almost to death!

## Any Place But Home

By Robert S. Carr  
in December SMART SET

**"D**ICTATED but not read" may be all right for some notes but if you really want your December SMART SET, on November first you'd better speak to your news dealer yourself and be sure it is saved for you



# MODERN JEWELRY AT A MODERATE PRICE

## \$100

brings your choice  
10 months to  
pay



\$42<sup>50</sup>

20—Love Knot engagement ring; 18 K white gold set with our AAI quality blue white diamond, \$1.00 with order, \$4.15 a month.



\$52<sup>50</sup>

21—Cupid Engagement ring carved with arrows, hearts and cupids; diamond on each side of shank and large brilliant blue white diamond in center. \$1.00 with order, \$5.15 a month.



\$65

22—Symbolic engagement ring carved with beautiful bird design in 18K white gold and set with our AAI quality blue white diamond, \$1.00 with order, pay \$4.00 to Postman; \$6.00 a month.



\$50

23—Artistic Roman scroll design in 18K white gold set with large brilliant blue white diamond of our AAI grade, \$1.00 with order, \$4.90 a month.

formerly  
Sold  
for  
\$37<sup>50</sup>

Now 32<sup>50</sup>



24—An American made watch with a guaranteed 17 Jewel movement in a 14K green gold filled case; beautifully engraved. It formerly sold for \$37.50. Now you can buy it at this low price of \$32.50, \$1.00 with order, \$3.15 a month.

It's a BULOVA

\$29<sup>75</sup>

Buy it  
on Credit  
at the Nationally  
Advised Cash Price

26—Here's a new model in the famous Bulova watch. It has a 15 Jewel movement with dust-tite cap that keeps out dust and dirt and radium numerals and hands. Buy it on our convenient payment plan at the nationally advertised cash price—\$29.75, \$1.00 with order, \$2.87 a month.



Tells time in dark with radium numerals and hands.



Three piece case makes it dust and damp proof.



Special constructed jolt proof 15 Jewel movement in solid case.



Introducing  
The KENT

Insured  
It's Dust-proof  
Jolt-proof

Introductory  
price  
\$29<sup>75</sup>

\$2.87 a  
month

28—The new Kent has all the modern improvements of watch making. Consider its many features illustrated to the left, then consider its low price. With each watch we give an insurance policy which protects you. We give you 15 days to wear it and convince yourself of its dependability. Its jolt proof feature alone should be sufficient for you to make it your watch. Send \$1.00 today and let us send you this watch for approval and 15 days trial.

### WHAT YOU DO—

SEND ONE DOLLAR with your name and address, the number of the article you wish to examine and a brief note telling us something about yourself.

Simply state: (1) How long at present address, (2) Age, (3) Married or Single, (4) Name of employer, (5) Nature of work and (6) How long in employment. This information will be held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries sent to employer.

### WHAT WE DO—

Upon arrival of your order, we will open a Ten Months Charge Account and send your selection for approval and 15 days trial. Convince yourself of its remarkable value. If satisfied, you pay the balance in ten equal monthly payments. Otherwise, return and your dollar will be promptly refunded. No articles sold to persons under 20 years of age.

To Any Adult interested in the purchase of a Diamond, Watch or article of Jewelry, we will send you this complete booklet free of charge. 10 months to pay on everything.

A NEW DINNER RING  
with 3 Diamonds  
and 4 Sapphires

\$42<sup>50</sup>

24—Artistic design 18K white gold dinner ring set with three blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires. A remarkable bargain, \$1.00 with order, \$4.15 a month.



Regular  
\$50 Value



\$39<sup>50</sup>

27—Two blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires are set in this 14K solid white gold wrist watch. It comes complete with high grade gold filled flexible expansion bracelet set with two triangular cut french blue sapphires. \$39.50, \$1.00 with order, \$3.85 a month.

The NEW ELGIN  
PARISienne WATCH

Paris, creators of fashion have designed the new Elgin Parisienne series. The famous American manufacturer placed it within your reach at this low price. They are fashioned in Jade, Black or Ruby Enamel.

\$35



\$35

29—Madam Agnes design. An achievement of modern art in jade, black or ruby enamel. Mention color desired. \$35.00, \$1.00 down, \$3.40 a month.

30—The Premet. A design of the famous Madam Charlotte in artistic color of jade, black or ruby enamel. Mention color desired. \$35.00, \$1.00 with order, \$3.40 a month.

## L.W. SWEET INCORPORATED

Dept 1108-S 1660 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

# Newest Style Specials

## Direct from New York

Your Choice  
Sent for Only

\$1.00  
DEPOSIT

Six glorious models that exquisitely express the newest, smartest mode of the season. Each a value that invites comparison. Only \$1 deposit brings your choice on approval. Judge for yourself, in your own home, the stunning style, the material and the luxurious fur trimmings. See the smart touches here and there that add so much to a coat's attractiveness. Then, if perfectly satisfied take 6 months to pay! See opposite page.

Send  
for  
Free  
Style  
Book

No. C-27F  
\$4.00  
a month

No C.O.D.  
to Pay  
—  
Only 1 Coat  
to a  
Customer

### All-Wool Broadcloth with Baby Seal Mandell

Exceptionally smart style of all-wool Broadcloth trimmed with baby seal Mandell. The voluminous shawl collar, and deep cuffs of unusual design make it exceptionally rich looking. A smartly tucked back, ornamented with silk arrow heads in which a panel of the reversed material is inserted, gives the slender effect so much desired. Lined with guaranteed silk satin and interlined, making it delightfully warm.

Colors: Black or Tan. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-27F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$4.00 a month. Total price only \$24.95.

### All-Wool "Lamskin" with Manchurian Wolf

One of our richest and most attractive fur sets of Manchurian wolf is used to trim this all-wool "lamskin" coat. Both fur and cloth are of the very finest quality for both appearance and wear. Coat is lined with guaranteed silk satin and fully interlined. While the front and back are plain, the sides are voguishly tucked and ornamented with arrow heads and neat stitching. A great value.

Colors: Tan or Middy Blue. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-28F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$4.85 a month. Total price only \$29.95.

### Rich All-Wool Broadcloth with Manchurian Wolf

An outstanding value of elegant quality all wool broadcloth with beautiful large shawl collar and deep cuffs of rich Manchurian wolf. Long tucks with silk embroidered ornaments embellish the back and side. Splendidly strong lining of pure dye silk is guaranteed to give long and satisfactory wear, and a warm interlining assures extra comfort. One of our most charming models and the price is astonishingly low for the quality and style.

Colors: Black or Middy Blue. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-25F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$4.85 a month. Total Price only \$29.95.

Guaranteed Silk  
Satin Lining

No. C-25F  
\$4.85  
a month

**ELMER RICHARDS CO.**  
West 35th St., Chicago

See Opposite Page



# 6 Months to Pay

Try this budget plan. Your new coat seems to cost little or nothing because you'll never miss the easy payments. Send only \$1.00 deposit now—see coupon.



No. C-35F

No. C-29F  
**\$4.00**  
a month

Send  
Coupon  
and only  
**\$1.00**

All-Wool  
Lamskin  
with  
Mandell  
Fur  
**\$4.00**  
a month

This All-Wool Coat of fine Lamskin velour closely woven material somewhat like broadcloth, is trimmed with a large shawl collar of Mandell fur and generous cuffs. The coat displays panels and fancy cuttings beautifully tailored and ornamented with hand embroidered arrowheads in silk. Satin lined with our guaranteed lining, and fully interlined. Splendidly practical for the woman who desires comfort and good wearing qualities as well as style. Avail yourself of our easy credit terms which enable you to enjoy the coat while paying for it in small convenient monthly amounts. Colors: Grackle Blue or Tan. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 in. Order by No. C-35F. Terms \$1 with coupon. Then, if satisfied \$4 a month. Total price only \$24.90.



## All-Wool Broadcloth

← with Baby Seal Mandell

New, chic model of all-wool Broadcloth with a deep shawl collar and cuffs of baby seal Mandell. A combination of gracefully curving tucks, arrow heads and velvet insets make an unusually attractive back. Coat is lined throughout with an excellent quality of guaranteed silk satin and warmly interlined. Specially priced. Colors: Black or Middy Blue. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-29F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$4.00 a month. Total price only \$24.98.

## All-Wool Velour with Cut Side Panels →

Very becoming and popular style of all-wool velour with cut side panels, embellished with tucks and arrow-heads. Shawl collar and generous cuffs are of rich Mandell. Lining is of guaranteed silk satin with a handkerchief pocket. Priced unusually low.

Colors: Tan or Grackle Blue. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-30F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$3.20 a month. Total price only \$19.98.



Send  
for  
Free  
Style  
Book

No. C-30F  
**\$3.20**  
a month

(Check Garment Wanted)

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## Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 3888, W. 35th St., Chicago

I enclose \$1.00 deposit. Send me the coat I have checked at the left. If I am not satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay the monthly terms until full price is paid.

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for Coupon

# Here Are the Winners!

## In the "What I Like Best—And Why" Contest

ONE of the most successful contests in SMART SET's history has just closed. Every day, for four months, an almost incredible number of letters on "What I Liked Best and Why" flooded the Contest Editor's desk. SMART SET is sorry that it cannot award a prize to every contestant. Surely each one of you—whether you have won a prize or not—deserves commendation for well-written letters. Certainly no magazine has such a loyal and intelligent following as SMART SET. You deserve a magazine that is growing better every day and with the help of your letters that is just what we are giving you in the new SMART SET.

**MR. ROBERT CAMPBELL**, the first prize winner, has been a faithful follower of SMART SET, although strictly speaking it is a magazine for young women, for over a year. He points out in his letter the building up of SMART SET, and applauds the great strides the book has made since the August issue of a year ago appeared. Mr. Campbell has given fine, intelligent reasons for his choice in each case, so we'll let him tell what he liked best and why, in his own words:

SMART SET is the magazine of the day. It is distinct. It is youthful. It is full of life. It concerns problems that are of interest to the boy and girl of today. It is smart. I have been buying SMART SET for over a year now and enjoy it each month more than the previous month. That must mean something. And it does. Ever since I have bought SMART SET I have noticed a very slight change from month to month, not evident at first. It was, it seems to me, a gradual change. And a change much for the better. My proof of this statement is for any of you who doubt me, to look at the August issue of one year ago and the August issue of 1928. And in the August issue of 1928 the reader is informed that the magazine will keep on building up with the September and the October numbers. Go to it, SMART SET, I'm with you—and good luck!

**WITHOUT** a doubt, "The Quality of Mercy," by Virginia Terhune Van de Water, is the best work in the May issue. It is the author's portrayal of the char-

**THE  
LUCKY ONES**

**First Prize, \$50**  
*Robert Campbell, New Rochelle, N. Y.*

**Second Prize, \$30**  
*Gertrude Livingston, Ontario, Can.*

**Third Prize, \$25**  
*Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Cal.*

**Fourth Prize, \$15**  
*Phre Voiers, Menlo Park, Cal.*

**Ten \$5 Prize Winners**  
*Olga R. Holmes, Luray, Va.*  
*Mrs. J. Cogan, Mitchell, S. Dak.*  
*G. W. Walker, Dade City, Fla.*  
*Eva Lea Branson, Branson, Mo.*  
*Hazel Gould, Flint, Michigan*  
*Mrs. Edwin Belknap, Shoreham, L. I.*  
*Ora Courtney, Kansas City, Mo.*  
*Robert S. Shaw, Swissvale, Pa.*  
*Alma King, Washington, D. C.*  
*Edward Askren, Manhattan, Kansas*

acter, Pauline, that carries the story along at so breath-taking and emotional a pace. Mrs. Van de Water makes you an ally of Pauline's; she makes you want to step right into this girl's life and help her; she makes you feel just as Christine Dale, the welfare worker, feels for Pauline. In short, Mrs. Van de Water makes you forget you are reading a story. She makes you the observer of a piece of human drama as it is in real life. And after all that "something" which makes a story more than just good, that places it above the ordinary run, is its ability to carry the reader through the pages and make him feel that he is living the story and not merely reading it. And that is just what Mrs. Van de Water has done.

My congratulations and admiration go to her for writing, and to SMART SET for publishing, a story of such human interest and brilliance. It deserves the highest praise.

**HONORÉ** Willsie Morrow takes first place in the June issue of SMART SET. Her article entitled "Last Year's Flapper's Little Sister" is one of the soundest, most intelligent pieces of literature I have read in a long time. And Mrs. Morrow is right. I know because I am one of the modern younger generation, and I can see and feel the change that is slowly but surely taking place. The flapper is making her final bow; a newer and a finer girl is coming on to take her place. Girls are sensibly dispensing with heavy diets and over exercise to keep their figures slim and boyish. The new girl realizes that a man loves a woman—but he doesn't—and can't—learn to love a "girl-boy." All these things Mrs. Morrow has told you in and between the lines of her article. And you girls know as well as I do that she has stated facts, and that she deserves many "thank yous" for her intelligent and instructive piece.

**THE** most vital test of a good story is, does it hold the reader's interest throughout? There is one story in the July issue of SMART SET that seems to me more interesting from the first paragraph to the last paragraph than any other piece of work in the book. That story is "Love Bars the Garden Gate." I have never read a finer, more human story of wise and tender father love than this story of Shirley Seifert's. Judge Carey makes you feel like jumping up and cheering for him; Dick Champney makes you feel like whispering hoarsely, "Go to it, Dick," and Sue makes you feel like warning her to pick the right man. There is fine character portrayal, a good theme, an interesting background, and excellent writing. That is why I honestly believe "Love Bars the Garden Gate" is the best story in the July issue of SMART SET.

I can't remember reading a better story about the trials and tribulations that confront young lovers today—especially when the young man is tied to his mother's apron strings—than the one written by Robert S. Carr for the August issue of SMART [Continued on page 135]



*"Cream of the Crop"*

**LUCKY STRIKE**  
"IT'S TOASTED"  
**CIGARETTES**

*"Hoot, Mon, Luckies  
dinna hurt my wind  
or throat."*  
*Harry Lauder*

Sir Harry Lauder, International Comedian

The finest tobacco—long even cut—  
no dust—"It's Toasted"—all im-  
purities removed—flavor improved.

**"It's toasted"**  
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

# To ADVERTISERS

## Who Take a Business Interest in *Young Women*



THE successful advertising medium is tailored editorially to a definite class of readers just as a custom-made suit is tailored to the individual.

SMART SET is tailored exclusively to the smart young woman, ages 18 to 30. Look this issue over for proof.

SMART SET's 400,000 hand-picked *class* circulation parallels the mass purchasing power of America's young women—most readers where most young women live, earn and spend.

—73.61% of SMART SET circulation is concentrated in the cities of 10,000 to 500,000 and over population.

—and 63.4% of SMART SET circulation is *news-dealer sales*. Voluntary buyers, who make willing readers for the advertising pages.

THROUGH SMART SET, advertisers influence the purchases of 400,000 young women, who in turn influence the purchases of 400,000 mothers. For today it is *daughter* who dictates mode and manners.



# SMART SET

*for the smart young woman*

**400,000 Guaranteed**



# "I was ashamed to have company before - now I am proud of my home"



"I was ashamed to have company—for I was ashamed of my home. I was miserable whenever anyone entered our cheerless, old-fashioned living room. Angry and resentful because Jim didn't make enough money so we could buy new furniture from our homestore."

"Jim couldn't understand how I felt. I noticed that he seldom wanted to stay home. And the children were the same—always wanting to go to some one else's house; never bringing their chums home with them."

## Unhappy, Until . . . . .

"When I went to my friends' homes and saw their lovely living rooms, I came home more unhappy than ever. It got so we never had company, because I didn't want guests, couldn't be myself in my own home!"

"Then one day, in a magazine, I came across an advertisement of Spear & Company. It told how anyone could have the home of their dreams. It told about Credit-to-All. It offered me a living room suite that was just what I wanted and only \$49.95—even lovelier than \$90 suites I had seen. And only \$1 down! A whole year to pay!—30 days free trial."

## A Real Surprise

"Jim finally said I could send for it, when he read about Spear's 30-day FREE trial offer. He said it must be all right, if they could make a guarantee like that."

"I'll never forget the day our suite came. It was far more beautiful than it had been pictured. It simply transformed our living room."

"You should have seen Jim. He was even more pleased and excited than the youngsters. Right away he wanted us to have Mr. Hall, the foreman from the shop, and his wife, come over."

"They came. We had the nicest evening. Mr. and Mrs. Hall thought our living room was lovely. We soon became great friends. I wonder if that had anything to do with Jim's promotion last month?"

"We've never missed the money—only a few dollars a month. Jim says we used to waste more than that, with nothing to show for it. And we have the best times nowadays. Because we are proud of our home."

This is the story of Mrs. James Newton—just one of the true stories we receive every day—stories that touch the heart and make us proud, too—proud of the values we offer to home folks everywhere. We're proudest of all, because we can now offer this marvelous bargain in a living room suite, the very suite that was ordered by Mrs. Newton, the suite that will make thousands of homes happier, more comfortable.

**This Overstuffed Velour Suite** represents new beauty, new style, new luxury, new comfort in a 3 Piece Overstuffed Parlor Suite. Notice the new curving lines, the new inviting side wings, the new contrast of plain blue velour arms and outside ends, against Blue and Taupe Figured Velour seats, backs and wings. A new low credit price—\$49.95—a year to pay. New all the way through—with the same quality, same workmanship, same sturdiness found in suites selling for \$85 to \$90 cash. A saving of almost ½.

This davenport is slightly smaller in size than those in \$90 suites, but bigger in real comfort and bigger in value. It measures 63 in. wide instead of 72 in.—but you have to measure it yourself to realize the difference.

**Davenport, rocker and wing chair** have comfortable side wings. Sturdy hardwood frames are in rich brown mahogany finish. Inner construction—9 coil springs in seat of each chair, 18 coil springs in seat of davenport together with high quality sanitary interior upholstery materials. Thickly padded backs and seats—guarantee perfect comfort. Arm chair and rocker, width overall 33 in. Seats 21 x 19 in., height of backs from seats 24½ in. Davenport width overall 63 in., between arms 52 in.

Send only \$1, use the suite as your own for 30 days FREE. If you don't believe this the greatest bargain of 1928, return it and we will refund your \$1 and transportation charges both ways.

Order No. B A 4310, 3-piece Overstuffed Velour Suite. Sale Price \$49.95. Terms: \$1 down, \$4 monthly.

*Richard J. Spear*  
President

## ➔ Spear & Co. ➔

Dept. S 801

Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Save \$35 on this Suite

Spear & Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa.—Home Furnishers to the People of America for 35 Years—We Furnish Credit to Furnish Happy Homes.

ONLY  
\$49<sup>95</sup>

A YEAR  
TO PAY

Only  
\$1  
DOWN

### Yours—The New Spear Book —Greater Than Ever —1278 Bargains



Full of cozy, comfortable furnishings for chilly fall days and cold winter months. Everything for your home in the season when your home should be cheeriest—furniture, lamps, curtains, silverware, beds, dishes, rugs, chairs, davenports, stoves, linoleum. Bigger bargains than ever—savings of 25% to 40%. FREE credit on everything—FREE! GIVEN. 30 days

FREE trial. Year to pay. Never before such sensational values, such easy terms. Send today—thousands have already written for this book. Your copy is ready. It will be sent to you free. No obligation to buy. Mail the coupon now.

30 Days  
FREE Trial

© 1928  
Spear & Co.

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S 801, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Send me at once the 3-piece Overstuffed Velour Suite as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of 30 days trial, I am satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly. Order No. D A 4310. Sale Price \$49.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
R. F. D., }  
Box No. or }  
St. and No. }

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
FREE CATALOG { If you want our FREE Catalog only, send no money, put an X in the square, and write your name and address plainly on the above lines. ☐



## AN ANNOUNCEMENT to Ladies Who Prefer Ambitious Men

THE publishers of SMART SET, for the smart young woman, are also publishers of the *New McClure's*, a magazine for alert, ambitious men.

It is the only magazine that ranges over *all* man's interests. It is a magazine of entertainment, of inspiration and of clean sportsmanship.

It is a MAN'S magazine.

Famous writers and personalities contribute to the *New McClure's*. Among them are Irvin S. Cobb, B. C. Forbes, Gene Tunney, O. O. McIntyre, T. Howard Kelly, James Hopper, James B. Connolly, A. E. W. Mason, James H. Collins, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Leroy Scott, Will Rogers, Hugh Wiley, Charles J. McGuirk and many others. They know how to interest, entertain and inspire men.

The *New McClure's* is of no interest to you for yourself, but for that man who interests you—whether he be friend, fiance, husband, father or brother—the *New McClure's* is great and wholesome reading.

It will help and inspire him.

HE should particularly read the November issue—on sale now. In it, Charles J. McGuirk begins his sensational expose of the underworld influence that is making of the prize-fight game a graft and a gyp-racket.

By all means, tell him to get—or you get for him—the November *New McClure's*. It will convince him that here at last is a man's magazine.

We feel sure he will appreciate your thoughtfulness in bringing the *New McClure's* to his attention.

One hundred thousand successful, alert men buy and read the *New McClure's* every month. It has become their favorite magazine.



# Laugh If You Like~!



## - But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT WAS at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able either to sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played. First, some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And we thought you didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it."

"I have always loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician."

"You all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How

I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so I decided it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but real notes, catchy tunes—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable, easy "at home" method that has helped almost a half-million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about

music. You find your progress amazingly rapid

because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And the cost averages just a few cents a day!

### Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends—good times—social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music,  
42711 Brunswick Bldg.,  
New York City.



U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
42711 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

### Pick Your INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Also for Advanced Pianists a Special Course including 24 famous classics—a distinctive addition to any pianist's repertoire.

## “I wish I’d known”

THERE’S always a new experience ahead—something you haven’t done before and which calls for a decision.

You become engaged—and immediately you are called upon to decide on the purchase of many, many things you never bought before.

You marry—and furniture, draperies, silverware, china, talking-machines, oil-burners, gas-stoves, automobiles claim your dollars and call for your choice.

A baby comes—and again you face a new experience in purchasing clothes and powders and blankets; in buying a crib, baby-carriage, foods, toys.

Next—what school? For the years pass incredibly fast. Once more, a new decision.

Every room in your house requires a choice. Every meal served in your dining-room results from your having decided on what to serve. Every day confronts you with a multitude of possibilities from which you must select those which make life happier and better, and make the dollars go farther.

How on earth are you going to make those decisions? How can you know what you want and what you don’t want? How can you buy to such advantage that you’ll seldom, if ever, have occasion to use that futile phrase, “I wish I’d bought something else”?

Read the advertisements—read them carefully. The advertisements are an encyclopaedia of news and information on the things you want and need.



# Who killed Dwight Hardell, the Idol of the Screen?



EXTRA!

Solve the mystery and win  
\$1,000 reward

DWIGHT HARDELL was leading man for Superior Films' super-productions. He was the idol of feminine motion picture audiences the country over. His picture was on their walls; his image was in their hearts.

Then came that mysterious night on the Superior Films' "lot." *Midnight!* Fog off the Pacific blanketed the "lot" with eerie menace. The blaze of powerful arc lights suddenly went out. Pitch blackness ensued, with here and there a patch of dim light. Suddenly a dark figure seemed to float out of the bushes. A wild shout—a terrifying scream. The Irishman at the studio gate shivered, crossed himself and muttered, "a banshee."

And the next morning, there lay on Stage Six a grotesquely twisted figure, with fear-stricken countenance, a horror of something more than death in the agony



of his expression. It was Dwight Hardell—dead!

Who or what killed him? What was the secret of the horror in his glazed eyes? Here's your chance to turn detective. Read this great mystery story in PHOTOPLAY. It was written by the Edingtons who know the "inside workings" of the movies because they're in the movies. Solve the mystery—and win one of the 19 handsome prizes—\$50 to \$1,000.

November  
PHOTOPLAY  
Out Today

# "Dear Mr. Woolrich"

*Scores of Girls—And Some Men*

*Write the Author of "Girls, We're Wise to You"*

## THE REAL TRUTH

CORNELL WOOLRICH'S article, "Girls, We're Wise to You," published in the September SMART SET knocked our readers for a row of mail trucks. What a response that article elicited!

Letters from flappers. Letters from flappers' mothers. Letters from wives. Letters from husbands, brothers, boys. Letters from civic organizations. Letters from leagues for this and that. Letters of praise and prejudice. Letters addressed to Mr. Woolrich. Letters to the editor. Letters that were bouquets and letters that were brickbats.

AND all because Mr. Woolrich declared in "Girls, We're Wise to You" that the modern man was tired of the modern girl, wanted her to be more old-fashioned, wanted her to dance less to jazz and more to the tune of love's old sweet song, wanted her to paint and pet less, and added that if he, the author, should meet a girl who could be an old-fashioned clinging vine he thought the shock would kill him.

That started the mail storm. Invitations came to Mr. Woolrich from Long Island, California, the Hawaiian Islands, Jersey City and other principalities to come there and get shocked to death. Old-fashioned girls sent in their photographs. New-fashioned girls sent in their photographs and phone numbers. Girls sent in their portraits of what they thought Mr. Woolrich looked like and even Mr. Woolrich's mother wouldn't have liked him to look like that. Some even went so far as to send in scraps of Mr. Woolrich's picture that appeared in this magazine and which the indignant young things had torn up in rage.

And above and beyond all else, each of these communications contained an opinion of Mr. Woolrich and all his works expressed in no uncertain language.

IT IS impossible for SMART SET to print all these letters though all of them were carefully read. But they were of such extraordinary interest, and the literary standard of them all was so surprisingly high, we have selected the following ones, because each of them combines individually the best features of them all.

Incidentally, while many letters came from men the best were from women.

The editor of SMART SET thanks you for your response. It was inspiring.

As for Mr. Woolrich, you will find more of his ideas and ideals on page forty of this issue.

Meantime to the letters!

ESTHER STANWIX WALLA fearlessly writes her own story.

"So we make you sick, Cornell Woolrich? Listen. I was a nice old-fashioned girl just long enough to find out I had no dates, no boy friends, no prospects of marrying, and was getting a rotten time out of life. I'm married now, happy, and let me tell you, I didn't get any man sitting around with folded hands, flinging shy glances and gazing moonwards. I fought for him, and how! But I got him!

"Here's how it went while I was still old-fashioned:

"He, 'Wanna dance?"

"Me, 'I can't.' Exit He.

"Another He, 'Wanna drink?"

"Me, 'I don't drink.' Exit Second He.

"I'd invite Him over for an evening. The place would be a rose-covered veranda and a cozy swing. Silence. Business of coaxing a kiss. A husky slap. An irate sheik nursing a stinging cheek. Exit.

"NO MORE dates. The word passed that I was a flat tire. Three years of going home alone or with another girl.

"Then I went away for a month. I came home with the first shingle in town, shorter dresses, brighter colors, higher heels, lipstick, rouge, cigarettes. I discovered I could hold unlimited quantities of gin, scotch, or what have you. Never drunk. That would be blah. But always a good sport. Old friends popped up. 'Why I never knew you were such a good dancer.' Applesauce. They'd never taken the trouble to find out when I was called a flat tire.

"I passed from a nice mama's girl quite dateless and unpopular to a gin-swinging, painted flapper, dating, dancing and dining every night, the most popular girl in town.

"Then I started fighting for the man I wanted with another girl of the same species as myself. He was worth fighting for. He isn't your kind, Cornell, not disillusioned, bored, blasé, but an honest-to-goodness man.

"I was the kind you describe as wanting to go through life without children.

"Now my hair is growing long again because I want to look wholesome to my husband. I use just enough make-up to keep from looking half-dead. I haven't tasted liquor in two years. I never smoke. I dress smartly but not extremely. We have a nice home, noted for its hospitality and well-cooked, well-served dinners. Besides I'm a successful business woman. My husband is likewise successful. And we're only twenty-two."

J. P. SOTHERLAND of Racine, Wisconsin, a successful young engineer who married a modern girl, springs to their defense:

"I have lived in various parts of the country from Racine, Wis., to Miami, Florida, and have had the opportunity to visit and associate with young people who are seeing and enjoying life in a manner that my father and mother are envious of. Both my wife and I are university graduates and we are blessed with twin daughters, aged two.

"Cornell Woolrich is of the same mood and temperament I was during my sophomore year in college and I really sympathize with him.

"My experiences in college were typical of all young men. I have seen the best and worst of university life. But my wife knows all this. We have been married three years and continue to enjoy life together."

HELEN CZAHO of Fremont, Ohio, is slightly sarcastic:

"Girls, poor misunderstood creatures. These modern men think they are combined Don Juans and John Gilberts. Let them kiss you and they erase your phone number saying, 'Aw, she's too easy.' When you won't kiss they say, 'What's the use of wasting time on her.' It's enough to work us girls into a delirium.

"I would like to meet a fellow who doesn't wind his arms around me a few minutes after being introduced and who doesn't start, 'you're some cute kid, I'll say,' pulling out a flask meanwhile."

DOROTHY MARIE SHELTON of Kansas City, Mo. carries this same line of thought even further. She says:

"I'd like to meet a boy who wants a home with a couple of kiddies instead of an apartment [Continued on page 136]



JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



Just a Lot of Good Kids Together



Drawn by TOPHAM

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes



## Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



MISS DOLORES DEL RIO

*The glamorous Mexican film star, one of the overnight roses of Hollywood, has sailed for a European holiday, accompanied by her mama, her director and forty-seven trunks of feminine frippery with which to stun the old world*



MISS DIONE ELLIS

*Take a long lingering look at this gleaming blonde and you'll never wonder why a case-hardened jury of blasé beauty experts call her the loveliest extra girl on and about the sunlit stages of Hollywood*





P. & A. Photos

## MISS MARY JOSEPHINE LAUDER

*Not only has Gene Tunney a startling straight left. There is nothing noticeably wrong with his eyesight and judgment, as this new studio portrait of his heiress-fiancée demonstrates. And she's Polly to her pals*



*Camera Study by  
Irving Chudnoff*

## MISS ANN HARDING

*The pretty and talented Ann, at present the loved and lauded star of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," is now surrounded with the aura of motherhood. Her husband, and the proud co-parent, is Harry Bannister, leading man and radio speaker*





Camera Study by  
Melbourne Spier

## MISS VIVIAN OAKLAND

*We seem to be running to towheads this month, but there's always a welcome for Vivian. The famous vaudeville team of John T. Murray and Vivian Oakland is split two ways at present, with Wife Vivian in the movies and Husband John being comical on the stage*



Camera Study by Hal Phylle

## MISS MYRNA DARBY

*What? Still another of the blonde persuasion? We seem to prefer them. The roguish Myrna, specialty dancer of high voltage, is one of the prettiest things about Ziegfeld's lustrous operetta, "The Three Musketeers," one of Broadway's favorite ports of curtain-time call*



# The Girl of Today

**T**HE most interesting thing about youth today is that the girl is forging miles ahead of the boy. I admire the modern girl intensely; she has got rid of all the inhibitions that tortured us in the previous generation and has emerged a very vital creature, quite fearless and apparently without nerves. She is most curious about life and determined to live it to the uttermost. Compared with the boy of her own age you will find she is physically far stronger. She can go on hour after hour working, playing, dancing and remain utterly tireless. Meanwhile the young men can't keep up with her.

I notice among the girls in country house life, that after a day's sport they are always eager to go on and dance all night. It is the young men who hold back; they are tired and simply cannot stay the course.

**T**HERE is, I think, a very real reason for this disparity of strength and nervous power. I think the reason is that our young men from twenty to twenty-seven grew up under the shadow of the War. Then they seemed to suffer actually more than the girls. Possibly the girls got rid of the nervous tension by talking about it; boys, even small boys, are more shy. But for whatever reason, the fact remains that at the moment they are physically inferior. It is, I think, very difficult for the boy. He feels he is being pushed out and as a consequence stands just a little aloof. The girl very often has to seek him. There are continual rings upon the telephone, with suggestions that he should come with her to a dinner, a dance. He evades them all. One girl after the other phones him but the more the phone calls the less he will go.

**T**HE amazing frankness of the girl today quite outmatches the boy. I am told that whole groups of girls, not one at a time mind you, will converse on the most intimate details of sex with complete candor. Nothing is hidden from them in the way of knowledge, and they face these facts simply, without self-consciousness.

I think this frankness about sex is all to the good, if it takes no more than its proper place in the mind of youth. There is astonishingly little license between boys and girls. It is amazing to watch them go and bathe together, throwing off their clothes behind adjoining bushes without the least self-consciousness. I attach very little importance to all the hectic stories that get about as to the consequences of this camaraderie.



*As Told to Mrs. Cecil Chesterton By*

**SIR PHILIP GIBBS**

Now that sex is no longer taboo as a subject of discussion it has lost that furtive attraction which made it so dangerous. Indeed, in spite of—I should say because of—this frankness, very little evil comes. We hear all sorts of tales of petting parties and cocktail drinking but I have never found any of these things except among the small and exotic set always found in great cities.

**I** DON'T think this is altogether new, this freedom of discussion. To me we are merely harking back to life in the Elizabethan age when women expressed themselves with the uttermost frankness on all points, including sex. You have only to take Shakespeare's heroines to realize this. They are astonishingly free-spoken; they go where they like and do what they like just as at the present time. The girl today has an astounding capacity for ideas. She wants to discuss anything and everything but the boy isn't like that.

I am speaking now of the young people you find in country houses; the London set is different and numerically less important. The young men are not enthusiastic about discussion for the most part. If they are not at the Varsity they are in the Army or the Navy and when they come home they are eager for tennis, riding, swimming, and all kinds of sport. The country house girl has to turn to the older men who are able to share her interests in literature, art, physiology and a hundred and one problems about which the woman of today is eager. This, I think, is why a girl often prefers the society

of older men to those of her own generation. She is so eager to talk about ideas with those who have a wider knowledge that she has not the patience to penetrate the mental shyness of the boy who as a consequence goes into his shell.

But if there is sometimes a lack of mental reciprocity between girl and boy there remains this wonderful comradeship which has burst out all over Europe. The first thing that happened in Germany after the War was that groups of girls and boys in their teens walked all over the country, tramping by day, camping by night; the girls in short frocks with low necks, no sleeves, and bobbed hair and the boys with longish hair and knickerbocker suits. They had little or no money but a great spirit of adventure. They all looked amazingly handsome, like Greek gods and goddesses, radiant in health and strength. Germany was very much alarmed at it all. The sudden breaking down of the social segregation of the sexes, the meeting together of young minds and young hopes in unrestricted and fearless freedom [Continued on page 126]

# A Marriage

By  
**FRANK R.  
ADAMS**

*A Rollicking  
Story  
of  
What Happened  
to A Girl  
Who  
Invented  
A  
Husband*



**C**AMILLA MADDOX'S marriage was almost directly the result of a careless conversation between two of her girl friends.

This is unusual because, while marriage is often the result of careless conversation, the conversation is ordinarily carried on between two people of opposite sexes.

Jane Murray said to Ethel Dennedy—Camilla was not supposed to be listening but she just happened to be within earshot, even if she wasn't in sight—Jane said to Ethel, "It's a darn' shame that Cam hasn't been invited on Joe Baxter's cruise. She's so much fun and every girl adores her."

"Yeh," Ethel admitted, "every girl does but unfortunately not one of the men feels the same way. Don't stop me! I know you are going to say that everybody likes Cam and all that. But just liking isn't enough to make a lady indispensable on a party that a man is getting up. It isn't that they want a girl to be exactly naughty but Cam is too darned honorable. Why,



# for Convenience



**E**verything about Camilla was different. One could almost imagine that she had deliberately set about to make herself over

any woman would trust Cam with her husband even around a corner on the darkest night that ever happened."

"I suppose you are right," Ethel conceded. "It's really too bad that Cam isn't Mrs. Somebody. She'd make such an ideal chaperone that then she'd be sure to be invited everywhere. Let's see, Cam's at least three or four years older than the rest of us. I wonder why she has never married."

"For the same reason that Joe didn't invite her on this yachting trip, you dumb bunny. Cam just doesn't interest men that way. When you meet her you know all there is to know. There are no parlor tricks up the sleeve. She's pretty enough even if she does wear her hair like that. She dances better than any of us although apparently never in a way to make a man forget he is dancing, and she has at least half an ounce more brain than the average pretty prattler. Maybe that's her trouble, perhaps she has too much brain and not enough dumb instinct."

**A**NYWAY I hate to think how she'll feel when she finds out she isn't invited."

"So do I, dear, and your sympathy does you great credit. But don't let it interfere with your having a good time."

Eavesdroppers may not hear any good of themselves but in some instances they do accumulate information which is good for them. This was one of those cases.

The brutal analysis of her plight by the two sisters of not much mercy brought home to Camilla with an abrupt bump the fact that all of the friends of her girlhood had married

and most of them were mothers already while she, herself, was going with a bunch which had been in rompers when she was in high school.

She thought over the list of her intimates. No, there wasn't one of her own age. The ones she had grown up with had crossed an almost insensible barrier which made them foreigners. She didn't quite speak their language.

And now these kids were drawing away a little too. They were mating and beginning to lose kinship with their sisters who were still tadpoles. It was very confusing. She had never really wanted to be married but now it seemed a necessity forced

upon her by a world which was marching by in twos leaving her stranded on a lonely by-path.

**M**RS. COLLINGSWOOD, once known as Camilla Maddox, was met at the train some little while later by Ethel and Jane, half a dozen other squabs in gleaming hosiery and necktie skirts, and two or three recently registered matrons.

"Why, Cam dear, how well you are looking!" Ethel exclaimed. She waved an engagement ring ostentatiously.

"I am well. Why shouldn't I look that way?"

"You've been through so much." Jane Murray took up the burden of the explanation. "Married and all that trouble with your husband and his family. I'm surprised that you don't look forty."

Cam laughed. "What's one marriage and a little trouble with a husband? It's what one has to expect nowadays."

"You're not divorced?"

**O**H, NO. Perhaps we never shall be. I find life very satisfactory just as things are. I assure you I have no intention of ever letting any one persuade me to try the married state again so technical freedom means nothing to me."

The youngsters were enchanted and the matrons were a little aghast at the sophistication which enveloped the once simple Camilla Maddox. She was smartly modern from the pink lobes of her ears which acted as anchors for quite Russian-looking earrings to the tips of her jade colored satin slippers that were the last word in what not to wear unless you had perfect ankles.

Everything about Camilla was different. One could almost imagine that she had deliberately set about to make herself over. She even had a hair cut that would have attracted attention in Hollywood.

Her finish was so brittle and artificial looking that it seemed as if a feather duster would scratch it. But how it did glisten while it was new.

She rated a quarter column on the society page which hinted her matrimonial troubles discreetly. If there hadn't been quite so much vagueness about names and places the managing editor would have been tempted to put it on the first page, but even as it was nobody missed it.



**"But, Mr. Collingswood, I  
am not your son's wife"**

There was a house party on for that week-end at Ethel Dennedy's summer place on the Sound. Ethel's mother was glad to be relieved of the job of chaperoning the riot although she had some misgivings about entrusting it to Mrs. Collingswood.

"She's almost notorious, you know, dear," Mrs. Dennedy told Ethel as a last feeble protest.

"Nonsense. And even if she is it's a case of more chinned against than sinning. Cam is really a gentle old mid-victorious horse and buggy. The mere fact that she has come back with a Duco finish hasn't really made a particle of difference in what goes on under her hood."

Ethel had not inherited the Dennedy red hair and fighting temperament for nothing. What chance against her in an argument had a mother who was not even Irish?

CAM found herself the undisputed chaperone of all she could survey and of much more that she could only guess at. The Dennedy place was a wonderful rallying point for meals and naps and the grounds, the beach and near-by villages were excellent excuses for entertainment à deux. Scarcely any one ever had an errand in town at the same time that any one else did and even if the idea did occur simultaneously to two ladies the things needed could not be purchased in the same towns so it took two roadsters and two pilots anyway.

It was happy weather, comfortably warm but not sticky. The regular summer crowd was not there yet; there was no competition on the beach or anywhere save that offered by a few isolated house parties like their own.

Camilla rated the best sleeping accommodations in the house, the ones ordinarily occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Dennedy themselves. Downstairs, in a separate wing, the suite contained dressing-room, bedroom, sleeping porch and bath. There were sliding twin beds on tracks that could be moved in or out.

Cam demurred at first at being so far from the rest of the crowd which was housed on the two upstairs floors.

"Pipe down," Ethel commanded. "This is the way it's always done. You've got to use the honor system in chaperoning nowadays. Cam, dear, you're only a very charming and beautiful figurehead. You're a sop to public sentiment, that's all. Your only duty is to be here and have a good time."

Well, Cam, did have a good time, at least during the first twenty-four hours. After that the girls were barely speaking

to her and all the little twosome excursions to nowhere in particular had been broken up because all the men hung around Mrs. Collingswood in a revolving wedge. Each one was afraid something interesting might happen if he went away or that one of the other fellows would get the inside track if Cam showed any signs of picking a favorite.

"Now look here, Sam, you've got to lay off this Collingswood woman." Herb Raines argued earnestly with his friend. "I got you the invitation to this party and if you start anything that gets me in dutch with Ethel why—"

Sam Sherman laughed. "Boo! And likewise bosh! You're only jealous because you rashly got engaged to Ethel before looking over all the entries."

"I am not. Ethel is the only woman in all the world for me."

"You're afraid you're right. I don't know how you can get out of it myself now that you've let her wear the ring. But don't feel bad. Ethel is a darned attractive girl and all the vocabulary her husband is going to need is the one word. 'Yes.' You're better off anchored to a nice jealous wildcat like that than hopelessly in love with a married woman."

"As you are?"

"As I am. I admit. She's a wonder. Outside she has the veneer of Deauville, Paris, Palm Beach and beneath it the trusting heart of a simple maiden from Huckleberry Corners."

"So you think."

"So I know. Listen, young man, I'm a lot older than you are, older than any of these wise guys you've got around here. See these gray hairs. With them comes wisdom."

"With them apparently comes second childhood as far as women are concerned. I suppose that when a man gets as old as you are he has to take 'em at face value or not at all."

THERE might have been more but it seemed scarcely a suitable subject to discuss in front of Carter, Sam's man, who came in just then.

"Here is a collar button, sir."

"That's good. I can't imagine where I lost mine. This one is just right."

None of the other guests boasted of a man but, as has been suggested, Sherman was older and a wealthy man to boot.

Dinner was announced presently and they went down. There was slight delay while they waited for Miles Underholt, a flustered youth who finally appeared wearing a soft silk polo shirt with his dinner jacket.

"Sorry, folks," he apologized. "I had on my cast-iron haberdashery but I've mislaid my one and only collar button somewhere and wasted about twenty minutes looking in places I was sure I had put it. Mr. Sherman's man Carter helped me, too."

Sam had a guilty impulse to touch his neck. He felt rather more than moderately sure that Mr. Underholt's missing collar button was at that moment anchoring his own linen.

He made a mental note to kick his man, Carter, at the first convenient opportunity and then proceeded to devote his attention pretty much entirely to Mrs. Camilla Collingswood. All the other girls helped him unobtrusively.

"This will be my last evening here," Sam told her.

She seemed concerned. "Oh, I'm sorry. Why?"

Cam looked at him so much as if she meant it, her eyes were so wistfully misty, that he blurted out the truth. "I can't bear to be with you any longer and realize all the time that you belong to some one else."

CAM smiled. Probably she had never smiled at any one in quite that same way before. It was like the opening of a gorgeous flower for the first time. "Oh," she said but he knew that she was not offended at his boldness.

"Need that make you leave?" she asked. "This is 1928 you know, and customs are not what they were back in the nineties."

"But some men are."

"How appalling. You're not really that old."

"My sentiments, however, date much further into history than that."

"Just what are your sentiments, Mr. Bones?"

"No fair asking such a question. What you don't know won't hurt me."

She laughed. "I rather like fencing with you. All the other men in this party seem to be using duelling foils. A bout with





**T**he brutal analysis of her plight brought home to Camilla the fact that all of the friends of her girlhood had married while she, herself, was going with a bunch which had been toddling around in rompers when she was in high school

you gives one exercise without much danger. And even a chaperone has to have some amusement. You really ought to stay if only for my sake. Please."

One of the servants was waiting for her to finish speaking. "There is a gentleman to see you, Mrs. Collingswood," he informed her.

"Thank you. As soon as dinner is finished."

He said it was important, that he could not wait.

"That's curious. I'm not expecting any one. Did he give you his name?"

"Mr. Collingswood, madam."

It was impossible for Sam Sherman not to hear what he said. That was similarly true of the other near-by guests. Some of them laughed.

"What an unexpected pleasure!" declared Ethel Dennedy. "And how fortunate that he arrived at a time when you were not off somewhere discussing psychology with my fiancee."

CAM was fearfully upset. Any one could see that. All of her sophisticated sangfroid had vanished leaving a Benda mask wearing earrings and a worldly smile behind which cowered a frightened little girl.

Sam, at least, thought he saw all that. "Can I help? Shall I go with you?" He had risen to draw out her chair.

"No," she said. "That would only make matters worse." To the rest she excused herself. "I'm sorry to leave you young people at the one time during the day and night when I have a chance to spread the mantle of convention over your actions but one's own family comes first."

"Perhaps one or two of us had better be handy in case that brute starts anything," suggested Miles Underholt.

"Ride your anchor. Miles, ride your anchor!" Ethel detained him with a hand on his sleeve. "Don't you know that when there is trouble between married folks the principal party to get hurt is the outsider who tries to referee the bout?"

Camilla took a deep breath to steady her nerves and opened the library door.

A MIDDLE-AGED man, gray and quite bald turned and faced her. He was short legged, heavy, with a face that was composed of large features, all but his eyes.

But they were shrewd, those eyes, and they looked her over with keen searching appraisal. "Humph," he said, "you're better looking than the last one."

Cam did not understand him and said so. "I'm afraid I do not know you."

"No, we haven't met but I'm democratic, I am, and I never refuse to speak to any wife my son marries during a drunken party. Sometimes he picks one that I find a bit hard to swallow but at least I've always been able to stand her for the length of the short business talk which we always have at our first and last meeting. Now to save time, because I'm on my way to Pittsburgh, how much to release Stanley from the honor and obey thing? Is five thousand enough for the time you have wasted?"

"Mr. Collingswood," Cam protested, "there has been a terrible mistake. I don't understand."



"I would say 'Pardon me,' but I'm afraid that would be quite as conventional as the entire situation"

Mr. Collingswood eyed her. "Yes, I guess you are right. You don't look as if you were baited for a five thousand dollar fish. Make it ten and all expenses for a quiet divorce."

"You don't understand."

"I think I do. Just this once I don't blame Stanley a bit. You're the kind of a girl I'd like to play around with myself. But unfortunately Stan's mother wouldn't approve of you. She has higher ideas for Stan though heaven knows what she hopes for. You're a very high class piece of work as you stand. Because I realize that I'll give you my entire roll. There's a lot, twenty thousand in real money. I like to pay cash when I deal with you bootleggers whether you peddle love or liquor and when I saw in the paper this morning that you were here I got plenty of treasury notes from the bank with the idea of giving about half of it to you and the rest to my wife who has a foolish mania for Chinese antiques. But the Chinese can wait, I see that you can't." He laid an incredible amount of currency on the table.

She stared at it, "But, Mr. Collingswood, I am not your son's wife. I don't know anything about you or your family."

With Drawings  
from Life  
By DELEVANTE

As a matter of fact I am not really married at all."

Mr. Collingswood brushed that aside. "Well, maybe it wasn't a legal wedding but I suppose you've got some claim anyway. Keep the money and stop calling yourself Mrs. Collingswood."

Cam began to get angry. "This is too much. I—"

THE door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered stranger wavered a little on the threshold.

"What's the matter, pop? You said you'd be back in five minutes and—For Pete's sake who is this?"

"See," Cam pointed out, "your son doesn't recognize me. Take back your twenty thousand."

"Twenty thou— Who says I don't recognize you? Of course I recognize you, my long lost wife. Here I've been searching all over for you to celebrate our bromo seltzer and aspirin anniversary and now the good old pater is the one who sleuths you out. Dad, I take my hat off to you. You 'cherchez the femmes' better than I do and I thought I was international champion in that respect. Hereafter you always find 'em for me. You find 'em and I'll keep 'em."

The elder Mr. Collingswood was inclined to view the advent of his son with some misgiving. "Listen, Stan, you go back to the car. Your mother is expecting us home and—"

A chauffeur came in escorted by the Denedy

butler and two or three of the lady guests.

"Pardon me, sir." He addressed Mr. Collingswood. "Mr. Stanley insisted on coming in, sir, and I couldn't hold him."

YOU'RE right you couldn't, Pierre. And I advise you never to try again." The words were almost good natured but in the way young Mr. Collingswood said them there was more than a hint of savage ferocity. Stanley might be a gentle and playful cub under ordinary circumstances but it was quite evident that he was inclined to be ugly when intoxicated.

"Come now, Stan," his father urged. "We've got to get home." To Cam he offered a paper. "Look over this agreement and if it's O. K. sign [Continued on page 128]



# What Every Woman Wants to Know

Continuing ADELA  
ROGERS ST. JOHNS'  
Amazing Series of Articles

This Being the Story of CATHERINE THE GREAT  
Who Realized the Importance of Little Things in Love

THE thing all women can learn from Russia's most famous Czarina is summed up perfectly in the title which was bestowed upon her during her lifetime and which has been attached to her name in history ever since. Catherine the Great.

Her life, her character, her methods with men, are one tremendous broadside against the feminine tradition of the importance of "little things" in love.

Whatever else may be said about this Empress, and she had faults which were the scandal of Europe, she was absolutely free of the smallness which the modern woman is apt to consider as part of her heaven-born prerogative in dealing with men.

If her men delivered in the big things, she didn't get all wrought up about petty details.

If Potemkin presented her with an advantageous treaty or a couple of new cities, she could be serene in face of the fact that he hadn't shaved for a week and his shirt tail was hanging out.

If Orloff, besides giving her a throne, was a satisfactory and devoted lover for ten years, she could overlook the fact that he occasionally cast an eye at one of her ladies-in-waiting.

**J**EALOUSY, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has nothing to do with love but is the product of a false and mean pride, was unknown to Catherine.

Maria Theresa, her sister empress, may not have approved of Catherine, and one must admit that her morality left much to be desired.

But she was a grand soul—big, big, big. Every woman wants to know how to win and hold men. The lesson which the great Catherine has to teach goes very deep, cuts through the veils of pretense in which women shroud them-

selves, digs out the most objectionable of their faults. But it proves the marvelous results which a woman may obtain with men if she is big in her dealings with them.

It was Catherine's bigness and broadmindedness, her tolerance, her generosity, her delightful sense of humor, her sound and fair sense of values, her amiable and easy-going disposition, which bound men to her in love and loyalty.

Is there any one of those qualities which cannot be acquired by any woman if she tries?

Let us see what they got for Catherine. What was her reward for her greatness in the important business of getting and holding men? Entirely apart from the fact that no woman can be happy without the love of a man, did Catherine's unselfishness and bigness in dealing with men pay her adequate returns?

**F**IRST of all, it brought her a throne upon which she had hardly a vestige of a claim.

She was an obscure German princess, without a drop of Russian blood in her veins, occupying a humiliating position at court as the neglected wife of the moronic Grand Duke Peter who later became Czar, when the Russian throne was seized for her from her husband in 1762 by a band of revolutionists headed by her dashing lover, Gregory Orloff.

Second, that throne was held for her in security and prosperity by a succession of men who adored her and slaved in her interests even more than in their own until her death thirty-five years later. Plots and counterplots against her were defeated over and over again by the watchfulness and faithfulness of her lovers.

Third, it brought her the vaunted achievements of her long and glorious reign, which gave her that title "the

**T**he average woman today has lost sight of the fact that a man is some one to be pleased, some one worth taking the trouble to please, some one who, if pleased, will repay her with happiness and success a thousand times over.

That is why when an occasional woman comes along who deliberately sets out to please men she gets everything she wants while her sisters stand back and wonder how, since she is perhaps neither beautiful nor brilliant, she gets away with it



**T**ake a careful look at this famous portrait of Catherine the Great. She was only fairly good looking—certainly not beautiful. Yet this obscure German Princess became one of the truly great rulers of the world. Just because she knew how to handle men. How did she do it?

She was pleasing. She was of a most amiable and easy-going disposition. Little things never affected her. Not such difficult things to acquire. Nothing that the woman of today cannot learn and do. Surely the results she achieved make her an authority on how to get and hold men. Therefore, every woman must want to know her secret. And there it is, in all its simplicity, all its power

**F**rom Catherine the Great may be learned the lesson of giving. She gave without stint, with joy, with a prodigal hand. But she got back as much as she gave. Few virtues are more likely to arouse love and real, heart-felt generosity. And these Catherine had beyond any other woman of history

Great" bestowed upon but few monarchs. Diplomatic success which lifted Russia out of the pawn class and into a position where it became arbiter of Europe. Additional territory for the empire three times the size of the British Isles. Vast internal improvements and reforms. And all these she owed in large measure to a really great minister who loved her devotedly for nineteen years—the gigantic, romantic, barbaric Potemkin.

Fourth, the friendship, stimulating intimacy and admiration of such men as Voltaire, Grimm, Diderot, Frederick the Great and the real devotion of her armies and servants of state.

Fifth, a place in the world's history where she stands with Elizabeth of England and Cleopatra of Egypt as one of the three great queens.

**T**O BE vulgarly modern for a moment, not a bad haul for a little second-rate German girl of the second-rate nobility, who was considered neither beautiful nor brilliant by those who knew her in her youth and in her early years in Russia as the wife of the heir to the throne.

All these things Catherine accomplished because she knew how to handle men. Any careful and analytical study of her history and the history of the times will prove that.

How did she do it?

What did she know, this little Princess Sophia Augusta Fredericka of Anhalt-Zerbst, that every woman wants to know in order that in her own particular sphere she may

judge of women since he was considered at that time the Don Juan of Europe, wrote of her, "She knew how to make herself agreeable to those whom she cared to interest. She was not beautiful, but pleasing, affable and witty, devoid of all pretension, which was the more remarkable as she had every reason to have a good opinion of herself."

Of herself she says in her memoirs, "To tell the truth, I never considered myself beautiful, but I was pleasing and I think that this was my strong point."

**N**OW the interesting part of all this is not that Catherine pleased men but that she obviously recognized, even in her imperial and exalted position, the need of pleasing them. "I was pleasing and this was my strong point." There shines forth the supreme cleverness of the woman who instantly sets herself apart from all ordinary women; there is the first great lesson to be learned. She had analyzed herself and knew that her strong point was what? Not her intellect, not any claim to beauty, not any power which she might wield as empress but her ability to please.

Man is simple enough. He is not so difficult to please.

But the average woman today has lost sight of the fact that he is some one to be pleased, some one worth taking the trouble to please, some one who if pleased will repay her with happiness and success a thousand times over.

That is why when an occasional woman comes along who deliberately sets out to please men she gets everything she wants while her sisters stand back and wonder how, since she

## The Simple Secret of Woman's Power Over Man

**T**he lesson which the great Catherine has to teach goes very deep, and proves the marvelous results which a woman may obtain with men if she is big in her dealings with them. Was Catherine endowed with some magic power, some dazzling fascination, which the gods bestow only once in every hundred years? Or can her methods be understood, brought down to date and rendered available to women today, who seem to be making such a hopeless muddle of their relations with men? Read—and learn

**A**bove everything in the world, a man loves to feel comfortable with the woman he loves. Often that is the first thing that makes him single her out among the rest of the women he meets. He says to himself, "I feel comfortable when I'm with her."

A man likes to be himself. Her hold on him, her attraction for him, gains power with every hour of ease and pleasant companionship. When he finds in her the sort of camaraderie which he has hitherto found only in men, with the additional glamour that she is a woman, he is enthralled

acquire all the gifts of fortune as did the girl who so miraculously became Catherine the Great?

Was she endowed with some magic power, some dazzling fascination, which the gods bestow only once in every hundred years? Or can her methods be understood, brought down to date and made available to women today, who seem to be making such a hopeless muddle of their relations with men?

Let us see.

As with the majority of so-called superwomen, she was not beautiful.

Casanova, who certainly should have been something of a

is perhaps neither beautiful nor brilliant, she gets away with it.

The Empress of All the Russias didn't sit on her throne waving scepters around and commanding, "Be pleased with me. I am a woman and you should look upon me with pleasure. I am desirable, therefore you should desire me. Give me everything and in return I will allow you to worship me."

Far from it.

Catherine had a lively, free and jovial way with men. She put them at their ease. She made them comfortable. She was affectionate and sympathetic. Her laugh was hearty and rang with appreciation. In full uniform, mounted on a showy



charger, she rode among her soldiers, spoke with them, laughed at their jokes, took an interest in their well-being, and they adored her.

There are very few women today who are not, for all their new freedom and equality, sex-conscious in a roomful of men. Catherine was always the woman, but she was never sex-conscious until she wanted to be. Nothing is so annoying to men as to have sex obtruded when they don't want it, nothing so charming as to find in a delightful comrade a sudden, unexpected gleam of allure at the right moment.

ONE of Catherine's greatest methods of pleasing was that she herself was easily pleased and showed it. Her simplicity and naturalness were endearing traits and her spontaneousness woke a glow of feeling in the men about her.

It is very easy to be bored and blasé. The stupidest woman can be hard to please. But it takes bigness of soul to be continually interested in life; it takes a warm heart to be pleased and grateful. It takes a keen brain to find plenty in living itself to keep one happy.

The attraction of the flame of her "joie de vivre" is the second great lesson that can be learned from Catherine the Great.

One night when she was playing cards in her royal palace, she rang for a page. There was no answer. Very much annoyed, the Empress herself went in search of the missing servant. She found him, following the example

particular man upon his own particular ground as well.

There is not one woman from Cleopatra to little Peggy O'Neal, the American girl who made Martin Van Buren president out of gratitude, who has dared to ignore certain fundamental rules of pleasing. While each of these great women must be studied separately, while each had perhaps some special trait or emphasized some one method, it is necessary to remember that in some things they were all exactly alike, from empresses to kitchen maids, from Josephine to Emma Hamilton, from DuBarry to Mona Lisa.

They studied their men, fitted themselves to each man's special interests, temperaments and desires.

Even upon their thrones, they were intensely adaptable.

AS ONE of the women of the great Genghis Khan, the Tartar who almost conquered the world, is reputed to have said some seven hundred years ago, "What is a woman good for if she cannot adapt herself?"

But if it were necessary to sum up in one sentence, the secret of Catherine's power over men, that sentence would be, "She was big enough to recognize the unimportance of unimportant things."

Let the value of that be written in letters of scarlet upon tablets of gold. Let it be hung prominently in every woman's thought chambers. And Catherine will have done more for the world than when she reformed the tax system in all parts of the empires over which she ruled.



Here is a picture of Catherine after she had lost her youth. But she had not lost her amazing facility for holding men. To the right is the brave Orloff who presented her with her throne and to the left is that great warrior-statesman, Potemkin, her loyal slaves to the end



of his betters, immersed in a game of whist. The hand had been so interesting that he could not tear himself away to answer the imperial summons. Catherine watched the game for a moment, then with a laugh sent the page on his errand and herself sat down and took his cards until his return.

Yet when Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great, came to St. Petersburg and was met with hostility by the Russian nobles because of his solemnity and coldness, Catherine alone made a devoted friend of him. She took the time and trouble to hold long and very serious conversations with him on his favorite subjects; she went into matters of philosophy and economics which perhaps didn't interest her particularly; she listened to him expound his theories on all subjects. He found her, so he said, "intellectually sympathetic," and wrote her long and affectionate letters for many years afterwards.

With Prince Henry, with Grimm, with Diderot, Catherine held conversations that lasted for seven or eight hours on end. But it is reported that she listened more than she talked.

ON THE other hand, Potemkin had a gift of ventriloquism which delighted her and when he imitated animals or gave ridiculous orders in perfect mimicry of her own voice, she laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

In all these things she was, unconsciously no doubt, a perfect disciple of Cleopatra, who knew so well not only how to meet men on their own ground, but how to meet each

For years it has been an accepted tradition with women that little things are important. It is an understood thing that women have a right to get more upset over little things than big ones. Well, it used to be an accepted tradition and an understood thing that the world was flat.

NOTHING is more fatal to success with men than making mountains out of mole-hills and yet no mistake is made with greater frequency and with a greater sense of righteousness on the part of a woman.

A mother writing to her newly wedded son says, "Dear, if you want to make your marriage happy, don't forget the little attentions that women love."

"It's the little things that count."

"Straws show which way the wind blows."

"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

Horse feathers!

Straws very often do not show which way the wind blows at all. There may be no wind or there may be a pocket in the air or a whirlwind.

And you can take care of the pennies and end up with a couple of thousand dollars in a savings bank that fails while some smart guy is out using his brains and his driving power to add one dollar upon another.

Yet fine women, intelligent women, women capable of big things, are humbugged over and over [Continued on page 112]

With Drawings

from Life

By HARLEY

ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN Avis Clayton was born, her parents looked at her and said, "Isn't she beautiful?" They were quite wrong, too. She wasn't beautiful at all.

Her parents however seemed to like the sound of those words, "Isn't she beautiful?" and they said them on an average of six times a day from that moment on.

By the time that Avis was three she had begun to take an interest in the meaning of this ecstatic exclamation. At four she believed it implicitly and by the time she was sixteen there was no standing the word. But by that time her parents were right. She was beautiful.

Now, if Avis had had an unappreciative mother and father she might have been a decent sort but as it happened she was terribly spoiled. Her parents pampered her and did all in their power to make her believe that the world had been created for her special benefit and that people were on earth merely because sometime she might need them.

If the Claytons had been worth millions of dollars perhaps this lovely theory would never have been exploded. But the Claytons were not even worth thousands. John Clayton was a lawyer. Not one of these brilliant lawyers who are known from coast to coast. He was simply honest, capable and intelligent but without a flash of genius and certainly he was no outstanding figure on this little Manhattan Island.

Still Avis was taught to expect the best. Everything was unimportant before her whims and fancies. If she desired a squirrel-trimmed coat somehow it was managed so that the senior Claytons could exclaim in rapturous unison, "Isn't she beautiful?"

NOW you know Avis wasn't to blame for being the sort of girl you'd like to choke. She had been reared to believe that she came first in everything and if she had learned her lesson well surely it was those charming, fool parents of hers who were to blame.

Avis was seventeen when her mother died. It was heart trouble that took her away. Avis was deeply wounded and shocked. She had a firm conviction that the powers that be had made a mistake. Surely they were going pretty far when they dared to cause Avis Clayton any grief.

She was somewhat stunned when a year later her father hurried to join her mother. She could not realize that she was alone in the world. It was unthinkable! Why, who would love her? Who would see that she got everything that she had learned to expect?

A lawyer friend of John Clayton's explained to Avis that she was now the familiar "penniless orphan."

"Your father did fairly well," he said, "but, Avis, you have no notion of what it costs to live and support a family. This suit I'm wearing is nothing unusual but it cost me a hundred



# The Golden

# The Story of a Girl Who Thought Money Was a Good Substitute for Love

By VINA DELMAR

That Amazing Young Author of "BAD GIRL"

dollars. My wife's hats cost between ten and twenty dollars. The maid's salary is high. Money leaks out nowadays. I hope you're not feeling bitter toward your father because he was unable to leave you anything."

Avis assured him that she was not. She walked thoughtfully from the office. There was a mist of tears making a blur of the tall buildings and of the people who hurried past. Her father, it occurred to her, had not bought suits that cost a hundred dollars nor had her mother known what a smart hat looked like. There had been a woman to do the heavy work but no permanent maid until her mother's last illness.

Avis looked down at her black dress. It had been bought at the time of her mother's death. It was of the best material and fitted with rare perfection. It was one of six that she

had ordered. For the first time it seemed to her that this had been wicked extravagance.

Avis sold the furnishings of her house. The furniture had little value. It was neither old enough nor new enough to arouse a dealer's interest. A neighbor who was moving to larger quarters took the entire effects for two hundred dollars.

HAVING this bit of money made Avis feel independent enough to refuse an invitation from a married cousin of hers. The cousin asked her to come and stay till she found a position. Considering that Avis was not fitted for any position at all this was indeed a generous offer. But the penniless orphan, being Avis Clayton, did not relish the idea of moving uptown and sharing a room with a rollicking twelve-year-old girl. She intended to go live in some nice, quiet rooming house and pay her way in the world. She had no doubt that shortly she would have a pleasant, well-paying position with easy hours.

Cousin Laura was not so optimistic concerning Avis's future success in the business world. She reasoned that two hundred dollars would flow easily from a practiced hand and that after it was gone, Avis would certainly not have the courage to come to her for help in view of the fact that her invitation had been declined in more promising days.

Poor Cousin Laura did not know the psychology of the spoiled child so her invitation which had at first come in the form of a kindly suggestion shortly took on the tone of a command. Avis had the feeling that in another moment she would be bundled up and taken to Cousin Laura's house

whether she would or no. At last she went without physical force.

LAURA had an apartment on upper Broadway. It was nicely furnished and pleasantly airy. Laura's husband held some sort of position downtown which was always a little vague to Avis. It brought him home at six o'clock every evening and the salary was doubtless an adequate one for the family, which included the rollicking twelve-year-old and a boy of five, were well-dressed and cheerful.

Laura advised her young cousin not to think about a position for two or three

months. Avis was just to be comfortable and as content as her recent loss would permit her to be. Avis, not being the vigorous type, wholeheartedly adopted her suggestion.

When a month had passed she was still breakfasting in a kimono at ten o'clock in the morning and reading with rather an amused gaze the want ad section of the paper.

Laura never said a word about this lack of ambition.

*It was a charming old house and Avis could see that Gilbert was impressed by its quaint grandness. He went away looking thoughtful*



# Barrier



**G**ilbert listened no longer to his wiser nature. He asked Avis to marry him—and his voice held all the romance of all time

She was very kind to Avis but Avis was not contented in the apartment. She was unaccustomed to children and they made her nervous. Laura's friends, she found stuffy and not worth cultivating. It irritated Avis to see Laura subtly arranging that her home should permanently be with her. What Laura could have wanted of Avis is a question. Perhaps Laura was just one of those wonderful, unselfish women one hears about at times.

**I**T WAS through her that Avis met Gilbert Trent. He was tall and good looking. He had a pleasing personality but Avis was not smitten with him as, Laura found the time to whisper a dozen girls had been. Avis was too busy admiring herself to see that Gilbert Trent was unusual in as much as he wore his handsomeness with a careless, unself-conscious ease which she would have done well to imitate.

Gilbert had originally been brought to Laura's house by a mutual friend and had formed the habit of dropping in occasionally. When his eyes met Avis's, the conviction gripped her that he would now drop in more frequently than ever. Surely there had been a spark of interest and surprise in his eyes. Avis was pleased and her vanity purred so happily that she was moved to give Gilbert Trent a few kind words.

They were together in the living room of the apartment. Laura had gone to the kitchen to prepare an after-school snack for the little girl. There was a book on the table which Avis had read the previous evening and for the sole purpose of making conversation she asked Gilbert if he had read it.

"Yes," he replied, "I read it last week."

"What did you think of it? Didn't you like it a lot?" she said. "I thought it ridiculous," he said. "The whole plot hinges on the fact that a man falls in love with a girl at first sight."

"I don't think that's ridiculous," Avis said.

Gilbert Trent turned his dazzling smile upon her. "I don't think so myself any more," he said.

Avis dropped her eyes. Heavens, this man was certainly not a waster of time!

"Your lashes are lovely and silky," he said. "They look beautiful against your cheeks but I think I'd rather see your eyes."

Avis arose purposefully. "Come, let's ask Laura if we may

have some tea. I think she is in the kitchen now."

After Gilbert had gone, Laura told Avis all about him. He was only twenty-three and the son of wealthy parents. He had an extremely fine voice and was in New York studying.

"What does he study for if they're so wealthy?" Avis asked.

"Hobby, I suppose," said Laura. "The Kingsleys told me that the Trents have plenty of money."

Can you picture Avis with this bit of information hugged close to her bosom? Here was a young and handsome man with plenty of money and he obviously admired her. She thought of yachts on dreamy, distant seas. She saw wonderful old gardens and glistening, long motor cars awaiting her





**A**vis glowed with pride, knowing that Gilbert loved her. But she suffered a pang of regret that she was missing the thrill that a girl ought to feel in this moment of her life

that Laura immediately saw the truth. She permitted Avis to entertain Gilbert which she did with much revealing of silky lashes and turnings of a lovely profile. All the witchery and charm known to an eighteen-year-old were certainly overworked that day.

**T**HE details of how a proposal was brought about can be spared you. The method was a shameful mess of wistful expressions, appealing sighs and piquant hats. Gilbert loved Avis. A more obtuse girl than she could have seen it in his eyes and heard it in his voice. She knew that he was trying to hold himself out of an engagement until his studies were over but she did not will it that way. Her glistening dreams had made Laura's apartment an unbearable place.

At last Gilbert listened no more to the voice of his wiser nature. He succumbed. He asked Avis to marry him.

They were alone in the music room of Laura's apartment. The rosy glow of the piano lamp made Gilbert's face so handsome that Avis glowed with pride knowing that he loved her. His voice held all the romance of all time. It simply throbbed with love and devotion. Avis suffered a pang of regret that she was missing the thrill that a girl ought to feel in this moment of her life. That was her only emotion.

She promised Gilbert that

she would marry him. Gilbert kissed her with a tender, gentle thankfulness. He was anxious to talk then of their plans.

**H**E WANTED her to go upstate with him to visit his parents but Avis was nobody's fool. She thought of his family objecting to her penniless state and had visions of his mother seeing through her little scheme.

They were married the next day. Only Laura was present at the ceremony. After it was over, Gilbert and Avis took the train for the home of the Trents. Avis felt exultant, well pleased with her day's work. Gilbert was insanely happy.

When they left the train at Gilbert's [Continued on page 98]

pleasure. Visions of frocks and hats direct from Paris ran riot in her brain. Europe, Newport, Palm Beach. She tossed upon her bed, delirious with pictures of what she might shortly possess. Oh, how could she bear working in a stuffy office when a proposal from Gilbert Trent could so easily be forced. Terrible, wasn't she? But give a thought to those departed souls who meant so well and did so badly. You can't pour poison into a jar and make it turn into sweet milk. It can't be done.

Gilbert Trent came to the apartment again next day. He tried to look so casual and made such a stupid, lengthy explanation of how he happened to drop in so soon again

By  
CORNELL WOOLRICH  
Who Wrote  
"Girls, We're Wise to You"

# I Know



**H**undreds of girls wrote to Cornell Woolrich following the publication of his article in September SMARTSET. It looks as if the girls are "wise" to Cornell and in another part of this issue we are printing some of their letters. Maybe that's why he sailed away to Spain

**T**HE most interesting thing about meeting a girl is to listen to her line. There are as many different lines as there are girls. Just as no two girls of different complexions would think of using the same lipstick, no two girls of different personality would think of using the same line on boys.

There are the fast workers and there are ones who go slowly and get there just the same. There are the ones that begin calling you by your first name five minutes after they meet you. Occasionally they suffer a lapse of memory and call you by some one else's first name, but it's all in the game.

**B**UT the slow ones are more deadly in the end. "Don't call me Myrtle. Why. I've only known you a week." And of course you think, "How girlish. How sweet. Now there's some one worth cultivating." Which is exactly what she wanted you to think. Their technique is that of the clinging vine, which as old as it is, has always brought results and always will.

Men love to think they're protecting a girl. The clinging vine is usually blonde. She is the type who gets carried from the taxi to the doorway when it's raining. Down at the beach she wades into the surf up to her ankles and gives playful little screams and stands there looking cute and helpless, and the boys love to teach her how to swim. She probably won cups for her swimming in high school, but what they don't know won't hurt them.

If there is a good-looking lifeguard at hand she will probably fall off the raft sometime during the afternoon and he is hers for the rest of the summer. Or else she will step on a clam-shell and he will carry her back to her hotel in his manly arms, and on the way she will tell him how wonderful it must be to be tattooed the way he is, and did it hurt much?

One of her most appealing stunts is undoing your necktie and fixing it over to suit herself, always a mute but effective piece of flattery. There really was nothing the matter with the tie in the first place but she wants to show you she's taking an interest in you.

Or else she twists her finger around the top button of your coat when she is talking to you and gives you a baby stare. Or if you happen to be wearing a handkerchief in your breast pocket, she fusses with it and arranges it so it will show to the best advantage. This makes you feel like a million dollars and doesn't cost her a cent.

**B**UT by far the most important item of her technique is asking questions. She likes to fall back on your superior masculine judgment and intelligence. She is all frills and femininity. If she notices an electric sign she loves to have you tell her what makes it go off and on like that. She probably isn't listening while you are explaining but that's beside the point. All that's necessary is for her to be a clinging vine and ask questions.

Quite different in every respect is the tomboy type, the girl who wants you to think she is just a pal to you. She calls you "old dear" and usually has a boy's nickname herself, like Teddy or Bobbie or Frankie. She is always the center of a crowd, so her line is used wholesale instead of on just one at a time.

She brings her ukulele down to the beach in the summer and starts singing bees to the annoyance of older people. She frankly admits that she is a good swimmer or skater and challenges you to a race.

She usually wins too. And she is always right about everything; there is no arguing with her. The clinging vine never contradicts you, even when she knows you are wrong, but the just-pal type loves to show you she is more clever than you are. Her line is not half as effective in the end. Because the fluffy little things that can blink their eyes and don't even know who's running for president are always ahead of her.

**T**HERE is the girl who tells you what good times she is always having. Divide by two and subtract and you're a little closer to the facts. She's her own best press agent. So and so is wonderful to her, can't spend enough of his money. Somehow she always has such a dandy time when she's with him.

And he's not the only one. Every time she decides to go out anywhere, five or six are killed in the rush. She's been here and she's been there, she's been everywhere. Mention any show and she's seen it at least three times with three different boys.

Or mention any high-hat club. Oh, yes, of course she's been there, that was the place where Freddy was so funny the night they [Continued on page 102]



# Your Line

By  
HAGAR WILDE

Who is Wise  
To the Ways of Men  
With a Maid

**M**EN are persistent creatures. They have developed a system whereby they first fasten their eyes upon a girl, decide whether they want to marry her, whether they want to kiss her, and proceed from that point into what is technically known as their line. The lines vary according to their intentions.

At the age of eighteen, I had men in neat little pigeonholes. I had them classified as:

**THE WOMAN HATER.** Contemptuous. Aloof.

**THE FLATTERER.** He tells you about your beautiful eyes, gorgeous hair, brilliant mind.

**THE SPENDTHRIFT.** He buys you everything in sight and presses you to name your desires. Usually over forty.

**THE IMPRESSER.** He talks at length about things you don't understand, and don't want to. He tells you about his experiences in foreign countries, about the women who have been in love with him.

**THE CAVE MAN.** His approach resembles a tornado. It is calculated to sweep you off your feet.

**THE SOPHISTICATE.** He knows the world, knows women, knows love. Is willing, nay, eager, to teach you everything he knows that you don't know.

**I**T WAS at the tender age of nine that I began learning lines. I had long curls. They had a fascination for a red-headed boy named Cecil. He yanked my curls. As a result, I did cute little things like snatching his cap from his head plus an aching head and the conviction that Cecil hated me.

In my heart, I was moved to admiration for the male who could resist those curls. As a result, I did cute little things like snatching his cap from his head and throwing it in the dirt, banging him playfully over the head with a thick textbook, and other ladylike things.

The desired effect was that Cecil chased me and pulled my curls again. I developed a positive affection for this young savage, because I was deluded into thinking that he was woman proof.

The first illusion shattered! The beginning of wisdom! One day when I was light-heartedly jouncing on a seesaw, a young ally of Cecil's planted himself in front of me and bellowed, "You're Cecil's gur-rul! Cecil is nuts"—pardon me, it was his expression—"about you!" I thrilled with delicious fear. Cecil would pound the daylights out of him for that. I looked at Cecil. He was busily digging a hole in the ground with the heel of his shoe and he wore a pleased expression. He had, beyond a doubt, sent the ambassador. I realized, dimly, that Cecil was not all he pretended to be. He fostered the belief that he held women in contempt and it was all a lot of hokey.

**FRANCIS** was a combination briber and cave man. He was a never failing source of candy and chewing gum. I watched him with a wary eye. I began to suspect his daily gift of a box of candy filched from his mother's sweet shop. Sure enough, Francis was not to be trusted.

One dark night, during a hilarious game of tag, he cornered me between a hydrangea bush and the wall of my house and kissed me on the nose. He wouldn't have kissed my nose, but I jerked, and his aim was spoiled. He had a slap and I had another link in my distrust bracelet.

I noticed that when dad wanted wheat cakes for breakfast and I wanted muffins, dad got his wheat cakes by the simple expedient of telling mother she was the prettiest thing in the world and he loved the way her hair grew off her forehead. Dad was a flatterer.

In my freshman year at high school, I took physical geography. The subject represented only two big words to me and an escape from the antagonistic glare of the ancient history teacher, who disliked me because I went to sleep in her algebra class three days out of four.

At the end of the semester, physical geography was still two big words to me. I left the class with my textbooks new and shiny and unthumbed because a tall, lanky boy sitting behind me did my lab work and posted me on the important points of the next day's lesson to impress me with his knowledge of a subject which was beyond my poor powers of comprehension.

Each time I turned to stare at Streeter, who was the current crush, I found Sherwood intensely interested in the back of my neck. Getting through that class cost me an invitation from Sherwood to come [Continued on page 108]



**I**f boys aren't more original than this young lady author gives them credit for they ought to be ashamed of themselves. She has all men grouped and classed and neatly pigeonholed. Can it be possible that men are so unoriginal as Miss Wilde makes them out? What do you readers think?



# The Great Lover

ARNOLD LACY was puffing audibly as he hurried into the Ritz. He had looked at his watch a few blocks farther up the avenue and had found that he was a trifle late for his appointment with Doris. So he had quickened his steps and his heart was now pounding away at an alarming rate. This symptom was a disturbing reminder of something he had been trying to forget all morning. He was no longer a young man!

He forgot all this when he spied Doris. Her slim beauty gave him a warming glow. He liked the patrician poise of her head, the indefinable air of aristocratic aloofness with which she seemed to be surveying the animated scene around

her. She was only twenty-two but he felt that she had the bearing and the serene aplomb of a seasoned woman of the world. Her face brightened when he came up to her.

"My dear, you're late," she said. "I've been waiting for you for ages."

The "my dear" thrilled him. He pressed her slim soft hand and murmured apologies. He turned quickly at the sound of another voice.

"Dear Mr. Lacy," it was saying, "can you possibly spare me just the tiniest wee minute?"

It was a thin, childish voice and it sounded absurd when one observed its possessor, a middle-aged woman with a fat,

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*A Matinee Idol Who Learned About Youth and Romance  
In an Act Played Off the Stage*

By JOHN PETER TOOHEY

flabby face. Mr. Lacy shuddered as he detached himself from Doris.

"I can spare just that much time, Mrs. Sinton," he said.

"I'm so glad I happened to see you," she rattled on. "You see, my committee of the Seven Arts Club is giving a tea at the Plaza a week from next Friday afternoon and I've been delegated to invite you to be the guest of honor. We'd like you to give us a stimulating little talk on 'The Newer Dramatists' or something equally up to date and provocative. Just ten or fifteen minutes. I just won't take no for an answer so there's no use in your making excuses."

"I'm afraid I'll have to," he replied. "The demands upon

my time will not permit any engagements of that sort. I'm preparing for my new play and the rehearsals begin very shortly. Really, it's quite out of the question."

"Oh, you stars," she pouted. "You're all so difficult, always rehearsing or what not. Please think it over. I'll call you up tomorrow. I haven't heard much about the new play. I suppose you'll be the great lover again and break all our hearts just as you always do."

He caught a dancing gleam of merriment in Doris's eyes and the situation became intolerable.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's impossible, quite impossible Good afternoon."



With Drawings from Life  
By LESLIE L. BENSON

Mrs. Sinton turned reluctantly away and Doris started to laugh.

"You seem to give the old girls quite a thrill," she remarked.

"It's nonsensical, positively nonsensical," he replied. "Old doddering dowagers. I wish they'd stop annoying me. Their self-conceit is colossal."

It was pleasant to contemplate Doris's fresh beauty as he walked by her side up the steps that led to the main restaurant. Once more he was the irrepressible "Arnie," the gay youth whose persuasive charm had so early won him a place in the affections of New York theater goers and whose conquests had been so easy that he had sometimes been ashamed of his facility in such matters.

Their entrance into the dining room stirred up a buzz of comment. He nodded to the right and left at friends and acquaintances at the various tables. There were gleams of recognition, too, from people he did not know personally. He could see couples nudging one another at his approach and some of the women stared at him quite frankly. This onstage recognition gave him an inner satisfaction far greater than the tribute of applause which he was accustomed to receive in the theater. He felt that it stamped him more definitely as a celebrity.

**T**HEY were shown to a table on the raised tier and he revelled in Doris's nearness as luncheon was served. Their conversation was inconsequential frivolous chatter but he felt that she was intensely interested in him and he was convinced that her interest might easily quicken into real affection if properly nurtured. It was just after the coffee had been served that she grasped him suddenly by the arm.

"There's a girl over there who is just dying to have you turn her way," she remarked. "She's been looking over here for five minutes. Over there at that table just beyond the woman with the white hair. No, not that way, stupid, over there, the girl with the blue hat."

He turned and gasped as he caught sight of the girl in the blue hat. She nodded with a gay smile, then arose and came towards them eagerly. She was a vigorous excessively alive sort of girl in a sport suit and she threaded her way through the tables with a careless air of self-assurance that set her down as a young person whose feet were definitely and decisively on the ground at all times. Doris was amused at her companion's obvious embarrassment.

"Another fair charmer enters the lists," she said. "I congratulate you. She's really very attractive."

Arnold Lacy hardly heard her. He had arisen to greet the girl in the blue hat who had come forward with outstretched hands. He took them both as she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"Fancy meeting you here," she cried. "I'll answer before you ask me what I'm doing in town. One of the girls at Miss Playfair's is down with diphtheria and we've all

**A**rnold was in the throes of an elaborate ceremonial—preparation for his midday appearance on Fifth Avenue



been packed home for three weeks like a lot of children. I just got in an hour ago. I called you up but Jackson said you were out. I was famished and I came here for a bite. I don't want to intrude. I'll see you later."

She cast an appraising eye on his companion and half turned as if to go. The amenities demanded an introduction. A glance at Doris told him that she was expecting it. He coughed nervously and turned towards her. His throat contracted slightly as he spoke.

"Miss Melrose," he said, "I want you to meet my daughter Ruth."

Arnold braced himself and rose to his feet. "My dears, it's dad," Ruth gasped

"old dear"? It was most annoying. The girls chattered on. Mr. Lacy found himself completely ignored and his annoyance grew. He was glad when Ruth got up to return to her school chum at the other table. "Butterfield 3900," she was saying. "I'll call you up tomorrow morning. Ta-ta, dad. See you at dinner."

The "dad" disturbed him more than the "old dear." Doris had known of his marriage and of his wife's death, but he had never mentioned Ruth. And now the cat was out of the bag as the result of a chance meeting! He found himself blushing again and inwardly cursed himself for looking the perfect ass that he felt himself to be. Doris broke the embarrassed silence.

"She's really a most charming skeleton," she said. "She'd adorn any one's closet. I like her enormously." "I'm glad you approve," he stammered. "I meant to tell you, you know, sometime."

"Oh, no, you didn't, my dear. You were hoping that perhaps I'd never find out. You were afraid that if you sprang a grown-up daughter on me I'd think you older than you fancy I think you. As a matter of fact I haven't any illusions about your age at all. Don't be alarmed. I haven't looked you up in 'Who's Who' and I don't intend to. You might have told me about her weeks ago with perfect safety. It doesn't matter in the least. Please try not to be silly about it."

HIS self-possession returned with this frank assurance. He took her home in a taxi and as she said good-by she permitted her hand to linger in his own a second or two longer than was her wont. He counted such trifling experiences as events of enormous importance and the memory of this one comforted him all afternoon. Ruth arrived at the apartment just before dinner. Her first remark brought back his mood of irritation.

"So we've fallen for flaming youth," she chuckled. "It's a bad sign, old dear. It means you've reached the dangerous age."

"Oh, shut up," he snapped, "and don't call me old dear. I despise that expression."

"But you are an old dear, dearest," she persisted. She jumped to her feet and threw her arms around him. "Just the dearest old dear in the world and if you want to have a last little fling with Doris, your daughter won't tease you any more. She'll aid and abet you if it'll do any good and make you feel any younger."

He felt ridiculous again as he wriggled out of her embrace.

"I don't require any assistance, thank you," he said. "And I don't feel the need of feeling any younger. I'm quite young enough. I'll trouble you to leave my age out of this."

She caught a strange tremulous note in his voice.

"I'm sorry, dad," she said. "You're right. I didn't understand. Sit down here and tell me all about her."

He [Continued on page 115]

Old? A man was only as old as he felt. There was always another romance just around the corner

He fancied there was a touch of mockery in the smile which Doris turned on him over the shoulder of Ruth.

"Sit down," she commanded. "You look utterly ridiculous standing there."

He felt ridiculous. He could feel his cheeks tingling from a sudden rush of blood. He sat down. Doris pressed Ruth into a vacant chair.

"You don't mind my calling your father ridiculous, do you?" she inquired.

"Mind?" echoed the other. "I adore it. He really is ridiculous at times. I'm glad that some one besides myself has gumption enough to tell him so, but he's an old dear, really, a delightful old dear."

She squeezed his arm. He pulled it away with a petulant shrug of the shoulders. Why did she persist in calling him



# It Takes Two

Drawing  
By  
JOSEPH L. SABO



By CHARLES A.  
OBERWAGER

*Former Magistrate of the City of New York*

"I'VE noticed," said my young friend, a serious student of sociology, "that in most cases of divorce the pairs are so mismatched that it seems impossible they ever could have married. One is always the offender, entirely in the wrong. The other is always in the right. I suppose it has to be that way for one to get the divorce."

A newspaper man, a benedict of long standing, was taking lunch with us. He grinned. "My boy," he said, "you have yet to learn that in any phase of matrimony things are seldom what they seem, beginning with the courtship and ending when the decree is finally signed."

A little earlier there had been before me a man charged by his wife with nearly all the derelictions possible even in this age of hectic matrimony. He drank, gambled, ran about with other women, quarreled constantly and was so abusive when she found fault that she had finally come to court for relief.

Although recess had intervened before we heard his defense there was no doubt but that this woman had told the truth. She was obviously a self-respecting person and, according to her neighbors, an exceptional wife in every respect.

"TAKE this case," the student said. "Here is a woman above reproach, a woman whose only thought has been her husband's comfort and welfare. She says although he seemed a bit irresponsible before they were married, he promised to mend his ways. There was a definite agreement. Even in matrimony it takes two to make a bargain."

"And also two to make a divorce," retaliated the scribe. "Marriage in a case that comes to this has been a continued warfare, starting with disagreements, passing on to chronic dissension and then growing into a finish fight. And the one who puts the finishing touches to the row isn't always the one who started it! I'll bet even this case will prove it."

It developed later under careful questioning that this pair had fallen in love at a church bazaar where the wife had been an aide and the husband a chance visitor. Probably the attraction of opposites was to blame. As their romance ripened she objected to his smoking, drinking and card playing. To please her he promised to taper off. He did moderate his habits and she was tolerant, and for a while they were radiantly happy.

But with the waning of the honeymoon she began to take a renewed interest in her church affairs. He, more on his own resources, began to turn to the old habits. He had been

giving pinoche parties with her grudging consent. She hated the smoking and loud talk but at first she made no complaint but presently she began to complain constantly to him and finally snubbed his friends openly. His resentment was aroused and resentment is the invariable precursor of retaliation. Where he had tabooed drinking at the parties until now, thenceforth he supplied liquid refreshment bountifully. When his wife told him if he insisted on such diversions, he could entertain his gang outside their home, he and the "gang" adjourned to a friendly speak-easy which masqueraded as a neighborhood club. Here there was no objection to gambling and shouting and drinking. It should be easy for any one

to fill in the rest of the story. Away from her watchful eye he saw no reason for moderation. By the time she realized that he had reverted to the vices of his bachelor days it was too late for her to reapply the brakes. He had reached the point where he didn't care what she thought. Gradually, he had become guilty of all the infractions she charged. He didn't bother to make denial. He only explained why.

That is the case. Some no doubt will still agree with the serious student, though more I believe will see reason in the argument of the scribe. In the final act of this domestic drama the husband was the offender. Yet who can say that the wife was not at fault?

IN THE final analysis, neither was to blame. They had both been fooled by that strange influence that seems to enwrap most lovers. Each feels sure that the love of the other for him or her will bring tolerance for their shortcomings. That is the fiber of love's young dream. Without it probably there would be few marriages. But when they awake from that dream, the married pair discovers that the instincts, the habits, the frailties of a lifetime are not to be set aside permanently by a love which is ephemeral. Neither is to blame for this inevitable awakening but one of the pair is to blame when he or she enthrones personal opinion and stands stubbornly against any compromise with the convictions of the other.

It is true that in every serious case of marital discord one stands out as the transgressor, the other as the victim. The world condemns the one, gives sympathy to the other. Unfortunately the world does not get behind the scenes. We hear only of the offenses which furnish grounds for the divorce. We do not see that these acts are usually a result not a cause



# to Make a Divorce

*A Common-sense Analysis By a Man  
Who Has Sat in Judgment  
On Hundreds of Cases of Marital Discord*

of the strife between the pair. Infidelity, cruelty, and all the high crimes of wedlock are but the terminus of a long highway rutted deeply with marital differences which grow worse and worse as the pair travel on. To place the blame for the outcome one should get back to the starting point. I have done that in a great many cases and I have reached the conclusion that seldom does the responsibility rest alone on the offender, but that most often it rests negatively upon the one who seems altogether in the right.

**D**IVORCE is on the increase and in most cases it is the husband who appears in the role of offender. That, of course, is far from proving that husbands are most often to blame. For instance, in those states in which infidelity is the only ground for divorce, it is quite the usual thing for the husband to accept the stigma, not because he is guilty but because he is a good sport.

**E**VEN in those cases where the charge is not so serious, more often than not the blameless are wholly or chiefly to blame. It is undeniable that men more often than women transgress in big ways. Woman unquestionably does have a higher, more rigid moral code than man. She does not transgress so often in any of the things serious enough to warrant divorce under our laws, but she does supply most of the contributing causes: the intolerance, the dissension, the nagging. There is a psychological explanation. Because of the repressions and restrictions which have hampered their sex, women undeniably are more prone than men to magnify petty vices until they take on the aspect of big transgressions. And the more upright the wo-

man the more intolerant she is of her husband's remissions.

Not long ago a prominent divorce lawyer made the assertion that except for the righteous husbands and wives, the divorce mills would soon have to shut down. He didn't mean that this is so because the righteous ones bring the suits. He meant that in addition to making the final move, they very often were chiefly responsible for the remissions of the accused. Without their influence there would have been no transgressions; without the transgressions, no divorce.

He was doubly right. Men and women of sterling character take mates of whose thoughts and actions they definitely disapprove. Then, once safely married, they attempt to

mould the unregenerate ones to their own higher standard of conduct. It never occurs to righteous persons to try and shape their own ideas in the other direction. Indubitably they are good. Even the unrighteous mate knows they are good. If the latter doesn't fully realize this, the righteous mate will seldom cease reminding the other of it.



**I**n every serious case of marital discord one party stands out as the transgressor, the other as the victim. The world condemns the one, gives sympathy to the other. Unfortunately the world does not get behind the scenes. We hear only of the aggravated offenses which furnish grounds for the separation or divorce. We do not see that these acts are usually a result not a cause of the strife between the pair.

Some day, perhaps, when the world puts aside the hypocrisies which go arm in arm with the traditions of wedlock, society will be ready to admit that the so-called guiltless in wedlock are more often the guilty

**I** REMEMBER one recalcitrant husband haled to court by his wife. She wanted him forced into goodness. Her chief worry seemed not about herself but about his future.

He didn't deny that he went to spees frequently, that he lost his temper and raised terrible rows. "But good heavens, Judge," he explained, "she drives me to it. I'm just a man, not an angel. I tried to be nice but everything I wanted to do was wrong."

"I let her do as she pleased. She used to have crowds of females from her church at the house and supper would be late. I didn't kick, not until she raised a rumpus every time she smelled a drink on my breath, or kept up a  
[Continued on page 118]

# The "No" Girl

By  
MAY EDGINTON

## *Complete Synopsis of What Has Happened So Far*

DAVID HAMMOND never dreamed of days two thousand years ago, nor of an ardent young Roman citizen named Manus, who might have been David himself. Nor did Ralph Carey ever dream that dream, nor his man servant, Bertrand, nor Lila Golden. As she tapped her typewriter, Lila thought of David. But if they had all dreamed the same dream, they would have seen a Roman slave market, where Manus purchased a beautiful slave maiden, Xonia, for his master, Sirius, a rich, indolent Roman. Xonia looked at Manus wistfully. He looked wistfully at her, but he was Sirius's servant and the delights of soft-living were dear to him. The dream became an orgy in which arose only the figure of the girl's father, a Gaul, trying to save his daughter, but he was crucified for his offense.

DAVID HAMMOND was secretary to Ralph Carey, a great London magnate. Think of the privileges of such a position, he said to Lila who would ask if it were really worth while. They would talk things over when they went for outings.

Of course it was worth while David argued, even if he did have to say, "Yes, sir," to all of the magnate's wants. Redwood, Carey's estate was wonderful with its blue swimming pool, its exotic flowers and because of the influential guests who came there.

Lila's and David's outings were made possible when the young man was granted a holiday because Carey was entertaining the beautiful Cleo Martine. It was on one of these occasions that Cleo quarreled with Carey and left the great man lonely and furious.

Carey took his fury to his office and all Throgmorton Street felt it. David did not even have time to steal away for lunch with Lila. He could not tell Carey of his love because Carey liked his servants to be single-hearted.

ONE day David saw Lila ascending the steps of the office building ahead of Carey and himself. "Did you see that girl?" said Carey. For a moment David wanted to answer yes, she was his girl, but instead he parried. "Find out if she works here," Carey said. "Make her acquaintance and bring her to me."

David knew what was expected of him. He struggled all morning. He ought to tell Carey hands off this time, but he didn't. He told Lila of Carey's interest in her and before long it was arranged that she should go to Carey's for dinner. Why shouldn't she? Hadn't her David approved? Before the dinner, she sewed all night to make a frock of rose silk and dreamed of beautiful gardens, heavy-scented flowers and the wonderful blue swimming pool.

## *Now You May Go On With The Story*

ONE of the girls had lent her an inexpensive painted shawl. They were all most excited, most kind. Their kindness and excitement lent her more radiance. She bought shoes that she could not afford during her lunch hour at a cheap shop where she was known and which would let her pay in two instalments. She went by taxicab to the Grosvenor Square house.

"I would fetch you, darling," David had said, "only it would look as if I were perhaps—"

"I quite understand, darling."



A Novel  
of a  
Beautiful Pawn  
In the  
Greatest Game  
In the  
World



**L**ila was ascending the broad sweep of the beautiful staircase, Carey's hand very lightly under her elbow. She had a feeling of David lingering there below, but of course she must not look round.

She only half understood. So she came to the Grosvenor Square house at eight thirty of a summer's evening and for the first time in her life was admitted to the house by a butler.

He was not Bertrand, who stayed exclusively at Redwood, but Carey's London butler, who could tell in a moment, by just looking, the social status of guests and the value of the clothes they wore. The radiance of this girl, however, softened his appraisal and he handed her over to a parlor-maid with tenderness in spite of her painted shawl and he took her from the parlor-maid again when the shawl was shed and led her upstairs.

"What a staircase!" she thought.

"Miss Golden." And she was walking into a long drawing-room magnificent with brocade upholsteries and sweet with flowers and two men were advancing to meet her.

**D**AVID looked too wonderful, too handsome, she thought, in evening clothes. She had never seen him like that before. They had rushed into the country, he in flannels, she in cotton, when they had a chance of meeting or they had dined cheaply in Soho. She was so proud of him that she could

hardly look at Ralph Carey for a few moments.

Carey looked at her and knew the savage thrill of pleasure. That frock, that rose-colored swathe, was clever. He appreciated in a glance its trumpery nature but it was clever! And she was fresh as a flower, groomed with all the acumen of the city girl who manages to be beautiful with all the dice loaded against her.

"Miss Golden," Carey was saying, "I'm delighted to see you. And I think it very charming of you to come, very brave of you to come to a strange, bachelor household. We



shall do all we can to reassure you. I think you already know Mr. Hammond?"

She was shaking hands with David gravely, just as if they had never clasped and kissed and sworn their love.

Ralph Carey went on, "You did not mind my informality in asking you? I am a very informal person, I'm afraid, Miss Golden. Also a very busy one and busy men cut preliminaries as far as possible." He smiled. "Sit here, won't you?"

She was in a corner of a Chesterfield so cushioned that one felt no solidity at all, taking a cocktail from the butler, protesting how exceedingly nice it was of Mr. Carey to ask her to dinner.

He sat down beside her.

David put himself, in some inexplicable way, out of the picture but she thought that was rather clever of him. His tact, she thought, was ambassadorial.

There was a dinner table such as she had seen occasionally on the stage but never before in real life. Fired by the cocktail, she went on to sipping a dry champagne.

"All girls like champagne I know."

WITH his rather bald head, his bright, amused eyes, his well-fed looking face, and that smile, she thought him, as David had described him. "Quite a good sort."

David sat at the foot of the table; she, on Carey's right hand at the head. Mindful of their understanding, she was careful not only to refrain from speaking often to David but from looking at him often. She wanted badly to look; he was so splendid; she felt so proud to think.

"This is my lover." But of course they had their game to play, each other's game. One would not wish to annoy this Mr. Carey.

Strange foods of melting delicacy, the perfume of roses coming to her from the center of the table, the soft shaded lights making wonderful color of her rose frock, of her hair, making gleaming whiteness of her little hands and her shoulders, all lent her a new sense of exhilaration. To run on the sands with David, to sweep out of town with him in his car, to sit with him in the sunset on a cliff top, all this was exhilaration, of course, but not the same. But to sit on Carey's right hand at this dinner brought a strange and subtle excitement, a swift confidence in a golden future.

DESSERT. "Peaches from Redwood," said Carey. "I dare say your friend Mr. Hammond has told you I have a little house in the country. The gardens are perfect just now. She ought to come down and see the place, hadn't she, boy?"

"Miss Golden would enjoy it I'm sure, sir."

"Shall we arrange it?" Carey smiled at Lila.

She sparkled. "There's a swimming pool."

"A swimming pool. Yes. Do you swim?" Suddenly his bright eyes were more than amused.

She was going to cry, "Mr. Hammond and I spent most of last week-end swimming," when for the sharply remembered reason she checked herself in time. David was leaning forward, looking at her, a courteous inquiring smile on his face.

"Surely you do, Miss Golden?"

She answered David therefore, "Why, yes, Mr. Hammond. I love it."

"It's magnificent for the figure," said Carey. "Not that swimming does much for mine."

She answered quickly, suavely, knowing what pleased men, and anxious to please,

"But you're a big man, all muscle, aren't you? You surely don't want to get your weight down."

Carey was inordinately pleased. Yes, I'm all muscle. Feel." He tensed his arm and she took it demurely with a delicate touch. "Oh,

I'm not fat." A pucker of anxious vanity sat between his brows. "I shall look forward to a swim with you at Redwood."

There was a little shiver of glass at the end of the table. David's wine spilled and ran towards them slowly in little rivulets. David put his right hand under the table and twisted his handkerchief about a cut thumb and finger.

"This glass must have been cracked, sir."

"Glass must have been cracked," Carey repeated peremptorily to the butler. "Bring another one."

Another glass was placed quickly. Lila looked down the table and thought David looked pale. She wished they might be alone together and wondered if he might be going to take her home presently. Across this sudden longing thought came Carey's voice:

"MR. HAMMOND'S a very busy man, you know, Miss Golden. I make a regular slave of him." David laughed correctly. "You'll have to excuse him soon while he gets on with some very important correspondence. You'll have to put up with me, I fear."

"Oh!" she laughed.

But she was timid all the same at the idea of being left alone with Carey, unsure of what David would wish her to say. She had hoped that he might remain with them, even if in the background, so that his thoughts might wing their way to her suggesting words.

"Shall we go upstairs?" Carey was asking. The butler was behind her chair, ready to move it for her and she rose. Carey coming alongside gave her arm the lightest touch.

"I want to ask you about yourself because I want to know about you."

They moved together down the long dining room, across the large square hall, David following.

But at the foot of the staircase David paused.

"I think, sir, I had better say good night to Miss Golden."

"Yes, boy. I'm afraid, Miss Golden, you won't see him again tonight. A very busy man, this secretary of mine."

Her heart was beating quickly; her hand lay for an instant in David's. He did look pale; out in the fuller light of the hall he looked very pale indeed. She felt a fierce little pressure on her hand but he did not look at her. She wished he would look with the twinkle of fun in his eyes, that she knew so well.

He was leaving all this responsibility to her, the responsibility of pleasing this strange rich man. "Good night," she said.

She was ascending the broad sweep of the beautiful staircase. Carey's hand very lightly under her elbow. She had a feeling of David lingering below, gazing after them, but of course she must not look round.

BECAUSE her perceptions ever since she was sixteen and first earning her living had been necessarily sharpened more acutely year by year, she had learned, rather derisively like other girls she knew, her scraps of wisdom about men and their ways. Even while one laughed and talked with them, ate their dinners, or shared their punts on the river, one opened one's eyes wide, and never let go of caution. One did not trust any one of them except, of course, David. But then every lucky girl seemed to have just one man of whom she could say, "I'd trust him absolutely." Therefore Lila did not trust the bulky man going so eagerly beside her up the stairs. The dinner had been exquisite; the house was something to dream about; she wanted to be motored down to Redwood and to swim, but she knew, of course, that she



With Drawings from Life  
By VERA CLERE



**O**n the dresser before her lay Carey's pearls, a string of pearls more beautiful than she knew. She not only looked, but felt lovely—and she sighed a little over the sheer delights of luxury

must not trust him for rich men like him were not to be trusted. David had left her with a great and anxious responsibility upon her; nor did she shirk it. It was for him that she undertook this responsibility of pleasing Carey, of learning Carey, of flattering and exciting Carey, for she said to herself, of course she knew what effect she had upon him. Yet all the while she was keeping aware.

Back in the corner of the same Chesterfield with Carey again beside her, she took coffee and the first liqueur of her life.

The men who had taken her out to dinner or out upon the river on Sundays before David came had all been poor and their entertaining had been meager.

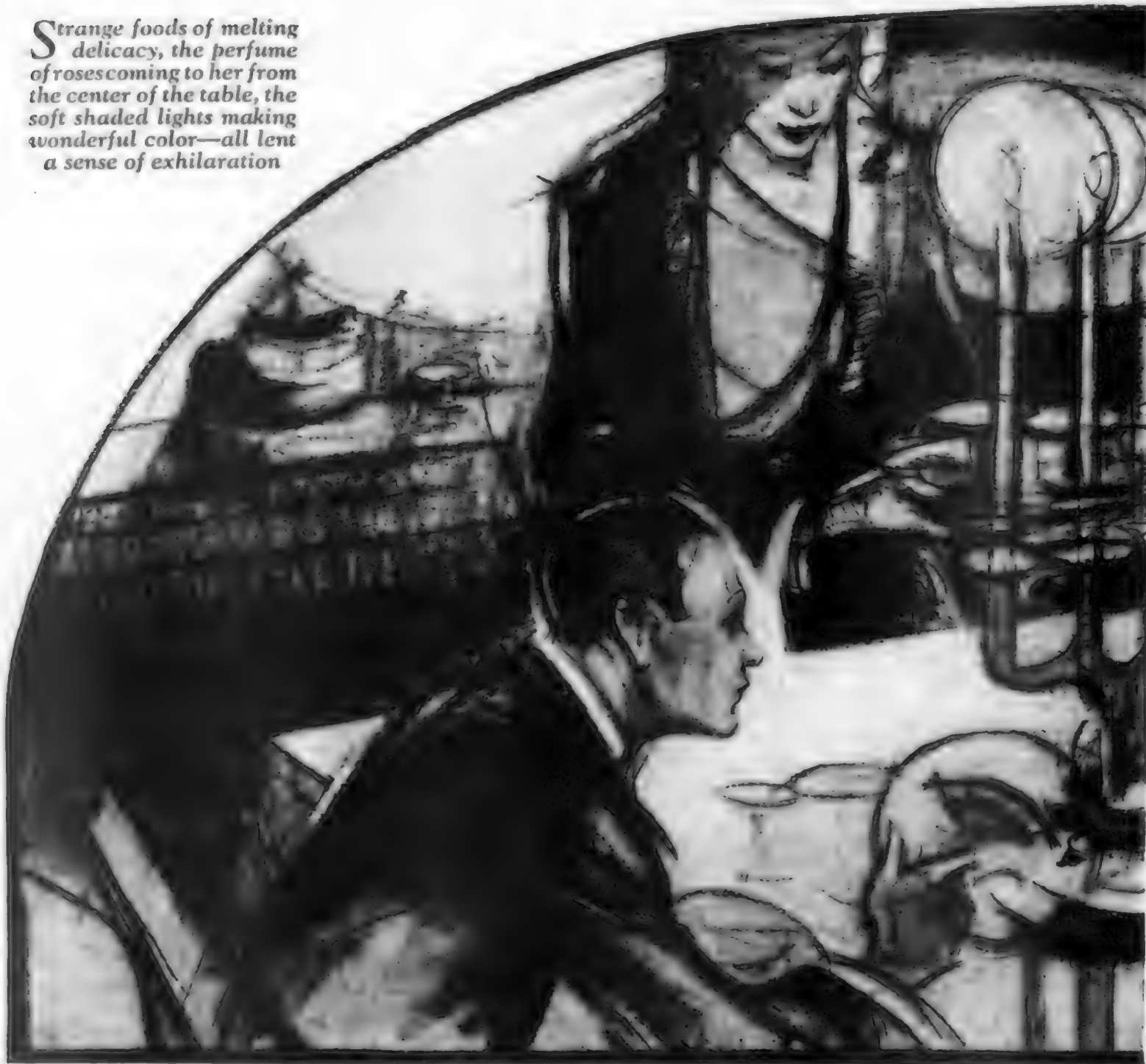
"You are looking very lovely, my dear," said Carey.

There it was! Of course it would begin. But she was accustomed to fending off approaches.

She murmured, "I'm glad if you think so but in a home-made frock . . ."

"Pooh, child," he said, "you don't need frocks. You are

*Strange foods of melting delicacy, the perfume of roses coming to her from the center of the table, the soft shaded lights making wonderful color—all lent a sense of exhilaration*



young. How old are you? You don't look more than sixteen."

"Twenty."

"Wonderful. Now tell me what you do and what you earn. You know, I am very much interested in you."

She embarked gladly upon a great deal of talk, leading him away from possible amorousness to business, to the philosophy of the business girl, to the chances of the business girl and so forth. Often she had thought just as she thought tonight while her light voice flowed on, "Keep his hands off me another ten minutes, and then another ten, and then another ten, and then it'll be time to go home."

CAREY saw all her thoughts, followed her leads. He discussed with her sensibly and with sympathy, the chances of women in business: her chances, her prospects, her hopes and aims. She didn't say anything about getting married. He inferred that she was too prudent, too wise and aware of her own attractions to contemplate throwing herself away.

Yes. He inferred on the whole that this slim little girl was wise. Weren't they all wise when it came to that?

"I'll help you," he promised. "I haven't anything exactly in view at this moment but I will look for something for you, something good. I can pull so many strings in so many directions, you know. Mannequin, secretary, beauty specialist, newspaper work if you can do it. We'll see."

"It's kind of you to interest yourself in me," she said. "We shall both have to think it over. You especially will have to think." She nodded.

HE KNEW that she comprehended him more fully than her lovely eyes and her lovely face betrayed.

"If there is anything you want me to do about any opening you may find for yourself," he pursued, "you have only to telephone me and we'll talk. Miss Golden's telephone calls will always receive attention. I'll give instructions. They won't put you off."

"Thousands of thanks, Mr. Carey."

"Meanwhile you must lunch with me some day, or dine at Ciro's. Yes? I must see that frock again. It's the cleverest thing!"

"I would love it, Mr. Carey."

He proposed a date then and there.

Ten minutes later, still on his note of admiring friendliness, he sent her home in his car.

He did not drive back with her though he would have liked it. "Later on," he thought. He had divined so easily all the hesitations in her mind, though he could not rightly ascribe their precise cause, and he thought that she was a girl worth waiting for.

And his rage against Cleo and his old desire for her were





David sat at the foot of the table. Lila was careful not only to refrain from speaking often to him, but from looking at him often. She wanted to look; he was so splendid

nearly forgotten. He had found this younger, lovelier and far more accessible thing.

At fifty he didn't want so much the chase and the fight. He liked to order his dinner, sit at ease, and have it delicately and willingly served to him.

He thought of her keenly as he went slowly back across the hall and the butler closed the front door upon the departing car. Put her in the kind of clothes he had bought for Cleo, put her in the kind of setting in which he had set Cleo, take her abroad: Rome, Cannes, Deauville, Vienna, New York, as he had taken Cleo. She would take to it all like a duck to the water. One knew from experience how luxury would enhance her. She would be divine.

He went softly on his heavy feet to the library and opened the door. In the circle of light cast by a powerful desk lamp the secretary sat. His hands lay on the desk, fiddling with pens and pencils and paper. He was slumped in his chair. His head was down. He raised it to look at Carey and an alert smile sprang to his lips.

Carey looked for a moment at this young man whom he had so often envied secretly for his beauty and his swiftness and his strength; he looked with a casual lazy contempt. How easily the fellow did one's bidding! How readily he was shelved! What did he do with his beauty, his swiftness and his strength? He only served.

"I've sent the little lady to her home in the car," said Carey.

The secretary only smiled as if the smile were painted on his face. He smoothed his already satin smooth hair with one hand and Carey who noted many things saw pain in that hand, expressed in the way that hands can express pain. There was a languor, a haggardness, about that well-kept hand.

HE THOUGHT. "Wonder if he wants her himself!" "We'll be in town a few days," he said.

"All right, sir."

"No tiger in these serving-men," thought Carey. "No tiger at all."

And, his brief suspicion allayed again, he said, "tell the florist to send her roses tomorrow and orchids next day; telephone to Ciro's tomorrow for my usual table on Thursday; dinner for two at seven thirty and get a box for that new musical show—you know—what is it?—Same night. Sometimes I wished I danced."

"You do most things, sir."

"Well, but dancing. Still, I'll give dancing a miss. You dance like a gazelle, I've no doubt."

"Oh, well, sir. I dance."

He was suddenly out of this library in a dance room down at Skindle's by the river, holding Lila, in her blue cotton frock that she wore with such eclat, very [Continued on page 92]

# Girls

## Be More Like

# Men

As Told to KENNETH W. PAYNE

By REX BEACH

Who Wrote "THE SPOILERS" and "THE MATING CALL"  
and Other Great Novels

Are the Moral Standards of Men  
Higher Than the Standards of Women?

Are You Girls Aping  
Only the Worst Side of Man's Nature?

SOME years ago a prominent physician whose practice includes a large clientele in private schools of the East predicted to me that the generation of girls maturing in 1928 would be even more cynical and unregenerate than the young women who distinguished themselves by waywardness in 1918.

The girls who will awaken to the powers of their personal charm during the tenth year after the war," he said, "were in the most impressionable stage of juvenile development just when the moral rot of wartime had spread from Europe to America. The infection which they then absorbed will lie dormant during their middle teens, only to flare up within them as they verge on the critical ages of eighteen to twenty-one.

"THAT is why I expect a final outburst of the phenomenon of flaming youth in the years 1928 and 1929," he added.

It is aside from my point whether or not that prediction comes true. The reason my medical friend's prophecy sticks in my mind is that, in making it, he implicitly laid on feminine shoulders the chief responsibility for epidemics of youthful license.

And with that charge I agree. I think that young women of today, for the sake of their own happiness, should at last face frankly the fact that the upheaval of juvenile morals since the war has been caused almost exclusively by their adoption of men's standards in the matter of sex combined with their failure to adopt his more idealistic standards.

RECENTLY two college boys sat beside me in the observation car of a limited train. I could not in any way distinguish between them and the boys I had known when I was their age. Their conversation ranged over the same topics and they speculated with the same slight hesitancy as to how best to strike up an acquaintance with the three girls down the aisle.

But those girls! No need to dwell on how different they

were from their sisters of fifteen years ago. I don't think they were more than seventeen. The tags on their luggage revealed their destination as a very exclusive private school and their home as an aristocratic Boston suburb. They set a portable phonograph to going and within a few moments the boys were dancing with them in the aisle.

TO ME this commonplace incident of our time was interesting because the girls deliberately chose the most undisguised appeal to the senses as their meeting ground and the boys, who had been talking politics with fervor between themselves, were soon telling risqué stories to these modern damsels.

Now the real danger that I see in this new attitude of young women toward sex is not its prevalence but its insincerity. It is only a pose with them while it is thoroughly natural with men. Men treat sex more or less casually because they have so many other intense interests in life. Girls pretend to treat it casually, nowadays, whereas in so doing they are actually playing with the innermost fire of their beings.

I believe that man's attitude is far the more wholesome and that women should progress a few more steps and get the man's mental viewpoint as well. In this I am very far from doing anything so preposterous as to plead for license. On the contrary, I think the restraints associated with conventional ideals of marriage are the finest of our social codes. I am pointing out merely that to the girls of today sex is still the major motive in life, and that this, taken with their new physical freedom, is an unhealthy symptom. They cannot safely or successfully live on man's level until they attain man's broader ambition as a balance wheel.

I KNOW a rather bewildered father of two extremely modern young people, a boy of seventeen and a girl of nineteen. They came home the other morning between two and three o'clock. The boy had lost all sense [Continued on page 110]

The danger that I see in this new attitude of young women toward sex is not its prevalence but its insincerity. It is only a pose, with them, while it is thoroughly natural with men. Men treat sex more or less casually because they have so many other interests in life

The emancipated Eve of today still suffers from Eve's ancient illusion that love is all. She fails as a cultivator of life because she has gone in for the one-crop fallacy, and when her one crop fails—the same being courtship, marriage and maternity—then she is lost



## REX BEACH

*Sportsman and writer, famous for his virile novels, reveals in this article how clearly he understands the serious and shifting problems of the modern girl*

**Y**ou girls have succeeded in adopting the outer guise of man's life. Can't you go farther and grasp the spirit within? If you fail to do so, reaction and disappointment may bring about a counter-revolution that will throw your sex back into its old servitude

**I**f once you women would seek to rule the world with all your powers instead of only with physical charm, you might very easily reduce men to a secondary place and incidentally wipe out many of the horrors of civilization which men have never conquered



If You Believe  
That All Poor Men  
Are Good  
And All Rich Men  
Are Bad  
You Have a Surprise  
Coming to You  
In This  
Surprising Story

By  
GLADYS HALL

# Daughter for Sale



If it were not for Allen! How many times they had thought that poignant sentence, both of them. How it had robbed the Italian sun of its warmth!

CANDIDA was sitting up in bed writing a note. She was delicate and golden like a narcissus. Her hair was golden as the spring sunshine flooding into the room. Her eyes were cloudily gold like amber. A wisp of yellow chiffon was about her shining shoulders.

"Darling," she wrote. "Allen, darling, it is spring . . ."

Simmons, her maid, entered, coughing a little. "Miss Candy your mother . . . at once."

Candida jerked back to reality. "She said at once, Simmy?"

Yes, Miss Candy."

"Good night! Coming." Candida left the half finished love letter for Simmy to weep over.

It was worse than Candida had feared.

"Candida," said Mumma, wasting no time. "we're in a desperate way; you must accept Jason Harper."

Mumma started crying. Mumma cried and cried. Candida could almost hear her heart breaking. She made fearful little gasps and groans.

Candida was panicky. Mumma was begging her to sacrifice the one precious unbuyable thing in all the world—love.

But Candida couldn't see Mumma suffer so. So she said. "Okay. I'll marry Jason, accept him tonight . . . After I've told him the truth—that I really love Allen Rountree.

That's square shooting. I couldn't accept him unless I did."

"Candida, he won't marry you if you tell him you love another man."

"Oh, yes, he will," said Candida. "Old men with millions are not particular about delicate reactions. He wants me because he happens to think I'm beautiful. He doesn't give a darn about my thoughts. He'd pay a million cool for a few kisses from my mouth because it is admirably red and twenty summers old. But he wouldn't give a fiver for the profoundest thought I've ever conceived. I know 'em."

She rose and drifted toward the door. "Wish me luck, darling," she said. Then she got away. She wanted to cry and one doesn't cry in public.

THAT night Candida and a tall dark man sat in front of the fireplace in the Clymer library. Turkish coffee mingled its rich breath with roses and flame. The spring night was in the room, pale and fragrant.

"Candida," said the tall dark man with the grave dark eyes, "you've been crying."

"I know I have, Jason. Like the very devil."

"My dear, why? Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes. You can marry me."



With Drawings  
from Life  
By  
HUBERT JEAN  
MATHIEU

"Sorry, Jason. This makes it all the harder. Sit down. I'll cut the humor."

Jason released her. He lit her cigarette.

Candida said, "This makes it harder for me, Jason—your feeling as you do. You see, I don't love you."

"I know. Is there some one else?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who?"

"Why not? Allen Rountree."

"Oh, yes."

There was silence between them and Candida thought there was something frightening about a man like this. Something that made you feel helpless and little.

Finally he said, "My dear, you've been magnificently courageous. Cruel, too. But courage and cruelty are big things and I happen to admire big things, particularly in a woman. You know that I love you. We'll let that stand. Always. I know that you love Allen Rountree. We'll let that stand too."

"Yes. Always."

"Quite. Now if I did the generous thing, I'd say to you, 'Go ahead, little girl, marry the man you love and live happily ever after. Your father did me many kindnesses when I was a young chap. I'll repay him now.' No, don't wave a protesting hand. It isn't necessary. I'm not going to do anything of the sort. I'm not going to do this eminently big thing because I love you."

"I believe that I desire your happiness above my own. Don't smile like that. You see, I also love you as a man loves a woman. This part of my love makes its own demands. It is entitled to a chance. I'm going to give my love its chance."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to marry you. Then I'm going to take you abroad with me. Anywhere you may care to go. Paris—Lake Maggiore—Como. You'll be treated as my sister in one respect only. In every other way you'll be my sweetheart."

"Candida!"

"Rein in, Jason. Don't be nice to me. If you're nice I'll—well, I'm going to marry you if you still want me. You probably know why. We're teetering on the edge of bankruptcy, eviction or whatever happens to people when they owe more than they ever hope to see the color of again. Mumma's in a blue funk. I could face the music. I'd like to. But Mumma can't. That's that. No, wait! She wants me to marry you. What mother wouldn't? But you know that it is really buying, Jason. It's a sort of, 'Look here, sweet young girl with decent upbringing, a skin you love to touch, well-bred ankles—how much will you pay?'"

"Candida!"

JASON HARPER was on his feet. "Quick move," thought Twenty, "for an old fellow." He had her by the shoulders and was looking into her wilfully insolent eyes. His hands held her in a vise, powerful and pitiless.

"Candida, be still. I won't allow you to go on. You are mocking something that is sacred to me."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning my love for you. My very real, profound and patient love for you."

"I'll deluge you with flowers. I may be inspired to write sonnets. I'll buy you charming little things. I'll be jealous of every other man who looks at you. I'll take you walking on moonlit nights, along the Arno and tell you tales of other lovers who walked those ways in olden days. I'll try to kiss you, I warn you now. I'll try to make love to you. I'll leave no stone unturned, no flower unbought, no trick unused to win you and if I fail—well, if I fail I'll bring you back at the year's end as free as air to divorce me and take up your life again just where you left it. You can call it what you like—purchase if it suits you. I have another name for it."

Candida said, "It's rather amazing. It's sort of fictional. But I take you at your word. It's a go, Jason."

Jason Harper said, "You're giving me the golden opportunity of a lifetime, Candida. And your trusting me. That's very precious to me."

Candida met Allen the next afternoon.

They took a rowboat and milled about on the lake in Central Park. Allen was full of little, romantic thoughts like that. Things Candida would never have thought of doing left to her own devices! Funny, how different things seemed when she was with Allen and when she was with other people. Rowing on the park lake, for instance. With other people it was a dingy pond cluttered with orange peels and peanut shells. Today, with Allen, the none-too-glamorous pond became Como, at the very least, and the day was veined with green and gold, quivering with the pain of parting.

Candida looked into the water and wished that it might part and draw her in before she could give voice to what she had to say. To wound love—what a hideous necessity!

But Candida had inherited from Mumma the capacity for getting down to brass tacks. She took the plunge at once.

"Allen."

Allen didn't seem to be aware of an impending significance. He was propelling their craft with smooth strokes.

The muscles of his bare arms were responsible for its mystic gliding and he was admiring them. Candida admired them, too, and her heart constricted with a fearful pain. Those arms about her! What could compensate her for the pain of losing them?

"Allen!"

"Darling?"

"Allen, this is the last time for us. Things have come to a head at home. The sheriff is parked in the drawing-room. There is nothing to be done about it unless I do it."

"WHAT can you do? Baby, sew a fine seam?"

"No, more than that. I can marry Jason Harper. I accepted him last night."

It was out. The words cut her throat to ribbons.

Allen gave a loud laugh.

"You couldn't do that, Candida. You love me and I love you. There is nothing else of any importance."

"Yes, there is, Allen. There's Mumma. She's important. She's done things for me. I've got to come across."

"By selling yourself. It's indecent. It isn't done."

"Oh, yes, it is done. I'm going to do it though not in the way you imagine. This case is different. I told Jason the truth. He knows about you. He made me a proposition."

"I'll bet he did!"

"An awfully decent proposition, Allen. We're going to be married and go abroad for a year. During the year Jason is going to treat me as a sweetheart, to be wooed and won. You understand, dear? He's going to woo me as you did, Allen, when you—"

"The man's a liar, I tell you. He's laid a trap for you. A beastly trap baited with stuffy luxuries and glittery promises. The things I can't give you. I don't believe him. No man would be fool enough to—"

"To give up a year on the chance of winning the thing he most wants?"

"The man's a hound. He's clever enough, I'll grant you that. He knew how to get you. Fairy tale stuff. But I know men when it comes to getting possession of the woman they want. He's tricked you and you've fallen for the trick."

"I DON'T believe that about Jason Harper. His eyes tell a different story."

"Oh, I see! You've begun to look into his eyes. What a jolly little beginning for a honeymoon. I know of none better."

"Allen, you're wrong. I saw that his eyes were honest eyes, but he didn't so much as try to kiss me."

"Blink facts all your little silver-spooned life, darling. The bare fact is that you claim to love me but are going to marry him because bills must be paid. I've heard some funny ones, Candy, but I give you the gold-plated brass horseshoe for the funniest!"

Candida's face burned.

"Allen, I think you'd better take me in."

"Right. Why not?"

Allen's voice was harsh.

They drifted in toward the shore. Candida murmured, "Imagine me loving you every day, every night, more than ever . . ."

"I'll imagine you lapping up the cream with Mr. Jason Dunbar Harper."

Words were useless. There was only one important thing. To drain him into her memory, every line and color so that she could subsist throughout this coming Allenless year.

They walked home through the sweet May gloaming. Rain was in the air. It drew the teeming scents of earth up and flung them back again, a little wildly.

The touch of Allen's shoulder!

The pressure of his hand on

### Candida was delicate and golden like a narcissus

her arm! She loved him and he was to be torn away from her. She loved him and she had to hurt him. She loved him and the hard ogre of money stood between them. But only for a short while! What was one year in the eternity of their love? Twelve little months out of forever?

She clung to him in the arbor near the park gate. Her yearning pushed the hot tears from her eyes. She was choked by the intolerable quality of her love.

She would come back but would it ever be the same? Would she ever again feel this fierce young torrent of storming love?

If he had said, then, in that moment, "Come with me. Let's chuck the world and all its problems," she might have gone. She might have left the leaning tower of debts, the frightened, world-tired woman, the tall dark man with the honest eyes. She might have. But he didn't say it. Only kept calling her name in that wounded, desolated voice.

AND then she broke away from him, and ran home. Pain dogged her footsteps and the thought of Jason Harper was harsh and repellent.

How dared he marry her? How dared he tear her away like this? How dared he leave Allen standing there like that, mute and stricken?

How dared Allen let her go?

How dared Mumma expect this thing of her?

How dared Life? Oh, why did it have to happen?

But after all it wasn't Jason's fault. She realized finally that it was up to her to be as good a sport about it as he was.

Twelve little months out of forever! [Continued on page 132]







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# A Letter

Drawing by  
JOHN H. CROSMAN

Which I Find  
Difficult to Answer  
By O. O. MCINTYRE

THE following letter is one of the most remarkable I have ever received. For obvious reasons the name of the writer and the city from whence it came are deleted but its authenticity has been established. It reads:

Dear Mr. McIntyre: I am writing to a perfect stranger as the last resort in a dilemma that will read like fiction. I am playing the final card in a game of deceit that has cost me my happiness, my health, my reputation and unless there is a way out—my life. For I am determined to kill myself if this measure fails.

I was brought up in this small city. My father is a fairly well to do banker. My mother is a leader in church work and my brother is a practising physician in the city of —. I was graduated from a young lady's private school and am twenty-four years of age. I studied music a year in Italy.

It was while returning from Italy fifteen months ago that I fell in love with a young man who was a passenger on the same boat. We met at the captain's table. After walking the deck one night four days after I met him he told me of his love. It was not the glamour of the moon, the mystery of the sea and all that. I really loved him.

WE WERE married four days after the boat docked in New York. Our honeymoon lasted a week and I started for home. It was agreed that we should not tell my parents until he had better established himself in his work. He had a job that paid one hundred and eighty-five dollars a month.

We corresponded secretly and I made two different trips to New York over a period of five months to spend a few days with him. There came a time when it became necessary to tell my parents that I was married. My husband protested at first and then reluctantly consented. Our romance and marriage was printed in the local papers and my friends came in droves to congratulate me.

In the meantime my husband's letters stopped. It had been agreed that he would come to meet my parents two weeks after our marriage was announced. He left his job and his boarding place without leaving addresses. The whole thing had been so flimsy and foolishly romantic that I made excuses while trying desperately to find him. I enlisted my brother's aid and he went to New York and with private detectives searched for ten days. It was futile.

Then my baby was born. I had woven a tangled web. Tongues were beginning to wag; my mother became a recluse and my father's face was like a thunder cloud. We had been married by a justice of the peace. My husband attended to all the details and in the excitement I paid no attention to them. I do not remember, if I ever knew, where he got the license and had no papers to show the marriage had been consummated. It was all a hopeless jumble and even to you



I suppose it sounds like a fishy story. But as one about to face my Maker I swear it is all true. You will learn if you care to investigate that my reputation has been spotless and that my people are of the best stock in this community.

Now I have a twelve thousand dollar legacy in convertible bonds in a local bank. My only thought just now is to save my dearly beloved father and mother from the disgrace they feel. I want a husband for just a few days. If you can find a presentable gentleman who will play the part, the twelve thousand dollars are his and I shall pay his expenses to and from this city.

I will sign any contract he can arrange to release him from any responsibility. All I ask is that he come to this city, pose as my husband, permit me to introduce him into my home as such and also to meet sufficient friends to convince them I was married. He can then return home and he will never see or hear from me again.

I shall in turn leave this town with my baby shortly thereafter. My brother will take care of me until something turns up and in a few years I can announce the death of my husband. By that time my own town will have forgotten.

Is all this asking too much? I am married and my baby is legitimate. I was a foolish girl and I am paying heavily for my folly. I am not whining about that. If you will inquire you will find that I have been the most devoted of daughters. I have never smoked, drank, necked or done other things that class the small town girl as "wild."

My husband must be five feet and nine inches in height, have dark hair and show some evidences of refinement. He will be entertained at my home and when he departs he will be richer by twelve thousand dollars. Also he will be preventing an innocent child from losing her mother.

I have thought this all out carefully. I write to a stranger because I can write to no one else. If you can do nothing, I shall never blame you. If you can, you will be doing something for which I am sure God will bless you. Sincerely, —.

SUICIDE is not a way out of any problem—especially this. It would only serve to accentuate the suspicion. It is trite to say that truth crushed to earth will rise again but the philosophers of every age have found it so.

Thousands of young girls are daily facing situations far worse with high courage and hope and furthermore they are surmounting them. Subterfuge, such as this letter suggests, is a poor expedient—a form of chancery that always ends in disaster.

The letter is to me of great importance because it illuminates the danger of developing a haphazard acquaintance and of marrying hastily and secretly. The young girl who does not invite or bestow the full confidence of her parents in the serious question of marriage is merely courting unhappiness.

*\$5,000.00 Reward*  
*for The*  
*Typical American Girl*

*Are You That Girl?*

*Do You Know Her?*

*Who Is She?*

*Where Is She?*

*What Is She?*

*Why Is She?*

*SMART SET IS SEARCHING*  
*FOR HER*

SMART SET is about to institute a nation-wide hunt for the girl who will stand as an epitome of young American womanhood. When she is found SMART SET will pay her \$5,000 in cash. And her portrait will be painted as a cover for SMART SET by the noted artist, Henry Clive.

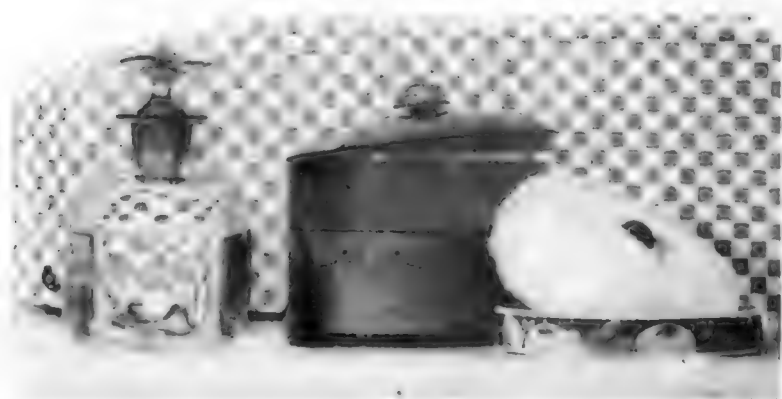
A distinguished committee headed by Elinor Glyn will act as judges and will select the winner who will become the most famous girl in this country.

Perhaps you are that girl? Perhaps you know that girl?  
Help us find her!

*Watch December SMART SET for further details of  
this contest which is open to every unmarried  
American girl from the age of 18 to 30*



*A Practical Article  
On Beauty Accessories  
Of the Bathroom  
Of the Girl of Today*

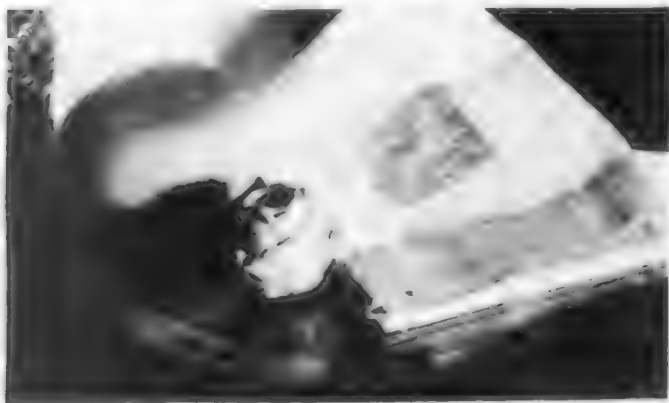


# First Aids

**I**N ADDITION to being "next to godliness," cleanliness is the basis of beauty. The fairest of the fair is enhanced by her personal cleanliness and her less lovely sister finds a compensating charm in it alone.

And cleanliness is more than a matter of a daily or Saturday night bath. It is the very essence of good grooming and affects the various parts of the body both individually and as a whole.

Let us consider the toilet articles and preparations that you should be most particular to keep conveniently on hand for use, before, during and after the bath.



Cleanliness is beauty's greatest aid. But even during the rite of the daily bath the modern girl can be esthetic by choosing soap that looks mighty like a rose, and towels and washcloths luxurious with insets of lace

Always have two tooth-brushes for daily use, plus a dentifrice and dental floss. At the top of this page observe the other after-the-bath luxuries, dusting powder, and mouthwash, displayed in a bottle of Venetian glass



Today the bathroom may be equipped both completely and attractively. Shops offer the most ordinary articles in queenly guise. But this beauty of the appointments is of secondary importance to their organization.

**T**HE greatest convenience lies in having a generous number of shelves, so that everything can be kept in perfect order. The shelf over the washstand is usually a small one, and it should not be overloaded. Most toilet articles are best kept in the bathroom cabinet, away from the dust. A goodly supply of fresh towels and washcloths should likewise be kept in a closet.

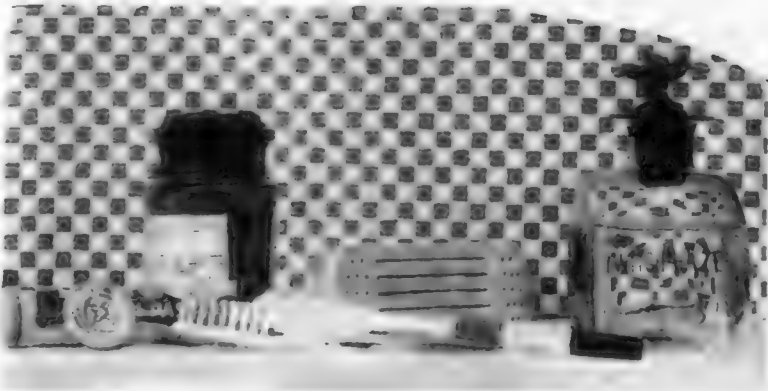
**SOAPS.** There will be, of course, a cake of the complexion soap that suits your type of skin. This should be kept for its own purpose and not left where it will be confused with hand or bath soap.

It is not necessary to choose the most expensive soaps for the hands and for the bath, although some of the scented makes are very pleasant. There are plenty of good domestic soaps which are pure and which may be had at trifling cost. Some of the more luxurious bath tablets come in delightful colors, if you wish to carry out the color scheme of your bathroom. For example, there is one soap that is a lovely blue.

**BATH SALTS.** You may or may not wish to use bath salts, but they belong in the complete beauty wardrobe of the bathroom. They add a touch of luxury to the bath such as nothing else gives. A few women find that the salts are somewhat drying to their skins and so they prefer to use bath water or oil. Again, the color scheme of the room may be carried out in the bath salts.

**BRUSHES.** The bath brush is a highly important implement for without it skin never feels quite clean. Choose a long-handled brush with which you can give your back a good scrub. Another brush is indispensable for the nails. After using a brush, always rinse it well in cold water and place it so that it does not rest on its bristles. Do not forget to renew your brushes from time to time when the old ones wear out.

**BODY LOTION.** This I leave to your own choice. You may like a rather heavy body oil, particularly during the winter months, when it keeps the skin from chapping. Or you may prefer, at least during the warmer weather, some simple toilet



## SMART SET'S Own Charm Service By MARY LEE

# To Beauty

water or rubbing alcohol or witchhazel on your skin. My personal preference is for a very light oil, scarcely oily at all in its quality, scented faintly with verbena. After the bath, the body is vigorously rubbed with any one of these lotions.

**DUSTING POWDER.** This is not really necessary but you may like to use it. Some may prefer to choose between the body lotion and the dusting powder, using either one or the other. If you use dusting powder, put it on lightly so that it will not obstruct the pores. If the powder is scented, choose a powder that matches your soap and toilet water.

**DEODORANT.** Immediately after the bath each day, this preparation should be remembered, for the fastidious woman must always be on her guard against the slightest trace of perspiration odors. Your deodorant may be either a liquid or paste or powder, just as you prefer. Some deodorants are also non-perspirants and these are not at all harmful.

**TOOTH-BRUSHES.** You will note that I have said tooth-brushes in the plural, for you should not get along without at least two. This is because each brush should be given a number of hours to dry or the bristles will lose their stiffness and will not reach each crevice of the teeth nor give the gums their necessary invigorating massage. Keep the brush where it is well exposed to the air and where nothing touches its bristles. The average life of a tooth-brush used in the way I have prescribed is about four months. You should renew your tooth-brush whenever needed.

**DENTIFRICE.** Almost all of the standard dentifrices are good ones. I leave it to you to choose whether it shall be paste or powder.

**MOUTH-WASH.** There are many excellent mouth-washes that are delightful to use after brushing the teeth. One of the simplest can be made at home by dissolving half a teaspoonful of table salt and half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of water. The importance of using a mouth-wash has been sufficiently stressed by advertisements to warrant my passing over it.

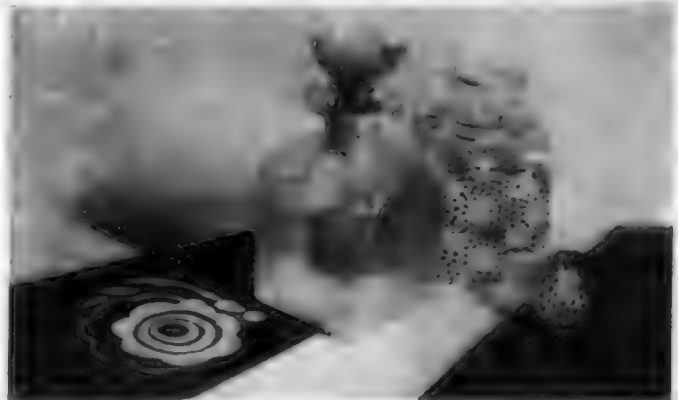
**DENTAL FLOSS.** The health and beauty of the teeth demands the use of floss at least once a day, preferably at night before bedtime.

**EYE-WASH.** If you are not accustomed to using an eye bath, you will be surprised and delighted to know how much it adds to the sparkle of your eyes and your general feeling

of well-being. After washing your face, use an eye cup filled with your favorite eye lotion or with a half and half solution of witchhazel and water. Pure warm water is also effective as an eye bath.

So much for general articles. There will be, of course, small jars of special salve for blemishes or bottles of freckle bleach and astringent and innumerable other articles.

Finally, the sense of luxury in a beautifully equipped bathroom proves a boon to one's morale, just as the daily use of its equipment immeasurably benefits one's beauty. Verily cleanliness is the hand maiden to beauty.



Eye-wash and toilet water, two often-neglected necessities in the fine art of loveliness. Continuing the shelf above on this page, note the body oil, used after the bath for dry skins, the nail brush, and that perfect astringent, witchhazel



Here is a new and charming organdie container for individual powder puffs, a back brush with a detachable handle and those dear delights, bath salts. All these articles can be purchased in the better shops and are not expensive

Photographs by Culver Service



If you are of the petite type, this wine-red velveteen suit with jersey jumper will enhance your charm. Correct accessories to give that smart youthful look are the cross fox scarf, wine velvet tam and envelope purse of wine-red leather

Courtesy of B. Altman, New York



If you have a slim nose and large eyes, you can wear this very modish tam. Or if you would be more formal, buy this softly draped model with its saucy crowning satin bow

Courtesy of Hyland Bros., N.Y.



# Fads and By GEORGIA MASON of Coming

This department is intended as a practical guide to young women in the selection of their clothes. The illustrations are of advanced models being shown for Fall and Winter wear in the New York shops

COMES a letter that gladdens my heart. "Why," writes a young woman from Kansas City, "hasn't some magazine thought of such a fashion department before? I am sick and tired of seeing those freaky drawings of impossible looking women that originate in Paris, and of reading so much 'blah' about what the well-dressed woman is wearing at the French resorts."

"There are millions of us who want to know how we can get the best out of the things sold in our own stores, and you are giving it to us. It certainly means nothing to us that a lot of French women are trying to change styles every few weeks to keep up their own business. We want to be able to recognize the smart new things when we see them in our home shops, clothes that are wearable and human, and Smart

Set is the first magazine to give us real help along this line. "A lot of us are going to be mighty grateful to you."

## The Passing of the Flapper

THE pendulum has swung around. The flapper has been laid to rest along with her boyish bob, her wise cracks and her tight little skirts. The last remaining evidence of "flapperism" is in the off the forehead movement of the new millinery. Eyebrows must show, or at least one eyebrow, and that's reminiscent of a style made popular by young America two seasons back.

Gowns, hats and coats have never been lovelier than they are this fall. I know we feel that way with each succeeding



At right, a fur-trimmed hat worn with the coney ensemble costume. Below, for the heart-shaped face no hat is more flattering than this Talbot baby bonnet

Courtesy of Hyland Bros., N. Y.



# Fashions the Season

Photographs  
By  
VANDAMM

The fashions shown here this month are correct the country over for the forthcoming season. And remember these are models that can be purchased in the better establishments of any city



A perfect ensemble for every type, its original cost offset by its practicality and chic. The coat is of mauve coney fur, lined with blue dotted jersey, matching the dotted jersey skirt and plain blouse of its two-piece dress

Courtesy of B. H. Dyas, Los Angeles

season, because just the change in weather alone gives us excess enthusiasm, but with the return to ultra feminine fashions, it seems to me there is an added charm that we've been missing for some time.

**TO BE** really chic now one must be a lady, no matter how hard the effort. In fact, the smartest girls this season will cultivate a demure manner and an old-fashioned viewpoint in clothes.

Every line of the new gown is built for grace. The tight hip line, the uneven, dipping hem, all require a graceful, undulating carriage in contrast to the Charleston, black bottom swagger that was practiced last year. The flapper just loses out in this season's clothes.

**H**AIR is worn more softly waved and fuller. Many are letting their hair grow, though I doubt if they will continue this. I've seen too many rush for the barber's chair after weeks of vain effort to look smart with hair ends sticking out in all directions.

One thing is sure. It's going to be a hard winter for the short, dumpy girl, so if you come in this class, better start trying to remedy the dumpiness now.

## Some Tips on Remodelling

**H**ERE are a few tips on odds and ends that may help you to remodel last winter's gown or select your new coat: Waistlines are coming up a trifle; hips must be snug fitting;

all skirts have irregular hem lines and bodices are bloused and supple.

The princess line in dresses and coats is gaining headway. If you are slim enough to wear it, by all means do.

The V-neckline is most popular, and evening gowns boast of the deepest décolletage we have had in years.

**I**F YOU are getting a fall ensemble. I don't—please don't—buy your coat and dress in the same color. This perfect matching of an outfit is passé. The newer ones blend two colors, or tones, like a green coat, trimmed in gray fur,



For the youthfully slim, this fur-lined tweed coat for informal wear. The collar is kolin-sky, the lining fur, dyed rabbit

Courtesy of B. Altman

with gray dress and hat. Blue and gray will be much worn—brown and tan—brown and yellow—black and ivory, etc.

You are going to see slate blue, autumn browns, green, wine red and, of course, navy blue and black.

I hope you like the one-piece cloth dress because it's being revived. Some of them, made up in woollens soft as silk, are lovely.

All the feminine touches, like berthas, scarfs and jabots, will be seen in profusion.



Wintry days cry for a trig little tweed ensemble of matching hat and boyish coat such as this

Courtesy of Saks & Co.

A hat with a brim is a lifesaver for a not-too-perfect profile. Reboux fashioned this bow-trimmed model in russet felt

Courtesy of Hyland Bros.



### You Can Mend that Run

**A**T LAST, you can stop worrying about that run in your new hose. Machines for mending them are being installed all over the country. Try it at your leading store. The repair is good unless your run is crossways. Then there is no hope.

### Coats—Or Getting Your Money's Worth

**O**UR special interest at this time of the year is in coats, and there are straight-line models, flaring ones, and wrappy ones to be seen. We suggested in last month's Smart Set



The heavily furred coat maintains its sway. Note the becoming off-the-face collar and cuffs in baby lynx

Courtesy of B. Altman

that the short jacket costume had been so good it would probably be developed in fur for colder weather. Well, it has arrived. Altman's, Wanamaker's and other shops are showing them, but always as part of an ensemble. The haphazard use of short fur jackets over any color of a frock will not be good taste.

**I** WANT to recommend a fur lined cloth coat to you if your allowance is not elastic enough to include an all fur coat. The general

impression is that these coats are bulky and cumbersome, completely destroying one's slimness.

This is wrong. You can get a swagger-looking tweed, lined with softest rabbit fur, dyed to match your coat, or dressier broadcloths with stenciled kid or dyed weasel linings that are slim, attractive and yet have all the warmth of a fur coat. You will find these quite inexpensive as compared to a fur coat. One is pictured in this department.

Of the fur coats, lapin, nutria and coney are the most popular for sports. Coney and lapin are different versions of dyed rabbit. They do not wear particularly well.

**T**WEED is the best material for your street coat. The old-fashioned shiny broadcloth is smartest for dressier occasions, but velvet, velour and satin are being used also. These are fur trimmed. Some fur scarfs are being made to replace the popular silk or wool scarf that has been used so much. If you've some furs in storage that are too far gone to make a coat, use them to fashion a scarf and be very new and smart.

### Hats and Haste

**T**HE very extreme designs, either in hats or dresses, are seldom becoming to the American girl, so our problem is to choose the good from the terrible and see that we retain the best features from both.

You will see more extravagant versions of each of the hats illustrated here, but we have tried to select the most wearable models.

There is a wide variety of styles this fall, so don't grab the first shape shown you.

If your face is not youthful enough to wear the poke bonnet there's the draped turban, the soft beret and the ear tab effect.

**R**IBBON bows, flowers, feathers and fur will trim the chapeaux this winter and that's more leeway than we've had for several seasons, so feel your way and plan your wardrobe carefully. There's a hat, gown and coat that will enhance your particular charm, if you'll only take the time to find it.

Incidentally, tiny caplike hats are being made for evening wear. This is a godsend to the girl going to and from the theater in trains, subways and street cars, where one feels rather foolish with bare head. They are most becoming, developed in velvet, tulle or lamé, and so soft they can be folded in the pocket of your wrap.

For the mature figure, this pony and leopard coat has dignity and grace. It shows the new season's treatment of the contrasting fur scarf. Hat of black felt and pony

Courtesy of Russeks, N. Y.



Eyebrows are smart once more and winter hats are designed to be worn off the forehead. Here "glowworm", a two-toned felt, is used in beige and brown

Courtesy of Hyland Bros.

### Sports Clothes—Don't Overdo It

**T**HERE is a concerted action on the part of the leading dressmakers to bring back the dressy afternoon frock. This is in line with the extremely feminine trend of things, but it is a nuisance to the average girl.

For some time now, we have been allowed to wear so-called sports clothes for all informal occasions and are quite spoiled with the comfort of these inexpensive frocks, but in many cases we have overdone it, and this is partly responsible for the attempt to bring about more formal daytime clothes.

**I**T HAS been heavenly these past seasons to slip into a jersey, wool, or silk sports outfit in the early morning and feel properly dressed until dinner time, but now comes a warning that it no longer is proper for us to have a cup of tea or a cocktail, unless gowned for the occasion. For the girl in college or a business office, this means little, but for any of you who have occasion to wear a costume all day long, I want to warn you to be careful in selecting the material for it.

**B**Y NO means get a knitted outfit for general day wear. It bags all over the place and the skirt stretches abominably. These things should only be used for actual sports. Jersey is being tailored beautifully now. This combined with tweed or crepe is the sort of informal dress one can wear all day without looking seedy by six o'clock.

### The Excellence of Rayon

**D**AMES and damsels clever enough to fashion some of their own undies and frocks are hereby urged to look

at the lovely new things in rayon. Even if you once bought a rayon vest or slip and saw it fall to bits in the laundry, do not be discouraged; day by day in every way rayon has been getting better and better, until now the American manufacturers have achieved a product well-nigh perfect, and oh, ever and ever so much cheaper than silk of the same grade.

**R**AYON is an artificial silk floss; this floss is today woven with cotton, with real silk, with wool, with velvet. And the result is beautiful beyond words. It washes beautifully and no longer falls to pieces. It comes in every weight and type of silk, from the sheerest chiffon to lustrous velvets. A splendid quality of crepe, just right for the most exquisite lingerie, comes at about a dollar a [Continued on page 121]





# How To Choose Your Career

By HELEN WOODWARD

I SAID in my article in last month's Smart Set that most people who are considered incompetent are not stupid or lazy. They are simply misplaced. They have the wrong jobs. Square pegs in round holes. I illustrated my remarks by describing the careers of certain women whom I happen to know. The women I mentioned are highly capable, yet they floundered around for years, until each of them—through some lucky accident—found the work she liked and was fitted to do. They might have saved themselves a lot of worry and disappointment if they had started on the right road at the beginning.

It is amazing how many young women and young men, too, are ambitious to work at something for which they have absolutely no capacity and which they wouldn't like if they tried. A friend of mine, a bright, well-educated, studious girl, got an idea that she would like to go into the bond business. She was inspired by reading some stories of women who had great successes in selling bonds.

WHILE she was looking for an opening in a financial concern she happened to meet the president of the bank where she kept her tiny account and she told him what she was trying to do.

This banker was a kindly man with a large experience in life. After he talked with her a few minutes he saw that she would never be able to sell anything. She was the wrong type altogether and she didn't know what selling meant. She thought it meant

nice little visits to wealthy, well-mannered people, a friendly chat and an order for some thousands of dollars worth of bonds.

HE ENLIGHTENED her. He showed her that to sell anything by personal solicitation one must have a sort of brazen assurance and that one must not mind rebuffs. "You're too sensitive," he remarked, "and you haven't the

knack of wheedling and cajoling people. You don't like to introduce yourself to strangers."

SHE admitted that much. "But what should I do?" she asked. "I've got to make my living."

The banker reflected a moment. "I can't say offhand but I do know that your natural line is system, instead of selling."

"How do you make that out?" she inquired.

"Why, you've just told me that you make notes of everything you read, that you keep a diary and a card index file. You're a natural systematizer." He paused a moment and picked up his desk telephone. "By the way, I've just thought of something," he said. "I think I know where you'll be very useful."

HIS telephone conversation and a letter of introduction led to her connection with one of the large New York hotels, where she was put in charge of the banqueting arrangements of the house.

This hotel needed somebody badly. It has three or four banqueting rooms, and almost every evening some convention or association gives its annual banquet there. There are times when all the rooms are occupied and four big dinners are going on at once.

It is my friend's job to make the arrangements for these banquets. Her system is marvelous. When the committees come to the hotel to see about the dinners or luncheons, they are referred to her. At her elbow there

is a card file containing forty or fifty different dinner menus. She has seating plans of the various banquet rooms with every table and chair indicated by a number. She has everything in perfect order. Before she came there was never-ending confusion. People got in the wrong rooms by mistake; there were not enough tables; the orchestra played drinking songs at a dinner of the Anti-Saloon League, and coats and hats got

**There is nothing more important than to learn your own capacity. Take mental stock of yourself before you start. There are certain fundamental traits in your character which form a sort of keynote to your abilities.**

**If you are shy, retiring and inarticulate in company, you are certain to make a mess of any job in which you are supposed to meet or discuss things with many people.**

**If you hate office work—then my advice to you is not to try office work. Get something that will take you outdoors most of your time**

*When you are considering your career  
remember you can always do better what you LIKE to do  
than what you THINK you OUGHT to do*

lost in the cloak rooms. Nothing like that happens any more. And my friend gets a salary equal to that of about ten stenographers.

Yet this was another case of luck. If she had not talked with a banker who knew something she would probably be struggling desperately in the bond-selling business.

**T**HERE is nothing more important than to learn your own capacity. Take mental stock of yourself before you start. There are certain fundamental traits in your character which form a sort of keynote to your abilities. If you are shy, retiring and inarticulate in company you are certain to make a mess of any job in which you are supposed to meet or discuss things with many people. If your whole inclination is toward an outdoor life, if papers and figures bore you, if you hate office work, then my advice to you is not to try office work. Get something that will take you outdoors most of your time.

Once I had a girl working for me who was certainly out of place, though she was so intelligent and energetic that she made my head swim. Her fads were golfing, tennis, swimming and walking. It was strange that with all this love of the great outdoors she could not write even passably good advertising copy about sporting goods. She could not even describe a golf ball in print. Words were her trouble.

**T**HIS girl saw she was not making good and on her own initiative she went and got a job with a huge store on Madison Avenue that specializes in camp and golf equipment, and sporting clothes. She became a saleswoman there. The last time I saw her she was one of the stars among the salespeople. She knew how to load up a golfer with brassies, niblicks and midirons until he could hardly stand.

**L**OVE is more powerful than logic and desire is a stranger force than reason. When you are considering your own career and wondering what you ought to do, just remember that you can always do better what you really like to do than what you think you ought to do. People who are trying to accomplish something for which they are not fitted are really going against the grain. They are doing what they think they ought to do. Don't fall into that error. Look into the bottom of your own inner consciousness and plan your career along the line

of your greatest desire. Whatever in the way of achievement gives you the most joy is certainly your line of least resistance.

Suppose you have no ambition except to dress beautifully. You like fabrics and laces and ribbons and can watch every shade of color. You see and remember what other girls are wearing without even trying. People may try to make you ashamed of this preoccupation with clothes but don't let them. It is just as creditable to love clothes and beauty as it is to love cup custards or automobiles.

If the love of clothes and fabrics touches you more deeply than anything else, then don't go into the real estate business or become a stenographer in a lawyer's office. Get into the clothes business. Start as a stenographer or saleswoman in a store where beautiful clothes are sold. No matter how humble your beginning may be, start there. Take even less money than you would get in some other line. You see, the point is that you would fit naturally into such an environment. Then, if you are intelligent, even-tempered and persistent, you are certain to rise. But if you had gone to that wholesale grocery that would have given you more money at the start you would be typing letters about crates of onions the rest of your life.



Drawing By  
RUSSELL PATTERSON

**Y**ET there are people who are interested in onions and to them they are just as vital as an interest in dresses.

The illogical approach to life often leads to the most amusing situations. I know a woman who has made herself one of the leading authorities on food and food values in the United States. One day she invited me to luncheon. Her kitchen was a perfect model. The kitchen sink was arranged exactly so many inches above the floor. Everything was done by electricity. The place was full of whirring machinery. She explained the scientific importance of each little device. On the wall there were printed tables of the calories and proteins in the various kinds of foods.

The guests admired all this with polite murmurs and ex-  
[Continued on page 101]

**U**nless you have some unusual natural talent for a definite business pursuit, the best way—in my opinion—to make your beginning in business is as a stenographer. But be a good one. In my twenty years of business life I have met only six good stenographers

To Be Illusive and Alluring~To Be Mysterious  
 To Be Feminine~To Have Charm~To Have Self-Confidence  
 To Have Personality. To Have These Qualities,  
 To Be the NEW Girl, You First Must

## Cultivate Character

I HOPE, girls, that you have been thinking over what I told you last month. If you read the article carefully you will know just why the flapper came and why she is departing, so we need not go over that, but step straight on to consider what causes personality.

Hundreds of girls must have hated having to be infantile, must have loathed exuberance and irresponsibility, but, without reasoning about it, they subconsciously knew it was what they had to demonstrate to please men or be left on the shelf. Now they know that they can be themselves. Thus the new girl is evolving and it is to her, the lovely creature who is rising on the crest of the wave, that I want to write so that I can help her to be perfection. How awful to be a back number in anything!

THE new girl knows that when man's hunting instinct is once aroused, mystery is what draws it on! So she has become feminine, illusive and alluring; she is aware that the boyish pal no longer draws and that the irresponsible baby is as dead as a last year's hat! She senses that she must now cultivate her mind—a little—so as to be mysterious and she must appeal to the imagination instead of the blatant sex or the "daddy" instinct. Do you know, girls, America was the only country where there were "daddies"? Any European man would be wild with indignation at being called or considered as such and all this as I analyzed for you in the beginning of these articles, because the men were so tired they only wanted to be let alone.

But what the new girl has to cultivate is personality. To charm she cannot be one of a bunch as the flappers were, all silly, all curly, all infantile. She must be individual, she must make each man she wishes to attract feel that there is much to discover in her. So her first step is to remodel her own character. She must review herself in the abstract. If she wants to succeed she need not mind doing this ruthlessly, because no one else will hear her verdict and so her vanity will not be wounded. But she must mercilessly dissect herself, become acquainted with her own faults and stupidities and become aware of her strongest temptations; then, like a general, she can marshal and direct her forces.

NO ONE can have personality who is nervous and self-conscious. These two failings must be conquered. My new girl must acquire self-confidence; this will come as soon as she knows that she pos-

sesses something to be confident about. She certainly possesses youth and ambition and a certain amount of knowledge. Daily she can increase the latter and go her way quietly taking every care of her physical charms, disciplining herself to make sacrifices to dress well if she is not rich, to enhance her physical attraction in every way. Any girl can do this if she tries.

TO GAIN personality she must discriminate and never give an opinion that she does not believe in. For instance, I am often asked to go and see new moving pictures to give my opinion for publicity purposes. If I go and I like the picture, I say so and would say so just as readily for an enemy as a friend; if I do not like it, I remain silent. Nothing would induce me to express approval when I do not feel it and so my opinion is valued. And my new girl must be likewise, never bombastic or didactic, but firm in her own likes and dislikes. She must read books and think thoughts and polish her critical faculties so that she can have a viewpoint that is interesting.

If she has any talent, let her cultivate it and use it as a charm. She must also decide what type of hair and dress and hat really suits her, and endeavor to give all three an individual twist, a "something" which differentiates. If her character is really strong, and she is really a personality, she has but to polish all her mental and bodily attractions. She need never bother about the effect she is producing upon the men she meets; she will inevitably attract them because they will sense that there is something to discover in her.

But thousands of nice girls are not very strong characters, and will find it difficult to emerge satisfactorily from the irresponsible flapper stage into the attractive modern girl. To them I quote, "Assume a virtue if you have it not." If your object is to succeed in being a personality, watch and note the reactions you cause in others and then tune your methods into those which you have seen have brought you success, or have the courage to prune those which experience has taught you bring failure.

A girl heard me saying that a cultivated mind was charming and she came to me indignantly to protest that I was wrong. She herself was extremely cultivated but had always found dismal failure! I could not tell her as I longed to do for her good, that it





## Another Straight Talk To Young Women

By **ELINOR GLYN**



was obvious why she was a failure. Not a single personal attraction had been cultivated although she was not poor or ugly. She fidgeted all the time and her voice was like a peacock's.

And by the way, girls. I am going to write a whole article upon this subject of the voice! It is terribly important. I did venture to ask this girl if she thought a garden would be pleasing if the rose bushes and lily blooms were obscured by weeds which were taller than they, and so struck the eye first!

**F**OR remember that the eye must be pleased to begin with and this immediately! Next, the ear should be soothed by sweet sounds. The mind can be interested then by words which convey intelligence and sympathy and something intriguing. My "girl" must never fidget! She must keep as still as she possibly can. Have you ever seen a magnetic personality restless, inconsequent or gesticulative in ordinary conversation? No. Magnetic persons are always quiet and forceful; they do not scatter their energies.

So if I could have spoken out to the girl who came to see me, I would have said, "First of all go to a beauty parlor, then get some becoming clothes, then learn to keep still, then modulate your voice, and then you will have a chance of saying a word now and then which will arouse the interest of the men you may be with and cause them to realize that your mind is cultivated and that they could discover very interesting thoughts in it!"

Apasia or Egeria would not have a ghost of a chance now if they neglected their skins, wore unbecoming garments and had peacock's voices! I do ask you, before I finish, girls, to read

*The Flapper is a thing of the past. Unless you want to be a back number you must learn how to enhance your physical attraction and your mental allurements. Madame Glyn shows you the way in this article*

this carefully, and then, if you want to enter the field of those out to gain personality, have courage to go through a ruthless personal examination and count up your assets and stumbling blocks. The only way to begin satisfactorily is to know where you are!

Some girls have social ambitions; they would like to visit Europe and become acquainted with the aristocracies which still survive in diminished splendor there. These will have to be especially clever and take great pains over their polishing. I would like to tell you sometime of the manners and customs of some of these courts; they are quite interesting.

**O**THERS may want to be artists or musicians, or go on the stage, or become moving picture stars. All of these goals are easier to secure if you have personality, if your taste in dress is good, and your manners perfect, and your voice attractive. It is quite ridiculous to imagine you are going to jump at and catch prizes just because you desire to do so!

You must first make yourself the square peg for the square hole or the round peg for the round hole! But this point has always been difficult to ram into people's heads! I have heard the most ridiculous indignation expressed by girls because they did not obtain something they were about as fitted for as you or I would be to stand up against Gene Tunney.

I know a girl who, two years ago, was just a usual bobbed-headed non-

entity with a nice character undistinguishable from the millions. When I aroused her sense of humor, she began to develop a personality. Next month I am going to talk about choosing one's companions.

**P.S.** Our editor has said you may write to SMART SET if you wish, and ask me questions and I will see that you receive helpful answers

SHE  
Was "Through  
With Men"

HE  
Was "Fed Up  
On Women"

BUT~  
She Was Such a



# Nice Little Thing

BLAINE Cornwall was fed up on women. He still nibbled at them, as one unconsciously nibbles at buttered nuts and Turkish delight until only salt and powdered sugar are left. He glanced at the pretty creatures forever set before him but he never hungered for them. Ladies did not suspect his entire lack of appetite, for Blaine had been born a gentleman, irremediably. But to those of the sex elect he could occasionally unburden himself by confiding in a voice vibrant with sincerity that he was "fed up on women."

Whether his hearers believed his statement is of no moment. He believed it. And it gave him the allure of invulnerability which most men must pay for with heartaches or relentless years.

Yet the exact center of the mob scene extraordinary on the terrace of the Springdale Country Club was Blaine Cornwall. Blaine Cornwall, just returned to the States from a leisurely year in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where he hadn't pretended to paint or write or sing, where he had lived simply because it amused him.

At any hour he could put on a clean collar, cross the river and command the respect of the haughtiest headwaiters in Paris. He could cross the channel and do the same. He could cross the ocean and do the same. For he had personality, and money to back it up with. It was because of all this that the terrace of the Springdale club house presented a vivid spectacle of youth and beauty and ambition when Blaine Cornwall, having played his usual steady game around the old home course with the deliberate Tom Brown, came up from the showers ahead of him and began to greet the groups at the bridge tables.

"Marjie! It's great to see you again. Ina Peyton, is your spouse still the jealous heavy in the piece? And here's Polly, grown a lady while my back was turned. How's your mother, Miss Polly? Hello, everybody!"

"It's good old Blaine!"

"Why, it's Mr. Cornwall, home again."

"Where's your French bride, old dear? Haven't you got one? Or didn't you like French women?"

With Drawings from Life  
By  
CLARENCE ROWE

# DOROTHY MILLER'S

## Story Of Young Love Which Is The Only Kind That Counts



"No," said Marian, coldly, "I don't care to meet you. I'm fed up on men"

Pretty voices were raised in delighted welcome. Beautifully cared for hands were extended towards Blaine. A bevy of women and girls surrounded him. At first glance Blaine could scarcely distinguish between them, but a second look sufficed for drawing the dividing line. Slim, silken legs, straight silken figures, silken waved hair that varied little save in color and neck line. The dainty feminine creatures might all have been born on the same day, and that a day when the fates had chosen to be kind. But after the first gay exchange of greetings the women, with a single exception, had gone back to their iced drinks and cards.

This exception continued to sit in the chair she was occupying when Blaine made his triumphal entry. She sat, as one accustomed to sitting so, on the outermost edge of every-

thing, completely withdrawn from everybody. It was her aloofness that first caught Blaine's eye. It was the quality of her detachment which held it. She seemed absolutely unaware of the excitement around her. She stared back at Blaine Cornwall, eye to eye, and she didn't even see him. Great, innocent, Madonna eyes under a coronet of heavy crossed braids looking at him and not even seeing him! It was a new sensation for the popular Blaine, one not too pleasant. He endured it for a while but in the end he was puzzled into being tactless. He asked one woman a question about another.

"Ina," he said to the pretty sharp-featured young matron, "who's the nice little thing over there by herself? And why?"

"Nobody knows, nobody cares," Ina Peyton responded. "Marian Mack by name, a wallflower by birth. She hasn't spoken ten words to anybody since she and her father came to town."

"She's timid?"

"She's dumb. What's she got to be timid about? Her father plays atrocious golf and murders the King's English. But he's wealthy enough to get by anyhow. They live at the Springdale Hotel. Interested?"

"Yes, in spite of your recommendation. She reminds me of somebody, I can't think who. I'd like to meet her."

Ina raised her voice instead of rising.

"Oh, Miss Marian Mack!" she called out. "You look lonely. Come on over. Blaine thinks you're a nice little thing and wants to meet you."

Blaine Cornwall could have choked the friend of his school days cheerfully. But he grinned as he turned from her, and advanced towards the motionless girl.





**"You look as though you might have some sense, but if ever a girl needed a man to be a hard-boiled brother to her, you're that girl!"**

"Thanks for the introduction, Ina," he said amiably. "You'll consider it one, won't you, Miss Mack?"

The girl rose indifferently.

"No," she said walking away. "I don't care to meet you. I'm fed up on men."

This from a wallflower! If one of the roses on the trellis against the club house had parted its red petals and spoken so, the people on the terrace could not have been more astonished.

"Well, of all things!"

"Did you hear what she said?"

"Believe it or not."

**BLAINE CORNWALL**, snubbed for the first time in his life, handled the situation as best he could.

"She spurns me," he groaned. "With the unerring instinct of a child, she knows I'm a villain at heart."

Denials and laughter greeted this sally and the popular wrath died down. After all, the girl hurt nobody but herself by being rude. And Ina Peyton had given her cause for anger. Ina was not repentant, however.

"My!" she said. "Isn't she a nice little thing!"

Marian Mack swung around on a tiny heel.

"No, Mrs. Peyton, I'm not," she retorted in a low scornful voice. "If I were a homely old married woman I might play spider, too."

In other sections of Springdale the heated exchange of discourtesies might have resulted in a riot call. Not so at the country club.

"Really," said Ina Peyton and turned her back. And enough conversation to cover even a marital quarrel burst forth instantaneously. They do these things neatly in polite society.

With her chin high, Marian Mack got into her expensive roadster and departed. Tom Brown rescued Blaine. "Come on, old hoss, I work for a livin'." Tom roared. "It's back to the drugs for little Willie." And the episode of the terrace

was closed for that particular day at least.

But Blaine Cornwall was not done with Marian Mack. She had arrested his wandering attention as girls couldn't any more, theoretically. She had thrown into his teeth a phrase he himself used in moments of boredom. So she was fed up, too, was she? They had that in common, anyhow, and somehow more. Hunger for real comradeship. Blaine knew intuitively that it was because Marian was lonely that she swore and lied and fought when attention was directed to her loneliness. But for all her misbehavior, she was a nice little thing. She had the most wonderful eyes, and eyes that haunted Blaine Cornwall must be beautiful eyes. What was there about them that tantalized his memory so?

Blaine saw Marian the next day in Tom Brown's drug store. It was Saturday, a little before noon, when Blaine dropped in to find out how soon Tom would be able to get away for his afternoon punishment on the golf links. Tom was back in his prescription department, so Blaine loafed over the cigar counter, conducting a series of reunions.

**MARIAN MACK** came in with something of the air of a sleep-walker. The men who stepped out of her way to let her pass simply didn't exist. Least of all the citizen from Paris. She brushed against him with the blank expression only an attractive girl can assume without appearing stupid, and went directly to the far end of the soda fountain. When a homely red-haired youngster stepped up for her order, she dismissed him and gestured towards the good-looking youth mixing drinks near the front. Blaine watched her as she engaged him in a conversation. The youth first seemed surprised, wary, then acquiescent. His face betrayed him. But Marian's did not. Having apparently gained her point, she smiled at the lad and walked the length of the store past the fountain again to the counters in front. Looking up Blaine watched her choose an unoccupied place and seat herself. Five seconds later he stood beside the same seat, stuffing his cap in his pocket.

"Excuse me," he said, "but haven't we met before some place?"

The girl regarded him with a look as cool as her own flowerlike person seemed, in spite of the summer heat.

"I think not," she replied. "I've never been in jail yet."

"Ah, you haven't? Jails are quite interesting, these days. They have bars, you know."

A little smile twitched at closed lips.

"If you want to get into one," said Miss Marian Mack, "just keep on the way you're going."

"Thank you!" Blaine was excessively grateful. "I'll be glad to sit down. What will you have?"

"Help, soon." She gazed pointedly out of the window beside her at Springdale's one traffic policeman. "He'd probably get a big thrill out of making an arrest."

"Old Jake? My dear child, he wouldn't arrest me if you begged him to with tears in your eyes. I used to go fishing with him when a minnow could have pulled me into the water." Blaine shook his head regretfully. "Old Jake won't help you. Don't scream; you'd waste your breath."

**ON SECOND** thought, I won't. Perhaps you carry a card case on your hip?"

"I do not. I'm a law-abiding American. Why, you little tyke, do you tote a flask?"

Marian Mack, opened her beaded handbag, and displayed an article of chased silver that could be called by no other name.

"Who doesn't?" she asked. "But it's empty. Perhaps—" she bent over towards him, "perhaps, since you're such a friend of Mr. Brown's—"

The red-headed boy slammed glasses of water down between them, and beat impatiently on his tin tray. It was a nuisance to have people take such a long time to give their orders at the fountain.

"What'll you take?" he demanded.

"Grape juice, double," said Marian.

"Make it two, and snappy," Blaine ordered. The boy disappeared more meekly than he had come. "Are you daring to suggest that I get liquor for you from Tom Brown?"

"Well—"

When a pretty girl looks injured men usually apologize first and ask why they did it afterward. Not so Blaine Cornwall.

"Ina Peyton was right," he said. "You look as if you might have some sense, but you're as dumb as they make 'em. If ever a girl needed a man to be a hard-boiled brother to her, you're that girl. And I'm the man fate brought back from Europe to reform you. Give me that fool bottle, Marian Mack."

"For a souvenir of this happy occasion?" Marian handed him the flask obediently. "Do take it, with my compliments. It's too small, anyhow."

Blaine examined his acquisition.

"TOO small for what?" he asked, when his nose had done its share of the investigation. "You've never had it filled."

"Don't you suppose I know that? It's a new one. But you can have it. I don't like it."

"I don't like it, either, and I know where the junk yard is. Well—" he raised the glass of grape juice the red-headed boy set before him—"here's to the beginning of our beautiful friendship."

A wistful little look supplanted the hard coldness that glazed Marian's features.

"Is that what this is?" she asked, with a shyness that matched her eyes rather than the manners she had been displaying.

"It's all of that," said Blaine. "You don't suppose I'm in the habit of going so far out of my way to meet a girl, do you? But when I saw you yesterday I read your signals of distress. I want to help you to be happy if—"

Marian rose quickly, a red spot burning in each cheek.

"You needn't feel sorry for me," she said. "I don't need sympathy. I can take care of myself, thank you."

"Then why don't you?" inquired Blaine, accompanying her calmly as she started for the door. To that he received no answer.

He flung a coin down with the soda check. Marian stopped to buy a box of powder and he stood beside her while she waited for her package and her change. Waiting, she did what she must have known better than to do. She lit a cigarette.

THERE are places in the world where women are expected to smoke, where they fancy themselves conspicuous if they don't. But the drug store of a small town is not one of these places. A girl who does it courts criticism and knows it.

"Smoking isn't so smart," Blaine Cornwall commented. "In this instance it's both vulgar and childish, as I suppose you're aware."

"Hey, how do you get that way?" asked Tom Brown, as he came up to his friend

and his customer. "I'd never have thought it of you, Miss Mack. You're corruptin' morals around here, young lady? This is the decentest white-ribbon drug store in the country. Don't exactly care about ladies smokin' in it."

Marian threw down her cigarette and stepped on it.

"Oh, well, if I'm shocking the natives I suppose I can exist a few minutes longer on one drag," she remarked. "It's a great life."

"IT IS that," agreed Blaine. He followed her to her car parked at the curb and kept a foot on the running-board as she started the motor. "I'm enchanted by the way you swear and drink and smoke. I'd like to dance with you. Will you go out to the dinner dance at the country club with me tonight? Be yourself and say, 'yes.'"

Marian's chin went up again.

"Sorry. I make my Saturday night dates six months ahead, Mr. Cornwall. But probably you can find somebody to go with you. Ask Mr. Brown to help you. Or Mrs. Peyton. Or the employment agency."

"Thanks for the tip. Now let me give you one. Being disagreeable and smart never got anybody anywhere, little girl. I don't care how sore you are at the world, you'd better cut it out before it gets to be a habit!"

"Why didn't you?" asked the girl. She ignored the location of his foot and let out her clutch. Apparently satisfied with having got the last word, she drove off.

Blaine Cornwall regained his balance and looked thoughtfully after the young lady in the lavender sport model car.

"Now," he mused, "where was it we met before?"

THE man was in evening clothes but no matter how he was dressed Blaine Cornwall would have recognized him by the scar on his cheek. The scar resembled a dimple and nothing could be more incongruous than a dimple in that lean face. Once marked, the owner thereof could not be forgotten. Blaine regretted being with Peyton as he discovered Ina Peyton with the old fellow in a secluded corner of the dark veranda, where the Saturday night dance music and the club house lights penetrated but softly. Ina screamed, carefully. Peyton worked himself up into a calculated rage.

"Madam," he said, "what is the [Continued on page 96]"



"Sorry, I make my Saturday night dates six months ahead, Mr. Cornwall," said the nice little thing. She ignored his foot on the running-board and started off

# What Really Happens When Women Work With Men

**I**F YOU are one of the ten million women who work side by side with men you must have wondered, perhaps it has actually bothered you, just what effects such close relationship has had upon you.

And if perchance you do not work in an office or a shop or a factory but are one of those girls who, luckily or unluckily, does not come into daily business contact with men, I feel sure you have noticed that you are different from the women who do work with men and that has puzzled you too.

The business girl and the home girl are different. I believe you will agree with me on that.

But in what ways do you change when you shift from the kitchen or drawing-room to the office?

Is the change good or bad?

What happens to you and what happens to the men?

**A**BOUT a year ago I heard a mother bewailing her fate and that of her daughter because the latter had been forced through economic stress to accept a position as filing clerk in a large law office.

"Whatever will become of her," sobbed the mother. "We have done everything we could to surround Ellen with gentility. We have saved and stinted to give her a decent education. And now this must happen. I'm just frightened to death that business will be her undoing."

"Have you no confidence in your daughter?" I asked. Knowing this twenty-year-old girl as I did, I was astonished her mother should get into such a panic.

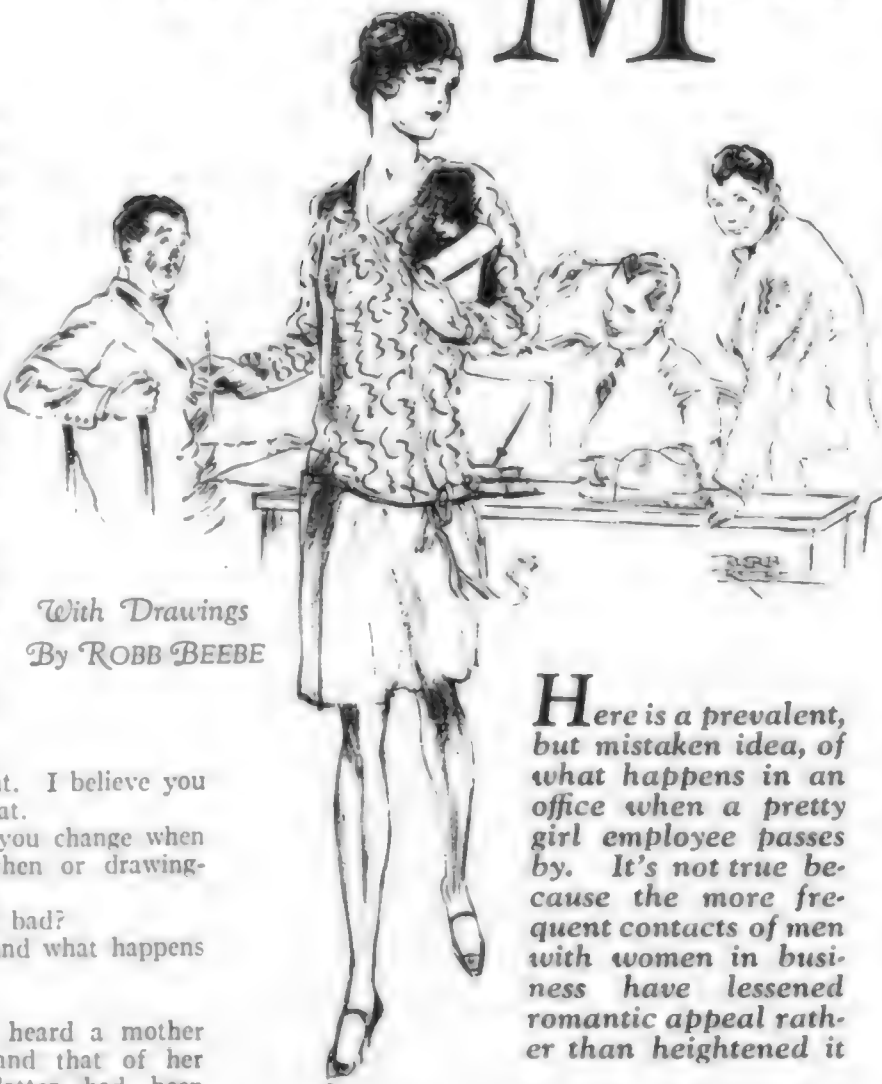
"It isn't that, doctor," she replied. "I trust Ellen. But, oh, I don't know. This being with men every day, I just can't help but fear the worst."

I laughed. My experience with business women made this woman's misgivings appear so ridiculous but I did not argue the point then.

"Give her six months," I said. "Let us hear what you think after that."

Long before the six months were up I happened to meet both mother and daughter on the street.

That the girl had changed there could be no question.



With Drawings  
By ROBB BEEBE

**H**ere is a prevalent, but mistaken idea, of what happens in an office when a pretty girl employee passes by. It's not true because the more frequent contacts of men with women in business have lessened romantic appeal rather than heightened it

From a timid, shy, retiring girl Ellen had developed into a dynamic, vivacious, well-poised, socially acceptable woman. All in all her feminine personality had become enhanced several hundred per cent.

"I'm not worrying any more," the mother said. "Business made Ellen change, as you see, but luckily she changed in the right direction."

**B**UT it wasn't luck that made Ellen change. Not by a long shot. The mother's remark implied that her daughter had escaped a usual fate through unusually favorable circumstances. According to her, Ellen had had a "lucky break."

Rightly solicitous though she was, this particular mother was ignorant of the facts. Undoubtedly she thought she knew a lot about what men think and do when they work. From what she drew her conclusions that the influence of the male upon the female

co-worker is so pernicious, I do not know. I do know, though, that they are conclusions absolutely at variance with the truth.

You younger generation of women do not mistrust men as much as your mothers do for one thing. You know men better than your mothers. This is because men have been more frank and free with you and probably because you yourselves have been more frank and free, less finicky, with them.

And for another thing, unless a woman has not actually had business experience herself she does not realize that men at business are not the same as men outside of business.

The non-business woman is ignorant of that difference.

She does not realize that a man keeps his business side and his social side apart.

There are exceptions, to be sure, but if ever you, a woman, have had the experience of meeting your boss or fellow masculine worker outside the office you will agree that their social personalities and reactions can change from their business personalities and reactions as markedly as day and night.

Indeed, you women often express surprise concerning this very point.



In This Article  
**DR. LOUIS E. BISCH**  
 Answers the Questions  
 Raised by Every Mother  
 Who Has a Daughter  
 In Business



*This noted psychiatrist punctures some misconceptions about girls in the business world*

It happens that in the course of psychoanalytic investigations of women they have often expressed themselves quite freely on this particular subject. Often, also, the expression has been mingled with regret.

A pretty stenographer said to me one day, "I wish I had never accepted my employer's invitation to dinner. I respected him in the office. He was so businesslike, no compliments or fooling or any nonsense whatsoever, but since he has allowed the personal side of his nature to show itself, an ideal of mine has gone smash and I believe I'll resign my job."

**A**NOTHER young woman, about twenty-three years of age, had this to say, "It was just too bad that I had to meet Mr. W. at a dance that night. We'd been working together in the same room for nearly three years and I had no idea he liked me any more than any one of the other three girls in the place. But that night I saw him in an entirely new light. And I didn't like it a bit. How terribly different men can be when they get away from the office."

An older woman of my acquaintance who had been doing office work for upwards of ten years remarked, "No harm, not even the shattering of an ideal, will come to any girl who works if she makes it a strict rule never to meet her employer or fellow worker outside of business hours. But if she does, it may all turn out quite differently."

Whether or not it is wise for a girl to go out with a man with whom she works is beside the point here.

**P**ERSONALLY I feel that it is unwise. By this I do not mean to imply that the man you work with can become or will become particularly objectionable simply because he has been associated with you for hours each day under other circumstances.

Working with you does not make him lose respect for you or make him think that he has any claims either upon your time or feelings any more than any other comparative stranger has.

No, the unwise feature of meeting fellow workers after hours is that it may affect the work for which you are hired and paid.

As I stressed before, man keeps his business life separate from his social and, shall I say, love life?

If he takes you out there is always the danger that he may fall in love with you.

And if he does and you are around when he works, his affection will interfere with his work and he will resent it.

**T**HIS cardinal characteristic of the masculine character may not be very pleasing to you women. Nevertheless it is this very cleavage between work and love or work and play that acts as a safeguard and protects you from annoyance when you sit side by side with men and work with them.

The man who, for want of a better term, I will say fools around with women in the office is neither a man who is serious of purpose nor is he one who runs true to type.

The real he man accepts you as a fellow worker in perspective fashion free from sentiment.

He realizes that you are a wage earner the same as he is.

He knows full well that he must treat you and your work seriously if he is to obtain from you results and cooperation that are worth while.

He may go so far as to call you by your first name but he will not confuse such friendliness with familiarity.

His work, mind you, is his ambition. It is by his work that man climbs and succeeds. Man's work comes first above every other value. It is by his achievements at work that the world appraises him.

**I**NWARDLY every man feels unkindly towards anything which interferes with his work, even if it be a pretty assistant.

It occurs occasionally that a man falls in love with a girl in his office. Sometimes he cannot help himself.

One such instance comes to mind. It took only a month for this particular treasurer of a large corporation to fall desperately in love with the new secretary. I recall how he came to see me all upset.

"I have been surrounded by young women for years," he said. "And some of them have been mighty good looking too. I have never found it the least

difficult to consider these young ladies except in a strictly business light. Now this little body comes along and I feel positively weak when we meet."

"There is a way out," I suggested.

"Certainly," he replied. "But, hang it all, I'm even afraid to ask her."

Somehow he managed to pluck up courage to pop the question and so far as I know they [Continued on page 90]



**The wife or mother who believes men sit around sharing chocolates with pretty assistants should wake up. The business man is resentful toward the assistant who would interfere with his work**

*A Man in His Time Plays Many Parts—But the Safest Rule,  
Even When In Love, Is Always to*

# *Be Yourself*

HAVING read much, I had always believed America a land of unfailing adventure and romance, but I had been in the blessed country five weeks, and nothing momentous had happened. I sat on a bench in Jackson Park, my long legs stretched out in front of me, rather regretting the whim which had induced me, when the newspapers had erroneously announced my return to England, to travel about the country incognito, seeking thrills. My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a voice, which said sharply:

"That's the bird!" I glanced up, and not twenty feet away. I saw two young men, eyeing me so significantly that I was impelled to examine myself for a sudden growth of feathers.

Seeing my eyes upon them, the pair came toward me. One of them was short and heavily dressed in a suit that proved he knew how to select his clothes and could pay for what he wanted.

The other was more imposing. He was a big man but his close-fitting serge seemed to mask his size.

"How would you," the big man asked me, "like to make a thousand dollars?"

Being only moderately well off, I am always willing to dally with the idea of making money, provided it requires no unreasonable expenditure of effort, and not too long a time. I said so.

"Do you know," inquired the tall man, "that you are the living image of Lord Cocomber?"

Inasmuch as I am Lord Cocomber, the announcement was not surprising, but to have the fact presented as an item of new intelligence threw me so off center that I had no words.

"WELL, you are!" he went on. "I've seen his picture in the papers, and I know. He's been over here on a visit but he went back to England last week."

"How int'restin'!" I murmured. "And what has all that to do with your jolly thousand dollars?"

"We'll pay you one thousand bucks to pose as Lord Cocomber for two weeks."

I was too amazed to gasp. Such an easy way of earning a thousand—er—bucks. I never had imagined.

"Why, old bean, I don't mind, you know. Providin' there's nothin' criminal, and all that——"

"Not at all," the tall man declared.

"We," remarked the short chap, "are honest men."

"Yes, we are honest," his companion emphasized. I rather liked him, but I couldn't warm up to his friend.

The thin chap sat down on the bench beside me.

"Now then, the situation is just this: My friend here, Clarence Van Pick, has oodles of money, but no class——"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, exactly," Van Pick protested.

"Well, not much class," the other amended.

"Um," said Clarence, not entirely satisfied.

"My name is Julius Royce," the big man went on. "It will be easy for you to look us both up as we are tolerably well known in Chicago," he said and continued, "fact is, Clarence here has fallen for the daughter of a millionaire who lives down in the country."

I looked at Clarence. "Does she love him?"

"She does," Van Pick affirmed with dignity.

"Well, let that pass," Royce said. "Clarence says she loves him, and we'll have to take his word for it. Women do have queer tastes. Her name's Dottie Gore, and even if she does love him, her family's so high-



*"Joan thinks she's hard-boiled," Dottie said, "but if you ask me she needs a guardian"*

Jolly Well Told  
For the Fun of It

By  
WALTER  
MARQUISS

Joan did not smile when I was presented to her but she did murmur, "I am glad to see you, Lord Cocomber"



hat and all that they simply can't even see him for dust."

"Oh, I say! Can't see him? You're spoonin' me!"

"Not a bit. On the level, they don't even know he exists. He's been trying to impress Popper and Mommer by blowing about his intimacy with the nobility. Fact is, he's promised to bring a duke or something down there to spend the week-end."

"And all you desire of me is to pretend I'm Lord Cocomber?"

like some pleased monkey who has performed a trick. As for me, I was puzzling somewhat over my department.

Having contracted to pose as Lord Cocomber for two weeks I thought I ought to give the situation some thought. Just what would those country residents expect in an English lord?

Curiously enough, it was Clarence who relieved me of my quandary when he retorted to some remark passed by Julius.

"Be yourself!" said Clarence.

To be sure, I thought, the simplest way to portray the

With Drawings  
from Life

By  
EDWARD BUTLER

"You get a home run off the first pitch. Let's go." We got into a taxicab and started off.

"By the way, old smelt," I suggested. "My luggage, what?"

"Of course," Julius said. "Where do you live?"

I mentioned my hotel, and Julius directed the driver to go there.

"You get your things together while we wire Colonel Gore. Then we'll beat it for a train. I'm going along and see the show. Maybe I'll get some copy out of it."

"Copy?"

"JULIUS," Clarence explained, "is an author."

"How int'restin'!" I murmured.

By the time I had thrown a few things into a couple of bags, Julius and Clarence were waiting for me, and we were off to the station. On the way, Clarence suddenly piped up. "Say, I've got an idea!"

Royce looked surprised.

"To show how intimate I am with Lord Cocomber, I'll call him 'Pickles'!"

I glowered at the blighter. Never before in my life had I been called anything remotely like "Pickles."

"Why Pickles?" Julius asked.

"Why? Cocomber—cucumber—Pickles. Don't you see?"

Julius laughed and clapped Van Pick on the back.

"Capital! Clarence, I shouldn't be surprised if you turned out to have a brain after all!"

Aboard the train, conversation languished. Julius stared out of the window, bored. Clarence smiled to himself.



**O**n the links one afternoon Joan said to me, "Pickles, you're not such a bad egg, after all. You do shoot a good game of golf"

character of myself would be to be myself. Odd I hadn't thought of it!

The remark Julius had passed evidently had something to do with Dottie. Clarence's beloved, for it set Van Pick off in a long dissertation upon her charms.

"The young lady must be beautiful," I observed. "What!"

"I'll tell the world," Clarence offered. "I'm the luckiest man ever born. Dottie is absolutely the dearest, sweetest—"

"Oh, put on a new record," said Julius.

Colonel Malcolm P. Gore, the father of the adored Dottie, dwelt in Montewalla, a small town a good many miles from Chicago, and we arrived there late in the afternoon. A limousine that looked as big as a battleship was drawn up at the station.

"This is the first time," Clarence observed, "that Colonel Gore has ever come to the train to meet me."

"Don't get conceited, Clarence," Julius advised. "It's all a courtesy to our noble guest." He jabbed me with



**"Do you know,"** inquired the tall man, **"you are the image of Lord Cocomber?"**

his elbow and I wanted to tramp on his toes but I refrained from such retaliation.

Colonel Gore was amiable, brisk and alert. Doubtless he had traveled and doubtless he had met nobility before. Certainly he displayed no feeling of awe when he shook my hand.

"Welcome to our city, Lord Cocomber," he said. He then greeted Clarence and Julius and we all entered the big car.

**P**ERHAPS by accident, probably by design, the way led past the Colonel's vast factory, which he pointed out with pride, explaining how he had built up a small business until it was worth several millions. I listened politely, bored as one usually is by the self-told tale of a self-made man. Yet I liked Colonel Gore. He proved to be a friendly chap with a lively interest in things.

When the car was stopped at a point in the town to pick up Miss Dottie, I readily understood why Clarence looked at her with the eloquent expression of a dying sheep. If she really loved him, it was a wonder that he wasn't completely balmy.

Dottie was sweet. Her complexion was like peaches and cream, her mouth like a strawberry. Eyes and hair resembled nothing so much as warm, rich milk chocolate. In stature, she was short, rather plump—indeed as Clarence had so raptly put it, a little lump of sugar.



**P**raise of my golf  
always warms me.  
I grew suddenly bold.  
"Would you like me  
as well," I asked,  
"if I were a British  
nobleman?"

"The golf links," Miss Dottie explained. "Do you play?"  
"Rather," I said with some pleasure for I do like golf.

And then, just across the lake, I saw a slender, young girl, walking briskly toward a rustic bridge. Even in the shadow she was a lovely creature, very well suited to my ideal of what a beautiful girl should be. She wore knickers and carried a bag of golf clubs.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"That's Joan, my sister," Dottie said and there was a note of disapproval in her voice.

"Really! I didn't know you had a sister. Deuced fine lookin' girl. What!"

Dottie frowned. "Joan is absolutely impossible."

"Eh?"

"Honestly. I hope you'll forgive her, Lord Cocomber."

"I say! Forgive her?"

"Yes. Joan wouldn't stay in the house and welcome you, like a good fellow. As soon as we got Clarence's wire that you were coming, she beat it for the links."

Miss [Continued on page 123]

"We're delighted to welcome you to Montegore," she remarked

"Aw, charmed, and all that," I said.

"And I'm perfectly thrilled to meet a real, live English lord!"

"Montegore's what we call our place," the Colonel explained.

"How int'restin'," I murmured.

Dottie chattered all the way out from the town and when we reached Montegore she was still at it. Montegore was a huge, new mansion, set in precise grounds, where everything had that indefinable look of rawness possessed by all newly conceived estates.

**M**RS. GORE welcomed me sweetly, and assigned me to a spacious room. When I returned downstairs, she begged me to feel at liberty to remain as long as I liked. As I bowed my thanks, Miss Dottie came up to remark, "Oh, Mother, Lord Cocomber simply must see the garden!" She led me out to see the garden.

Miss Dottie was good company. A little tiresome with her gushing, perhaps, but lively and companionable. She flirted a bit, which wasn't annoying. Clarence stalked in the near distance, glowering at us.

As we strolled, we came upon a narrow artificial lake. Through the trees across the water, I saw a broad, grassy lawn, with miniature hills and valleys.



**"H**ow would you," the tall  
man asked me, "like to  
make a thousand dollars?"

By  
LLOYD  
MAYER



I Think You're TERrible



I'm ALL-of-a-twit



Isn't He ADORable?

# She's Embarrassed

## Being the Strange Experience of

KITTY was all-of-a-twit. She had been a bridesmaid heaps of times for the many awfully sweet girls in her class at Westover who had committed matrimony in the first degree shortly after graduation, but until Talma Purl decided to take Mincing Teeters for her initial partner in the marriage racket, nobody had invited her to be a maid of honor.

Ransom Towner, who adored Kitty with a consuming love, was almost equally elated because Mincing, a classmate of his at dear old Harvard, had asked him to be his best man, and, as everybody knows, the maid of honor and the best man pair off at weddings, or should.

KITTY had heard loads of nice things about Talma's fiancé, but she didn't meet him until just before the wedding, at the luncheon for the bridesmaids and ushers given by Talma's aunt at her imposing country place in Narragansett.

"My dear, he's simply fascinating!" said Kitty in an aside to Talma on this occasion. "Gosh, you're lucky!"

"Isn't he adorable, my dear? You know I'm worried stiff about my dress. I still don't think it hangs right and, anyway, I simply know I look like nothing human in it. Gosh, I hope it's the last wedding gown I'll ever have to wear!"

"He's the world's most attractive man!" enthused Kitty, who was far more interested in Talma's fiancé than in her friend's misgivings as to her ceremonial costume.

"I hope you'll get to know each other, my dear," replied Talma, politely. "He was awfully intrigued at my description of you and he's been simply dying to meet you. Of course Ransom might be a little prejudiced."

Both girls giggled at this, because Ransom's hopeless infatuation for Kitty was notorious.

"WHAT'S the joke?" inquired Mincing lounging up with the slightly bored manner of the well-bred fiancé. "I'm looking for a charming girl to go cocktail hunting with me. Any volunteers?"

"Cocktail hunting!" said Kitty. "How simply screaming!"

"Does it appeal to you? If so, let's go!" pursued Mincing, giving Kitty the sort of look which had been reserved exclusively for Talma until she had capitulated to his wooing.

"I'd simply adore to!" said Kitty. "Come on, Talma!"

"No, my dear. I'm tapering off at this point. I'd hate to have to sober up for my first wedding!"

Ransom joined the group just in time to participate in the general merriment which followed this sally.

"Mincing's deserting me, Ransom," Talma appealed to him. "Can I lean on you for moral support or something?"

"You bet!" said Ransom, without enthusiasm. Some one was always diverting him from his dogged pursuit of Kitty, whom he now saw departing on Mincing's arm. Ransom couldn't understand women, or men, either, for that matter. Surely Talma would prefer to be with Mincing rather than with him and Mincing certainly ought to prefer the society of Talma to that of Kitty, since it was Talma he was marrying, thought Ransom. As for Kitty, well, he couldn't be sure which was exactly the state of mind Kitty wanted him in.

"TALMA'S been raving to me about you," Mincing was saying to Kitty as they strolled along the terrace to head off a distracted butler who was running hither and yon with a tray of cocktails, offering them to everybody who didn't want them and apparently avoiding everybody who did. "And of course I'd heard what a marvelous creature you were from good old Ransom, but I must say I had no idea you were so completely captivating!"

"Talma's the sweetest thing, my dear. She always says lovely things about ev'rybody," fluted Kitty. "Gosh, I think you're the luckiest man to get a girl like Talma, I mean I actually do!"

"Let's take these poisonous potions and quaff them in the rose garden," suggested Mincing. "Don't you think that would be appropriate or don't



Ransom came upon them unexpectedly, after a frantic search



With Portraits  
of Kitty Herself  
By ROBERT ORR



Don't Be RiDIC



You're a Perfect DEAR



I Mean I ACTually Do

# to Tears~No Less

## Kitty as Maid of Honor

you? You know, you have got the most fascinating eyes!"

"Don't be ridic; I haven't at all!"

"Such modesty is most becoming in a young lady, but you know your eyes are beautiful. Why not admit it?"

"They aren't at all, but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!"

"Ransom certainly has good taste. Well, here we are in the rose garden. What do you think of the rose garden, by the way? My experience of these rustic seats has always been that the rust comes off on you, but this bucolic bench may be an exception. Shall we try it?"

"What did you mean about Ransom having good taste?"

inquired Kitty, very innocently, as they seated themselves.

"Why, I mean in admiring you so tremendously. He's quite mad about you, good old Ransom. He's a darn good egg!"

"I'm terribly fond of him, I mean I actually am," said Kitty without conviction.

"But I take it you're not in love with him."

"Gosh, no. I'm not in love with anybody, my dear!"

"You really ought to be, you know. A girl with a mouth as nice as yours ought to use it for something besides drinking!"

"HEAVENS! How revolting!" shuddered Kitty. "What a poisonous idea! Actually, I've never heard of anything so vile! It must be simply marvelous to really be in love, though! I s'pose you're madly infatuated at this point and kind of walking on air or something, aren't you?"

"Well, seriously, I'm wondering whether I really am in love," replied Mincing, soberly, or at least as soberly as any gentleman could after his third cocktail.

"Actually, you baffle me completely. I mean you wouldn't be getting married unless you were really in love would you?"

"Well, I think I was; I'm sure I was until just a little while ago."

"But what on earth could have changed you?" gasped Kitty, pretending unawareness of Mincing's good right arm which had gently encircled her.

"Can't you guess?" He kissed her.

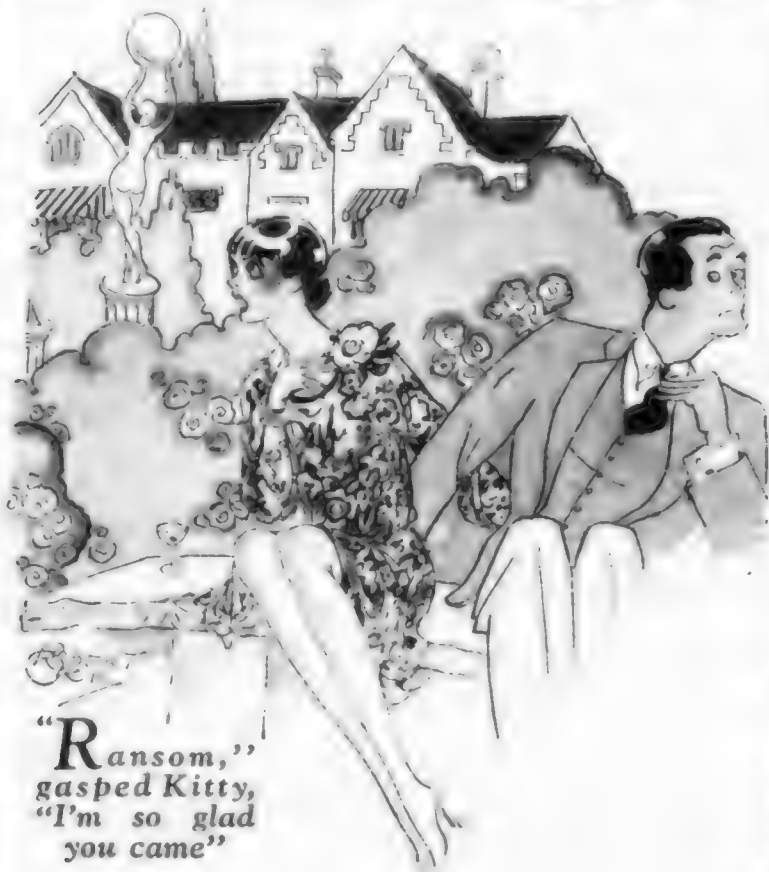
"Oh, I think we'd better go back!" said Kitty, faintly. "I mean it isn't fair to—to—"

"Can I help it if I love you?" whispered Mincing.

"I don't s'pose you can?" said Kitty, patting her hair, which had been somewhat mussed during their ardent embrace. "But I mean I simply can't understand your feeling this way!"

"DO YOU know, Kitty, darling, I'm not so awfully sure Talma really loves me. Some of the things she says make me doubt it sometimes."

"Why, I think she adores you, Mincing. I mean I actually do! But I think I know what you mean, because she's kind of cynical, I think, about love. For instance, what she said about sobering up for her first wedding. I mean I simply can't understand how a girl can kind of look at marriage so fliply sort of, because I mean I think [Continued on page 103]



"Ransom," gasped Kitty, "I'm so glad you came"

## *A Mystery of Hollywood*

*The First  
Of the Most  
Interesting Cases  
of That  
Amazing  
Private Detective  
ANSEL LEGGERS*



# *The Kidnapping of Leda Barrie*

THE city—in Southern California; the date—sometime back, far enough for you to have forgotten; the heroine—a lovely gray-eyed ash blonde movie star; the case—strikingly like that of a kidnapped evangelist and yet strikingly different. The country was full of it at the time, a nine days' wonder. Every one asked how, in a well-policed, crowded civilization like ours, a beautiful woman could be publicly kidnapped and return after ten days with a story of kidnapping, evidently false on the face of it.

My assistant, Wattles, was agog with the case from the start. He scented big game and wanted to be in at the kill.

We were in my office on West Eleventh Street, New York, on the evening of September twenty-second, when suddenly

Wattles blurted out a statement which expressed his sentiments:

"Say, chief, can't we pull wires and go west?"

I laughed. "Wattles, I suppose you think we have better noses than the Los Angeles police. I think this Barrie case is one that will always remain a mystery."

At that instant the phone rang and I heard the words, "Long Distance," and then, "Hollywood." My blood raced. "Hollywood," I said to Wattles.

He got up slowly and drawled, "I'll pack the bags."

I listened intently. There came a voice, mournful and low and beautiful.

"Is it Mr. Ansel Leggers?"

"Yes," I breathed.

# That Puzzled All America

As Reported

By

JAMES  
OPPENHEIM



**I** could see at once that Leda had been stricken to the heart by the laughter and scorn of the millions who had once loved and adored her

"This is—" I hardly heard her; it seemed painful to her to pronounce her own name. "Leda Barrie. Will you take my case?"

"I'll come by airplane," I said. "Don't mention that I am coming. No publicity."

She promised. That night we left the field; two days later we were in California.

As soon as we arrived, I sent Wattles to the police to see whatever exhibits they had and taxied over to Beverly Hills to the spacious mansion of Phyllis Clarkwell, a movie actress who had given Leda Barrie shelter.

**I** WAS shown into a room with French windows opening on a perfect garden. The air was full of perfume as though the room itself was outdoors. Into this magical setting stepped two young women, one leaning on the arm of the other. I recognized them immediately. Both were tall, but of marked contrast. Leda Barrie, a lovely warm blonde, Phyllis Clarkwell, a cool brunette; Leda beautiful, Phyllis handsome and striking. Of the two Phyllis could have borne the ordeal of the case better; she was poised, detached, watchful, and had a reputation for being hard-boiled

whereas Leda had soft beauty, deep love, both of which could be hurt beyond mending.

After greeting me, Leda sat down in an armchair, and Phyllis sat beside her holding Leda's hand.

"You don't mind my being here?" said Phyllis. "Leda says she's too nervous to be alone."

I nodded assent and looked at Leda. She presented such a pitiable picture; her face was so childlike in its confused despair. I could see at once that she had been stricken to the heart by the laughter, ridicule, scorn and hatred that was coming from the millions of people who had loved her and that she had been reduced to despair by the total wreckage of her marriage.

"Have you anything to say, Miss Barrie?" I asked.

**H**ER answer had nothing to do with my mission but revealed what to her was the essence of the tragedy. Her first word was her husband's name.

"Lionel!" she breathed. "He said I was untrue to him. Do I seem that sort of person? Everyone in the world thinks so. Do you?"

It struck me if she had talked to reporters as she talked to me they might have favored her in spite of her story.



"I was telling the truth," she said. "I didn't imagine they would laugh at me and hate me. I expected Lionel to meet the train, take me in his arms before the crowds and reporters, and say, 'Leda, I believe you and shall fight for you.' That," she sighed, "would have been the triumph of my love and my life. But he was not at the station. People stood curious, gazing, unfriendly. When I reached home, under guard, no Lionel. I went to his study. He turned and said, 'Why were your clothes like new?' I could scarcely breathe. 'I don't know,' I answered and Lionel said, 'Go back to him.' I stared stupidly. 'Back to whom?' He wouldn't explain. I didn't understand and then the police came and took me away to be questioned. I did not know then that the news had come of Charley Boone, my leading man, and that he had been away in hiding with a woman and that I—when I reached the police headquarters there was laughter, scorn and hatred for me." She shook her head. "And I can prove nothing."

"MISS BARRIE," I said, "I know your story only from the newspapers that probably played it up a bit; I shall get what light I can from the police. But what I want now is the story from you straight and direct."

My real object in asking this was that I might get some glimpse of her soul, to see if by slip or emotional outburst she either gave herself away or convinced me of her innocence.

The tears coursed down her face. "Lionel and I—so happy . . . so unbelievably happy," she sobbed. "Just seventeen months of marriage we'd had. He was so good to me; I loved him so. Oh, how can he believe this of me? How can he?" She wrung her hands.

"Don't," whispered Phyllis.

I waited. When next Leda spoke her voice was mournful.

"SO HAPPY," she breathed. "Lionel seems stern, even harsh to the public, who know him only as the owner of the Clarion Corporation, but to me he was all tenderness, all devotion. We were like children together. He even liked my being in movies and wasn't a bit jealous of my screen lovers. He never believed the ugly rumors connecting me with Charley Boone. Imagine my caring for Charley! He's lovable of course; he's charming; he's a good actor; but compared with Lionel he's nothing but a shadow."

"Never mind that," I said. "Begin with the kidnapping and tell me the whole story." "September sixth," Phyllis said. Leda shuddered.

"OH, I loathe talking of it, the horror of my life, my destruction, but I will." She spoke hurriedly as though this was a piece which she knew by heart. Her voice went flat, a little mechanical. She sat tense, clenching her hands.

"I was on location. The scene called for me to drive a car through the woods while two masked bandits leaped out from either side, boarded the car, bound me at the point of a revolver, took control and drove on. The camera was buried in a ditch alongside and since it was a scene done entirely with experienced actors, we only needed a small camera crew.

"I paid no attention to the two men selected as the bandits. I scarcely saw them at all, for I naturally supposed they were

With Drawings  
from Life  
By C. R. CHICKERING

bit players picked up at Central Casting for the day. Such people are always terribly in need of work and money; we stars have had to school ourselves to be very reserved with them to prevent their begging us for parts in future pictures and such things. That isn't

hard-heartedness, you understand. It is just protection of our feelings and theirs. I explain this to you so that you will understand why I didn't note that their faces were strange and why after rehearsing the scene several times I suddenly felt a terrible fear because when the call for action came, those men drove right out of the scene, out from our location, away from the camera and the crew, on and on, saying nothing. In one swift moment I realized that I was actually gagged, bound, helpless, that this wasn't make-believe but real. Next something was pushed over my nose. Then I passed out.

"WHEN I woke up, it was morning and I found myself lying bound to a rude bunk in the tiny room of a shack, unpainted and new. I cried out and a masked man appeared. He was tall and thin and had nice hands. His voice was nice. And he had a tray of breakfast for me. He told me if I didn't try to escape or make trouble that no harm would come to me and that I was being held for ransom.

"There was nothing to do but to submit. He unfastened my hands but bound my feet instead to the steel rim of a demountable tire, too big to get through the little doorway.

When I walked slowly with little steps, it dragged on the floor with my feet inside of it.

"I ate breakfast and grew calmer. I decided to be sensible. I knew that Lionel would have the whole Southwest searching for me and that he would pay any ransom and I would be set free. I saw that I was safe with these men. My only thought was Lionel. I knew he would be half dead with anxiety.

"THEN my captor began to brag. 'Always wanted to be an actor,' he said and explained how he and his pal had fooled everybody. When the real extras hid in the woods waiting for their scene to be called, he and his pal knocked them out, took their clothes and substituted for them. 'You may call me Matt,' he said. 'Don't worry. Everything you need is right in this room and you'll be let out for a walk every afternoon. We know how to treat a lady.'

"Then he left, after telling me I was to change my clothes to those I would find in the room, since they were going to destroy the clothes I wore."

I stopped her narrative at this point. Here was the first of the incredible details of her story.

"Why?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know," and again her face had the child. "I obeyed because it seemed

the only thing to do.

"It was all like a bad dream," she went on. "Every afternoon I was let out and one of the men followed at a distance. I saw then we were somewhere in the California desert.

"I noticed too that every night a motor car came; men got out; there were whisperings together; things were pushed or carried about, and then two cars left in opposite directions so that I was alone in the house until the following noon. Then Matt and the other men returned.

"I learned nothing until the fifth day, when Matt brought me the Los Angeles newspapers. There was my picture and the picture of Charley Boone and the rumors that I hadn't been kidnapped but that it was a put-up job by Charley and me to run away together. They said [Continued on page 104]

## Revealing the Mysteries That Baffled You

**I** remember with what fascination I read of the exploits of Sherlock Holmes and other master minds, and often wondered if a real detective could match them. I asked my friend Ansel Leggers—a name made from the letters of his real name, but arranged in different pattern—about this and by way of reply he sketched some case histories out of his own experience that were so baffling that I thought they would interest you as they did me.

He gave me his permission to retell these stories but since a private detective often has to shield his client from unnecessary publicity, I have had to make some changes in the material such as giving fictitious names and places. Otherwise I have set them down as nearly as possible in Ansel

Leggers's own words J. O.

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**L**eda Barrie was the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. To my mind she was the most beautiful girl in the world. Her soft, warm blonde hair, her sad gray eyes, and her sensitive, pretty mouth were made even more beautiful by the contrast of her exquisite complexion



She went to the ball in  
a period costume —



But after a tango with a  
Knight in armour



— a waltz with a Roman  
soldier —



— a Charleston with  
a Mexican  
cow-puncher —



— and a slip on the polished floor  
with Henry VIII —



— She  
was  
unanimously  
awarded  
first  
prize as Miss 1928 !

HAWKE

Drawn by HAWKE

## The Evolution of Miss 1928



Step into the laboratory, and see why

## LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

## SORE THROAT



Have you tried the new  
LISTERINE SHAVING  
CREAM?

Cools your skin while you  
shave and keeps it cool  
afterwards. An outstand-  
ing shaving cream in every  
respect.



**W**HY is Listerine full strength so successful against colds, sore throat and other infections? The test outlined below answers the question scientifically and convincingly. It discloses the power of Listerine—unchanged in 47 years.

Step into the laboratory a moment. In one test tube are 200,000,000 of the *M. Aureus* (pus) germ. In another, 200,000,000 of the *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) germ. These are used by the United States Government for testing antiseptics.

Now Listerine full strength is applied to them. A stop-watch notes results. Within 15 seconds every organism in both tubes is dead, and beyond power to harm the body.

With this evidence of Listerine's germicidal power, appreciate why you should gargle with Listerine at the first sign of sore throat—for sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Listerine full strength may be used with complete safety in any body cavity. Time and time again it has checked irritating conditions before they became serious. You can feel your throat improve almost immediately. If not, consult a physician. The matter is then no longer one for an antiseptic.

For your own protection use Listerine systematically through the winter months. It may spare you a long siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on



the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

# When Women Work with Men

[Continued from page 77]

till make a happy couple. That occurred four years ago.

But madam had to quit the office despite the fact she really preferred being with him.

"Do you want my business to go to the devil?" he said to her. "Then both of us would be in a nice fix!"

**O**N THE whole, the more frequent contacts of men with you women who are employed have lessened your romantic appeal rather than heightened it.

It isn't a case of intimacy breeding contempt but it's a case of intimacy breeding a kind of propinquity which is directly opposed to romance.

Romance, you know, carries with it longing and mystery.

A man falls in love with you the quickest and the deepest when he does not see you too often. In the office he knows you too well to romanticize about you.

He gets to know your faults, your short-comings, your moods, all the undesirable traits of your make-up.

**A**LL of which means that if he falls in love with you despite such intimate knowledge of your real, daily self, then he must surely love you mighty well.

The wives of men who have women working in their offices sometimes complain that these girls have an unfair advantage over them. They say the husband always sees his female assistants at their best, painted and powdered and attractively gowned, while the lady of his choice is beheld by him at her very worst, namely, when she gets up in the morning.

In replying to such an allegation I am reminded of the story about patriotism. It says that if a man possesses no patriotism either he is a pretty poor sort of a man or he belongs to a pretty poor sort of a country.

In similar manner if a husband is going to be so completely undermined by artificial beauty that his love for his wife is threatened, then either he is a pretty poor sort of a man himself or he picked a pretty poor sort of a wife.

Love is deeper than that. Wives need not fear such superficial competition.

**I** HAVE questioned many business men about this matter of women working in their offices and none seemed to be especially affected by it.

One did say that he got a real kick out of lunching at his club which happens to bar women absolutely. Nevertheless he added:

"It isn't because having women around annoys me. It's a change, that's all. Women have a distinct place in business but I don't think they have a place in a men's club any more than men have a place in a women's club."

One male admitted to me that a new girl in the office usually made him observant of her for a while and that it interfered somewhat with his highest efficiency.

"It passes though," he said. "I soon get used to them."

One might assume that man, being what he is, might be disturbed by the greater freedom of dress women display today.

This, to my mind, was answered quite sensibly and adequately by the head of an

employment agency I talked with recently.

"If women wore short skirts only in the office it might matter," he said. "But the sight is so common everywhere nowadays that it doesn't influence the business relationship in the slightest."

What is more, there is a psychological point in this connection that is also worth

other, not because you want to make business a career, but as a stop-gap, often a necessary one in lieu of marriage.

Although that is not so good for business it is distinctly good for you women and for the race and society at large.

Two or three years of business is in many ways an ideal preparation for your work as a wife, mother and home-builder.

You business girls undoubtedly learn a lot about man that is helpful and educating.

You learn what Ellen learned, for example, that her mother was all wrong when she led her to believe that all men must be mistrusted and feared.

You find, too, that "business is business," that men have a serious side that they cling to and which it is even to your own advantage to foster.

You find out also that they can talk seriously to you women, that they have other things in their heads besides whispering sweet nothings.

Familiarity with men in business shows men up as they really are, not as a romantic but false notion has led you to believe they are.

**B**USINESS training also teaches you women the value of money, of punctuality and of a serious purpose.

If you are of a restless nature, business will tend to calm you.

If you are extravagant it will make you practical in expenditures.

And when you marry you will understand your husband's problems better, you will be able to enter closer into his life, to encourage and to help him.

Many a married woman is proud and glad of the months she spent in an office before marriage.

"I never would have been able to weather the early years of our married life," said one lady to me, "had it not been for that business training I had, little though it was, which my father insisted I should take. As a young girl I had lavish tastes and was fond of luxuries and entertainment. My husband's income at first was very meager. I know I would have chafed and been miserable. But I had learned how to manage a household budget wisely. That not only saved our happiness but it saved our marriage from going on the rocks."

Men have profited also by having women around while at work.

**"A** WOMAN in the office cuts down temper and bad language," remarked an executive, old enough to remember the time when a business woman was almost unthinkable. "I always place several women in every department. They help to keep men gentlemen."

Yes, you women undoubtedly have a refining influence. Your presence reminds him of his "pleases" and "thank yous." You help to keep him chivalrous and courteous.

There can be no doubt whatever that business is being conducted along more polite lines than some twenty years ago and I am of the opinion that this politeness is the direct result of so many thousands of you women working side by side with men.

I would not go so far as to say that an all-man office is necessarily uncouth and boorish but I will go so far as to state that I have yet to see an office graced by a woman who is unrefined.

## Why Not Give The Business Girl A Chance To Shop?

**T**oday's business girl is forced to maintain a clothes standard never before demanded of women. The business girl knows smart clothes. She has the price of them.

But she hasn't time to buy them.

As her working day now stands, she must either shop during lunch hours or Saturday half holiday, when store, are overcrowded and clerks overworked, or purchase in stores open evenings, where prices are exorbitant and styles extreme.

SMART SET believes the business girl should have at least one hour a week—perhaps two hours—given to her by her employer in which to shop—to price, to compare, so that when she does purchase she will be getting the best styles and values.

Beginning in the December SMART SET will be the first of a series of articles outlining a campaign to get this shopping time for girls in the interest of their efficiency and economy.

Statements from doctors, dry-goods stores, bankers, employment agencies, big business executives and other authorities will be published on this subject of vital interest to the girl of today.

Watch for this feature in the December SMART SET

noting in relation to this subject of clothes. It concerns mystery again, mystery and its alluring enticement.

Managers of revues and musical comedies found that nudity on the stage did not pay so they gave it up.

But even a half-baked psychologist could have told them that before they made the experiment. In short, the more that is revealed the less there is revealed!

By far the great majority of you women enter business pursuits of one kind or an-

or her wor is b to a her she on e into



REFINEMENT does pay in business. Courtesy invariably disarms your bitterest enemy. It almost hypnotizes.

Occasionally one of your sex feels that he must become mannish in order to succeed in business.

I am acquainted with a young woman like that. She secured her first position in a bill collector's office. Her idea was to talk as rough and uncouth as possible over the telephone to the clients her boss had threatened with legal action if they did not pay. But she did not get very far that way.

Finally she grew tired of playing a part that fundamentally was foreign to her nature. She became more mellow. Her manner became less obnoxious. At once people did not feel like fighting her any more.

It was this young lady who remarked, "I get better results than the boss. He has not yet learned the trick of being nice. You can do most anything you want to with people if you're pleasant and it's so much less trying on your nerves."

Wives sometimes object to their husbands having women around the office.

Suspicion and jealousy may be the motive but ignorance has a lot to do with it as well.

Often such misinformed women picture their husbands sharing a box of chocolates and indulging in a little flirtation before and after each letter that is dictated.

Has it ever occurred to these wives what would become of the business and their husbands if such practices really were the rule in the business world?

I would suggest to every such wife that she spend just one full business day in her husband's office so that she may be able to see what he does and how much he does. She might retort that under such conditions her husband would most surely be on his good behavior and that nothing would be brought to light. True enough!

Still, what she would discover, I believe, is that a busy man has no time for such adolescent tomfoolery.

Both men and women benefit when they work together. Which sex benefits the more it would be difficult to say.

Certainly no one of you women who may be considering business should have the slightest misgiving that any changes that might be wrought in you would not be for the best.

**TO WORK** side by side with men and to be able to handle a job as well as they, gives you a certain assurance and self-reliance that is invaluable no matter what the future may hold in store for you.

This is not a plea for women to enter the business world. Home pursuits are work too and in many ways they are more important than pure business enterprises.

Do not, however, shrink from working with men if that is the problem which of necessity forces itself upon your attention.

You will change, yes.

But you need not lose any of your charming femininity.

Rather you will gain something that you ought never have reason to regret.

**BY AN unexpected twist of circumstance, be it marriage, money, fame or friendship a girl is often taken from her typewriter or a sales counter into a world unknown to her and to which she is unknown—the world of society. She is bewildered. She does not know how to act, yet the new world glitters before her and she wants a place in it. How can she win it? Emily Post, noted authority on etiquette, will tell "How to Break into Society" in December SMART SET**

# Parents Keep Slender

*Youthful figures at all ages now*



## Science Fights Fat

*Through an important gland*

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. Some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings, with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

### *Next came Marmola*

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous

way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

### *No Secrecy*

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of results which so delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. With lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

### *Do the Right Thing*

This is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

Try a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

# MARMOLA

**PRESCRIPTION TABLETS—The Pleasant Way to Reduce**





## Cheeks like Roses

Amazing new beauty—new  
youth—will come in  
30 minutes

**ANY** girl can multiply her beauty inside 30 minutes. The results will delight her and amaze her friends.

An older woman can gain new youth, new charm. She can drop ten years.

The results are quick and certain. The method is easy and restful. There appears a new girl or woman before the half-hour is up.

### Only One Way

There is only one way to do this—with Boncilla Clasmic Pack. That fact is recognized all the world over. Leading beauty experts in every country import Boncilla for this purpose.

The method is this: Apply Boncilla Clasmic to the entire face and neck. Lie down while it acts, then remove it.

The results are these: The face skin is cleaned to the depths. All that clogs or mars it is drawn out. The causes of blackheads and blemishes depart. You will never realize what a clean skin means until you try this method.

The blood is brought to the skin to nourish and revive it. The first result is a radiant glow, an animated look. No artifice can bring you any beauty which compares.

Then a velvety complexion, soft, clean and clear.

If there are lines or crow's feet, they depart. Wrinkles are combated. Flabby muscles are made firm. Enlarged pores are reduced. All by this easy, pleasant, 30-minute treatment, now employed by beauty experts everywhere.

### Try it and See

No matter what your age, an amazing revelation, waits you in Boncilla Clasmic Pack. All other beauty helps you know will seem puny in comparison. You can never look your best without it. Prove that now.

**FOUR SAMPLES:** The coupon with 10 cents will bring you a one-week tube of Boncilla Clasmic Pack. Also the cold cream, the vanishing cream, and the powder which complete this beauty treatment. Clip it now.

*Boncilla*  
CLASMIC PACK

### ONE-WEEK TEST

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.  
Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the three helps which go with it—four samples. I enclose a dime.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

S. R. 1128

## The "No" Girl

[Continued from page 53]

close. That was enchantment! Delight! He was back in the library again with Carey.

"See to all that in the morning, boy."

On his lips rose, "No—No! No!"

He nodded understandingly, "Yes."

And then, two weeks of it: seeing Lila sometimes, but, more often avoiding Lila on some miserable pretext, wanting to avoid Lila, ashamed of seeing Lila, saying to himself every day and half the night, "I'm going to stop this. I'll tell her to drop him. I'll tell him. . . ." But no, there was nothing one could tell him. The words always died on one's lips.

**F**OR those two weeks one did not tell Lila either because she was, to all appearances, so pleased with her progress on the few occasions when she managed to snatch conversations with him. She was managing Carey beautifully; he was understanding that she wasn't like many other women whom he was in the habit of meeting. Oh! She knew these rich spoiled men! And she assured David that they approached nearer to the little house, the independence, of their desire. "Soon I shall tell him about us, David, because he is really awfully nice, awfully considerate of me. He thinks he'll have a splendid post for me soon. I shan't need that, shall I?"

So, Carey was playing very slowly and cautiously? All the more time, then, to think the matter over. Stupid to act hastily! It never did any good. And things had such a habit of righting themselves. They would right themselves without one's personal effort, especially in the case of Lila, whose flowerlike purity one could trust always.

The dinner at Ciro's, the theater, the ordering of those first roses and orchids, were past.

Carey began to be quiet. Formerly, he had used the young man often as ambassador in his costly love affairs. But now he hardly mentioned Lila. That meant, after all, didn't it, that she had him well in hand?

Suddenly on the second day of the second week Carey said,

"Go to Asprey's and ask them to send up some pearls for me to see. I know a lady who has a birthday."

David also knew a lady who had a birthday. He, himself, had bought perfume, a tremendous flask of the most exotic. He saw the pearls lying against his bottle of perfume.

He said to himself, "I'll tell him," and himself answered him, "A man of fifty can surely give a little string of pearls to a girl young enough to be his daughter."

He went to Asprey's.

Lila telephoned next day, "David, listen! Your Mr. Carey has given me a string of pearls. The girls are simply mad with envy but they're saying—"

He answered loudly into the transmitter, "I should not notice a lot of jealous little cats, my dear."

"When shall I see you, David?"

"Soon."

But Carey kept him very busy going on business to city offices where he sat for hours at conferences whose jargon scarcely reached his worrying brain, taking this or that minor link in some financial scheme out to luncheon, entertaining here and there with Carey's money on behalf of Carey.

"How often do you see him, darling?" he asked over the telephone.

"Very often."

He heard her laughter.

It was a crescendo of torture and temptation and each time he fell.

On a very hot mid-July day Carey said, "I'm going to take a lady for a few days' yachting. Go down to Southampton and see that everything is shipshape on the White Deer. Have flowers sent, plenty of 'em. Tell the caterers to send down what I generally have. She'll have the rose cabin."

"Tell Roberts to have steam up at three o'clock on Saturday. Make all the usual arrangements. You know."

For quite a long while the young man remained with Carey, as if unable to leave him—as, indeed, he was. Discussing and rediscussing the "usual arrangements," as if he did not know them by heart. He seemed dull, stupid, indolent over the business. He was trying to summon his courage to refuse it and every time the words stammered on his lips, they were replaced by smoother words of acquiescence and of questioning to gain time. As if time were of any use to him! Only courage was of use. The battle was upon him.

He retreated from it.

Carey was staring at him and repeated, "Oh, you know—you know, good Lord man, you know."

Yes. He knew!

**W**HEN he was in full retreat from the battle, he thought weakly and desperately like this, "I can say, 'Yes,' because she, the pure, the proud, the perfect, will say, 'No.' I am safe after all. She will save us both. She will say, 'No!'"

Just before he started for Southampton she called him on the telephone.

He had been trying to avoid speaking to her on the telephone.

"David, Mr. Carey has asked me down for a few days on his yacht. I've never been on a yacht before! David, you're going down too?"

He answered with technical truth and yet with a lie:

"Yes, I'm going down too."

"Oh, darling, it will be wonderful! We may be able to tell him then. While we're at sea! While we're all lazy and happy! Will it be a large party?"

"No, Lila, I don't think so. Lila, I must ring off. I—good-by dear, good-by." He rang off and sweat rolled down his face.

He passed a silk handkerchief over it. "It's very hot," he said to himself.

She would say, "No." Trust her.

And then they would be much where they were before, he and she. No harm done. No harm done.

It seemed to him again, as he stood there, pallid and sweating, putting the receiver back janglingly with a tremulous hand, that he could make the best of both worlds. He could serve the God of Love and the Mammon of Lust.

Not that he put it to himself so dramatically as that. No. Some mean snake in him, such a mean snake as coils in most men if they don't kill it, reared its head and whispered, "I'm testing my girl. Testing her. I'm jealous, very jealous. I'm just meaning to know if she'll be true to me." But he knew the snake lied. He was not testing Lila. He was afraid to test himself and that was all.

The yacht was always in commission, ready for anything. The skipper received his orders; the stewards began to run about. Hampers from the London caterers, flowers from the best florists arrived hourly. He did not want to stay on the yacht at all.

But he was afraid of something being left undone if he did not look personally to all

details as he was expected to do.

He looked into the rose cabin full of the sweet breath of real roses.

He experienced the very refinements of torture and the snake in him could not help so very much. The snake was a clever flatterer, a marvelous and specious exponent of reasons on his behalf, but the voice of this charmer could not bring conviction.

He knew himself. That was the curse of it.

Nevertheless, in the rose cabin he was saying again, "I'm testing her. After the way she's been going about with him it's justified. A lot of men would think it justified."

"No," was to be her word.

The Solent sparkled in the gorgeous sun and the White Deer was perfectly still upon the waters. He went up on deck, walked forward and stood leaning upon her white rail.

A mad idea shook him. "If I stayed here!"

"You'll get the two o'clock train back, boy," Carey had said, "and you can have the next two days off on your own games. Take some of your friends down to Redwood if you like. I'll wireless to Grosvenor Square to let you know when I want you."

HE COULD not stay on the White Deer.

And life seemed to wash over him in tumult as if the calm waters of the Solent, where several rich yachts were riding at anchor, suddenly rose and beat upon him. He was horribly lost, shamed, sullen and helpless.

"Well, who was to have known?" he thought.

Who was to have known? Not he. He had never known that when a man first steps down into the markets of the world the first thing that he must buy is himself. With courage, with labor, with truth, with pride, he must buy himself.

Instead, he had bought soft living: the favors of the powerful, costly foods, costly wines and such trivial stuff as sartorial elegance and the rest of it. He had spent his all on these.

Going back on the two o'clock train, he spent an afternoon of solitary madness; he went down to Redwood and plunged into the pool as a leper into the pool of Siloam; he looked ahead to a night of solitary madness.

He was peculiarly conscious on this afternoon and evening of the eyes of the servant Bertrand.

She was in the rose cabin, uncertain, thinking swiftly and acutely, not with real alarm since, of course, a girl earning her own living in a city since sixteen, knows to some degree of efficiency how to protect herself. She was wriggling herself into the rose frock and in her suitcase was another frock which she had again sat up late and gone lunchless to make, for no doubt there would be some sort of party on the White Deer, however small.

But there seemed to be no party. No, not even, at present, David.

She could see Southampton across the water beginning to twinkle for the evening. She hadn't liked to ask for David and had thought no doubt he was ashore on some last business for Carey and would be at dinner. Quite possibly he was aboard now dressing as she was.

Nevertheless, she thought swiftly and acutely because, so evidently, there was no real party.

About her neck lay Carey's pearls, a string more beautiful than she knew. If she had known the cost of them she would have blanched. She had with her David's extravagant flask of perfume. She put a little into the palm of her hand and passed the hand pleurably over her hair. She

not only looked but felt lovely and she sighed a little over the sheer delights of luxury.

She wanted luxury with David.

The stewardess, who was always engaged when ladies were aboard, came to her cabin to assist her and looked at her with veiled shrewd eyes.

"We are moving now, miss," said the stewardess, "do you feel it?"

She felt it. Then David had certainly come aboard.

There hadn't been much time to miss him as yet. Carey had driven her down himself in his racing car to give her a thrill. They had, in spite of the racing car, not hurried on the way and they had stopped for tea at a delightful inn with a fairy tale sort of garden, and stopped again north of Southampton at another delightful inn for a cocktail. Thus, six thirty had barely seen them in the smart launch that waited to take them to the White Deer. Once on board they had another cocktail in the most attractive of dining saloons. She was still alone with Carey and he most ably occupied her mind and thoughts and conversation. At seven thirty she was in the rose cabin with the silver-fitted bathroom opening from it; the stewardess had prepared for her a hot and scented bath with a wide choice in bath salts. She was nearly ready for the perfect evening that she expected.

The yacht was now moving smoothly out to sea.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"I expect, as the night is so calm, across to France," said the stewardess. "But I haven't heard the orders, miss. What a lovely skin you have, miss, if I may say so."

She always found that flattery went down exceedingly well with Mr. Carey's ladies. Except with Madame Martine, who had been so temperamental, so difficult in every way. She appraised the pearls, thinking, "I believe they're real."

Dinner, she informed Lila, was at eight fifteen.

At eight fifteen Lila went, thoughtful but triumphant, into the dining saloon and found Carey waiting for her and the table laid with a precious perfection for two.

A KNOWLEDGEABLE steward was there to pull out her chair for her, but Carey hurried with an effect of adulation to pay that attention.

And she was alone with him, surprised, bewildered, going smoothly out to sea.

Now she asked for David, but carefully and judiciously.

"Isn't Mr. . . . ? Don't you bring your secretary when you're yachting?"

"Sometimes," Carey smiled. "But not this time."

She nearly called out, "What! He isn't here! But he knew I was coming!" She just restrained herself. She had been told, and yet she was slow to believe, that David was not on board, that he had allowed her to come alone. What had he said over the telephone? "Oh, yes. I shall be going down." Her mind, while she talked with a new timidity, a new defensiveness, to Carey, teemed with conjectures. He had been thinking he would come and then at the last moment some order of Carey's had prevented it, some errand, some work to do. He had imagined there would be at least two or three people on board besides herself? He had probably sent some frantic last minute message to her London address but she would have left in Carey's racing car, before it was delivered.

And some cruel, hard sense in her said, "He could have—would have, in case of alteration in his expected arrangements, left a note for you in your cabin. You would have found it there."



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She was slow to credit anything that the cruel, hard, truth-telling voice within her said to her.

They were eating lobster à la Newburg and Carey, touching her hand during one of the frequent absences of the knowledgeable steward from the saloon, was asking:

"Do you like your cabin? Do you love flowers? We call that the rose cabin and I had roses put there."

"It's charming."

"My secretary has good taste with flowers. I sent him down especially to see that everything was perfect for you, you divine little girl."

And she began to think: her heart hurt her.

Carey was murmuring, "I gave my secretary the week-end off. I wanted you alone."

"We're really alone?"

"Really alone, at last," he smiled.

Now her heart hurt her sickeningly.

Her perfectly rouged, perfectly powdered little face did not betray her. She smiled too; she said in the roguish tone that men liked, "If I'd known I wouldn't have come."

"Yes, you would, you little devil."

He felt sure of her.

"Oh, Mr. Carey, I wouldn't!"

And all the while her mind was filled with David. What was this he had done with his eyes open?

He had been here; prepared for her; gone away.

David knew?

Pâté de foies gras pie was set before them. Their glasses were refilled.

"I thought we'd run over to Havre, take a car and go down to Deauville. It's early but it should be stirring a little there," said Carey. "Would you like that?"

She raised her eyes.

"I thought at least Mr.—your secretary—would be here."

"Oh, never mind him."

"He didn't expect to come?"

"He knew better. I train my secretaries."

Very slowly she was beginning to admit all to herself.

"HE'S got a girl somewhere in London," said Carey. "I know the signs. He'll be having just as good a time as we shall be."

But there was no girl in London for David. At least she knew that.

"You know I love you, dear," said Carey. "I want to make you happy. I want to give you anything you ask for. It makes me sad to see a beautiful girl like you drudging in an office, tacking together her own little frocks, short of a shilling for lunch. Oh! I know! I've known girls like you though none so delightful."

"It is a hard life," she said, but she thought, "David! David!"

"You need not lead it. As I've told you before, I want to advance your interests. I could get you a part in a show, just a small part, enough to amuse you. And I am only too anxious, dear, to see that you have all you want. A little flat, a maid of your own, a car, a run over to Paris or Deauville or Murren with me. Don't tell me such amenities make no appeal to you?"

"Of course they appeal!" she answered in a low voice.

"Don't you think, dear, that you could care for me a little?" he asked. For like all vain men he was grossly sentimental.

She answered, "How do I know?"

Her thought still focussed on David.

"Exactly, dear," said Carey. "How should you know? You ought to know me better, learn more about me. I understand. Don't you think this idea of mine of a little cruise together was a good one?"

It went on.

At last her heart was still. It was cold marble. She saw no glory in the sunset that filled the open portholes, felt no more thrill of wonderful adventuring. Very clearly,

though, she saw David's face before her.

There was a line in some verse she had once read in a newspaper that floated through her head.

"All my dreaming springtime died with thee."

That was it. David was the death of all dreaming springs.

There were no more glorious adventuring dawns of expectation. Yes, the year was old; there was no more youth. Then she saw also, just as clearly, the silk upholstery of the saloon, the precious glass and silver of the table, the flowers, the froth of wine and the ecstasy of luxury.

It went on.

The wise steward had set dessert upon the table, the biggest strawberries, most luscious peaches, and was gone.

Carey drew from his pocket a flat jeweller's case. "I wanted to commemorate your first visit to The White Deer," he said. "Do you like this, Lila?"

She saw a flexibly set bracelet of diamonds so fiery that she cried out.

"It will go quite high up on the little arm," said Carey.

He fastened it above the elbow nearest to him and leaning forward kissed her arm.

It went on.

Promise of ease. Promise of luxuries. Desperate grief drowned in champagne. The desert of her heart made populous with the riches and beauties of mere things. She thought, "All his life David has said, 'Yes, yes, yes!' I'm so tired."

"You're going to be happy," said Carey. "Yes," she sighed.

**RATHER** late on Sunday David took his car from the garage at Redwood and went recklessly up to town. He had left it late to give her time. She would have been off the yacht last night as soon as she realized. Trust Lila! But she mightn't have been able to get a train up till the morning. And besides—

"I was testing her," he told himself many times as he drove Londonwards, so many times that he almost believed it.

To convince oneself about oneself, he had learned, was the hardest thing of all but it had to be done. If life was to be lived comfortably and gracefully, it had to be done.

He was spiritually, mentally and physically exhausted when he drew the car up before the tall dingy slip of a house where she lodged. He had suffered horribly.

She wasn't there.

Well. . . .

She had, doubtless, returned to London. Of course she had returned but, having before her as she imagined, a lonely Sunday, she had gone to tea with a girl friend.

He went off to the agreeable and desirable club of which he had been able, through Carey, to become a member.

Presently, back to Lila's lodging.

She wasn't there.

He waited, sitting in the hall; he went out and waited sitting in the car; he walked up and down the hot pavement and waited.

She did not come.

She remained on the yacht?

She had said, "Yes?"

Lila awoke to a splendid July morning, the stewardess brought her coffee, strawberries, toast, cream, rolls and omelette. The yacht was still at anchor off Havre. She hadn't wanted to land and go on by car to Deauville she had told Carey last night. "I want to think," she had said faintly.

"I shan't get up till luncheon time," she had said.

He acquiesced. Anything would do.

It was his acquiescence, the smoothness of things, the ease with which everything adjusted itself, that were being impressed on her mind this morning as she sat up in the kind of bed that would have helped



to make a beauty of any woman. She could eat her breakfast. She could love the sensation of those innumerable soft pillows with which the stewardess had propped her up. The coverlet of the bed was a rose colored Spanish shawl. Another scented bath awaited her. And she thought about herself with the resilience of the very young after a bereavement. Suffering in that bereavement with the agonies of the young, she could recuperate.

All was gone. All was won. A kingdom lost and a kingdom gained. Something new and bitter and strong in her adjoined her. "Consider it like that."

She looked about the cabin.

"I will take," said Lila to herself, "in the future I will always take. Girls have told me and I didn't believe them but they were right. I will take."

So, because all through the centuries women have been obliged to learn the useful art of making bricks without straw, Lila lay there against the luxury her lover had provided, resolving to fashion bricks of gold for herself.

SHE rose in time for luncheon. She went into the saloon where he waited, becoming vaguely anxious and more eager with every passing minute. She went in quiet, soft, grave, remote.

At the earliest possible moment he dismissed the steward who waited on them: "Little girl?" he questioned.

She said in a small remote voice, "Take me back. I can't stay. I'm ashamed; I was weak. I'm going back to my own job and I'll never see you any more."

"Little girl!"

"I can't. I'm not this sort. Take me back and let me forget."

**THE first instalment of this serial appeared in the October issue of SMART SET. Copies of it will gladly be sent you postpaid for twenty-five cents each.**

But he was crazy for her. Every tiny withdrawal increased his longing. He talked. He knew, finally, that he must offer all he had—his wealth and his home—to keep her even for a single day longer.

At Deauville, where they went after his capitulation, he married her.

"I have had a wire from Mr. Carey, sir," said Bertrand to David Hammond nearly ten days after the yacht's first departure. "He is arriving today. A lady is coming; he has sent explicit orders about preparations."

"I have had a wire, too, Bertrand, but it says nothing about any lady."

Bertrand gave the secretary a long meditative look, inquiring as to the wherefore of his ghastly pallor, his restlessness and his wretchedness. But verbally he made no comment.

It was late afternoon when the car came up the drive with trunks on top of it. The shops of Paris had already, in July, emptied

themselves into the shops of Deauville and Lila had bought and bought out of her new riches. She was there, inside, fair and very white, only her lips pink tinted, waves of her adorable hair showing on each side of a clever hat. Already there was about her the indefinable suave air of her recently bought luxury. She looked neither happy nor unhappy; merely quieted to an unnatural stillness, the new Lila.

David had to be out on the front steps to receive them. He always was on the front steps to meet his master. And behind him, a step or two higher, Bertrand waited.

THE car had stopped, and sick, white, quiet as Lila herself, and yet smiling, David stood there. Bertrand had descended, was opening the car door. Carey got out in his clumsy and yet agile way and turned to help his bride. She came beside him up the wide shallow steps, not looking at David.

"Boy," said Carey. Exultation touched his voice for, now that he had paid it, he did not mind the price of marriage, "Let me present you to Mrs. Carey."

So their hands touched without a word from her. Even in the midst of the turmoil of his spirit David's drilled voice could speak. "By jove, sir," it said, "what a surprise!"

"Thought so!" Carey laughed.

And all three turned indoors. Lila stood looking about the vast hall of Redwood which was to be hers in place of the cottage she and David had dreamed about.

"And this is in a way mine," thought Lila. So long as she chose to keep it, so long as she pleased her husband. That beautiful great house was, in a way, hers. And with the rather shocking disparity in their ages the dice were loaded on her side.

She felt rather than saw David standing near, his eyes looking anywhere but at her. She felt pain.

"You'll want to go up to your rooms, sweet," said Carey.

"I think I will."

"It's too late for tea?" coaxed Carey.

"I think so. I'll go up straightway and after dinner you can show me the house, Ralph."

It seemed as if the whole hall sighed when she said Ralph so rightfully and naturally.

The maid they had found in Deauville was already in her rooms when she went up. She was escorted with the arrogance of possession and yet with the servility of a lover, by Carey. Bedroom, boudoir and bath and all opened out of each other and each looked into the incredible spaces of terraced gardens. There were, again, flowers.

"I'll go down and have a drink, sweet," said her husband, "and see if Hammond and Bertrand have recovered from the shock of you." He went off laughing.

SHE lay on a Recamier couch by her bedroom window and looked into the gardens. She could see the cedar trees that David had described to her beside the swimming pool far away. It would be lovely on a dewy morning or a moonlight night or a scorching noon to run over those velvet lawns and dive into the clear water. And yet, would it be so wonderful? Who would be beside her?

DAVID stood transfixed before this new Lila. He watched her as she went about the beautiful gardens with Carey. How he wanted to rush out and take her away, but the thrall of his weakness was too strong. He was too accustomed to behaving like an automaton to behave like a hero all of a sudden. Then one evening Lila slipped out to swim in the pool. He saw her go. He wanted to follow. But dared he? If he did and Carey saw him what would happen? You'll find out in December SMART SET



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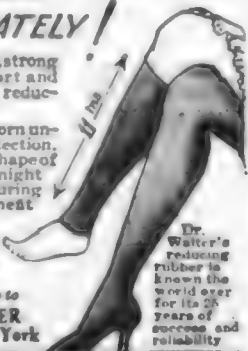
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## Nice Little Thing

[Continued from page 75]

meaning of this? Who is this man?" He struck a match, illumining the features of his wife's companion and thereby revealing his identity to Cornwall.

"So," Peyton went on, "so it's you, trying to break up my home. You'll pay through the nose, sir. You'll pay!"

"Well, well," the stranger said. "If it ain't the old game! Wifey hugs me and hubby appears on the scene."

Blaine mistrusted Peyton's fury and Ina's chagrin. They did not ring true.

"Don't go off half cocked, Peyton," Blaine urged. He seized Peyton's arm as he started to lunge at his accuser. "There must be some explanation for this scene. Give Ina a chance. Let's not have any trouble that can be avoided."

All Ina wanted was a chance. "Dear," she cried. "I never dreamed Mr. Mack would take advantage of me!"

"Who?" Blaine asked sharply. "Mack, did you say?"

"Why, yes," Ina replied. "This is Marian Mack's father."

"The dickens he is!" "He's the man I'm going to sue for alienation," the aggrieved husband threatened. "This will cost you your reputation and twenty thousand in court, you old buzzard."

"Who, me? Ho, ho!" chuckled the prospective defendant.

"Dear!" cried Ina dramatically. "Spare me the publicity. You know I love only you."

"He's an old buzzard, and I ought to show him up," Peyton argued, seeming to become mollified by Ina's protestation of affection. "But I won't go to law if he'll pay quietly. I'll let him off for your sake, Ina. I'll settle for ten thousand dollars if he makes out the check at once."

"Who, me?" repeated Mr. Mack. And again, "Ho, ho!"

He got to his feet. "Say, young feller," he said, "it'd be a waste o' good ink. Ain't no bank in the country livin' off o' me. I'm livin' off my daughter." He winked profoundly. "And she ain't exactly my daughter," he added, chuckling again.

Ina pounced upon the remark. "She isn't your daughter? Ah!"

"Ah!" echoed Peyton.

They seemed to reach the same conclusion simultaneously. They exchanged meaningful glances.

"Dear—" began Ina. But Peyton needed no prompting.

"We'll let the matter drop tonight," he said. "Ina come on. Let's go home."

BLAINE watched them depart, his nostrils distended with disgust at their scheming.

"Now they'll cook up a neat little plan to blackmail the girl," he predicted. "We'll have to forestall them by publishing the truth, if it will stand publication; and I'd stake my life it will. Old buzzard, why didn't you hold your tongue? How'd you leave Monsieur Henri, the boss, and The Little Green Parrot Café?"

"If it ain't!" squeaked the old buzzard. "If it ain't the Yankee Duke o' Cornwall! Lord bless your lights, the sight o' you puts an apron on my front and a tray in my fist again. Brother, I hate to desert the little lady but I can't stand this low social life no longer. I got to go back to the boulevards o' Paris. America ain't home no more. It ain't what it used to be," he sighed. Then he burst into song, "The ol' gray mare, she ain't what she used to be!"

"Probably not," Blaine agreed. "But hush your noise, Hogan, and answer my ques-

tion. Come clean and no monkey business."

Hogan, alias Mr. Mack, came clean. He had been sober and deceitful for a long, long time. It was a relief to be drunk and truthful again, to unburden his woes on the bosom of his erstwhile patron, "the Yankee Duke o' Cornwall."

At the conclusion of his tale, Blaine returned to the halls where the dancing was going on, and sought out Miss Marian Mack. She was dancing with a sleek, slender youth when he cut in on her.

"Your escort?" he asked.

Marian nodded.

"The soda clerk at Tom's place," Blaine commented. "I saw you chatting with him this morning. You hired him to hire a Tux, didn't you? He makes a very pretty gigolo. And you are addicted to gigolos."

"Oh, I hate you!" cried Marian with blazing eyes. "I hate this place. I hate everybody. Let me go!"

WITH that she was gone. Blaine caught up with her as she was stepping on the starter of the lavender roadster. He got into it beside her, without a word. When they had gone ten reckless miles through the moonlit uncaring world, Blaine spoke.

"A man who has lived a year in the Latin Quarter," he said, "learns to see through pretense mighty quickly. I know everything. Amongst other things, I know now where we met before."

"Where?" demanded Marian.

"At The Little Green Parrot Café. Why did you pretend we hadn't met?"

"Because you didn't remember and recognize me."

"When I saw you there," mused Blaine. "you were not a rich girl, and you didn't dress like one. You were a little orphan school teacher from Oklahoma. You wore a funny felt hat and long skirts and sat at the table next to mine. You came with a touring party. And you blushed when you asked your waiter for a gigolo to dance with. They were all taken. But I flicked an eyelash at Hogan, and he presented me. You gave me a silver dollar, the first I ever earned and last. I have it yet."

The girl at the wheel was crying.

"You don't know," she sobbed, "you don't know what it is not to be popular. I don't suppose you can ever understand the things I've done!"

"I do right now," Blaine interrupted. "I understand, little girl."

Marian flashed him a weak but grateful smile. "When we used to have faculty picnics," she went on more calmly, "I couldn't cut up like the rest. Nobody ever knew I was along. When I went to Europe, as I saved money for months to do, the others in the party never noticed me. No matter how big the crowd, I was always alone. You don't know how terrible it's been!"

Blaine tried to assure her that he did.

"I don't think I'm really so hateful. Animals like me, and children, and old ladies. I get along fine with them. Oh, Mr. Cornwall, I'm so ashamed of the way I acted yesterday and today! I'm going to apologize to Mrs. Peyton. And will you forgive me, too? It's just as though I'd gone suddenly crazy with loneliness!"

"Poor little kid!" muttered Blaine. "Of course I forgive you."

"I had shares in an oil lease back in Oklahoma and while I was in Paris on my vacation they struck oil. I was rich, rich! With money, I thought, I'd soon make friends. I'd be popular. I didn't want to go back to Oklahoma. So I decided to



settle in Springdale and see what would happen."

"Why?"

Marian turned candid eyes away from the road, directly towards the questioner.

"Because when you told me it was your home town you spoke of it as if it were such a friendly place. But there's no use my telling you all this if you know everything."

"I do. How you went to the Green Parrot Café, often, and Hogan told you all he knew about me. He told you I wasn't a gigolo. But I never saw you there again, because I went to London the day after we danced together. I know how you hired him for a father, not knowing where to find a better one. And how you couldn't break the social ice in Springdale."

"Hogan promised to keep our secret!"

"I wouldn't let him. Besides, a drunken man isn't good at keeping secrets. And a sensible woman doesn't have any. Marian, we must tell Springdale the true story of this 'relationship'—and break it off—before any false rumors to your discredit get started."

"All right," assented Marian. She was as submissive and contrite as she had been rebellious. "No doubt I was foolish. But I thought even a queer father would be better than none. He got along fine. Everybody took him for a millionaire." Brushing back her hair, Marian sighed wistfully. "But I was just as backward rich as poor."

"Backward?" Blaine contradicted her. "You're just too sweet to be forward."

"Oh, do you think so? When I heard you were in town I was too excited to breathe. I knew you'd recognize Hogan. I thought we'd laugh over him in private together. But you didn't know me!"

"I did. I knew you for a nice little thing I wanted to know better."

"Ugh, 'a nice little thing!' When Ina Peyton called me that it popped into my head that it was just what I'd always been—a silly, sickening tiresome 'nice little thing.' That's why nobody ever pays any attention to me, I thought. So I decided all at once to act like—well, like popular girls do these days, don't they?"

"Some do," Blaine said. "Some don't. I myself have always preferred the old-fashioned type. Marian, your engine has a knock."

"I don't hear it."

"I do. Stop and listen."

**O**BEDIENTLY, Marian stopped. The moon shone but dimly through the leafy trees arching over the road and the motionless roadster.

"Why, the engine's running like a top," declared Marian.

"So it is," admitted Blaine. "Turn it off. You're wasting gas."

When there was no sound but the whispering of the stars, Blaine said, "Marian, you think you can swear like a trooper, drink like a fish, smoke like a Chinaman, and dance like Gilda Gray. You can't—but Marian, can you pet?"

"I don't know," answered Marian. "I've never tried."

Blaine Cornwall laughed, stole one kiss, and folded his arms tight.

"Start your engine, dear," he said. "You're not going to try tonight. But when you've become such pals you've forgotten you ever were lonely—when you know me better—when I have proved to you that I mean what I say—"

"Yes, yes," breathed Marian. "Please go on."

Blaine unfolded his arms. He couldn't help it, there was so much for them to do. Besides, his intentions were honorable.

"I'm going to tell you, sweet girl," he said, "what a nice little thing you are."

And this time Marian didn't protest. Perhaps after all that was what she really wanted to have him say.



I 90

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## The Golden Barrier

[Continued from page 39]

home town, Avis expected to see a limousine awaiting them. But there was nothing in the way of a greeting at the station. Gilbert did not seem surprised or annoyed. He signalled the station hack and away they rode.

And Avis had her first glimpse of her husband's home. She had visioned spreading lawns, enormous trees, a house of majestic beauty. Instead the cab stopped at the door of a little house of nondescript color. On either side of it stood similar houses, haunting their grays and browns, their lopsided porches. Avis held herself in control even as she observed the tiny, neglected grass plot and the narrow, dark alley which separated the Trents' house from the one alongside of it.

"Is this home?" she asked Gilbert. Her voice was a terrifying blend of oil and ice. It passed unnoticed. He was transported with delight at being home and having her with him.

He squeezed her hand. "Yes," he said, "Isn't it a funny old shack? You'll just love the folks."

GILBERT'S mother opened the door. She was the plump maternal type of woman who mothers everybody that comes within her reach. She wore a gingham house dress and her hands testified to the fact that she'd done housework for many years. Gilbert's father was a lean, grizzled little man who rushed to put on his collar and tie when he saw Avis.

So this was Gilbert's home and his parents! Avis could think of nothing but the mean trick that had been played on her. Gilbert himself was utterly guiltless of the deception.

He had never said or done anything to make her believe him wealthy. The Kingsleys had probably exaggerated the Trents' standing when they spoke to Laura and Laura had unconsciously added her own embellishments to the story when she passed it on.

The stay at the Trents' was short for Gilbert was anxious to be back at his studies. Avis was unconcerned as to whether she stayed there or went back to New York. She was lackadaisical and disinterested. She held Gilbert at arm's length and plied for time. He was kind. He said that he understood and that she should have all the time in the world for her heart to awaken. He was that sort of man.

He said that he understood but he really did not. It would have been impossible for Gilbert's loving nature to divine the thoughts that were in Avis's mind. Back in New York she begged to be allowed to return to her cousin's house for a while. Gilbert's eyes looked stricken but he granted her wish. Laura frankly said that Avis was crazy but she opened her house to her again.

Gilbert came to see his bride every day. She would find him looking at her longingly and would become impatient of his devotion. Oh, if he would only take his penniless purse somewhere that she should never see it again.

One night he told her that he had a chance to make some money. His teacher had suggested him for a role in a comic opera. It was now being played and the tenor was ill. Taking his place meant that Gilbert would have to go to another city for three weeks.

Avis advised him to grasp the opportunity. He begged her to go with him but she said that she preferred to await his return.

He was despondent over her decision and was all for giving the idea up completely but his loving wife pointed out the fact that it would be experience and with obvious reluctance he said that he would go.

He gave her a little money when they parted. Avis did not feel wholly content about taking it but reasoned that she would pay it back some day.

The day after Gilbert left, Avis said good-by to Laura. She explained that she

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MARY LEE

Monthly in SMART SET,  
the Only Magazine  
for the Girl of Today

had found an apartment for herself and Gilbert. Laura approved heartily of this and Avis left her an address which was probably a garage or a lunch room.

Avis found a rooming house. It was nice enough and reasonable. From there she wrote a letter to Gilbert.

Dear Gilbert: I would rather take a beating than tell you this but it must be told. It is not fair to either of us that I

should keep my secret. I love somebody else. I want a divorce. I know that you are sporting enough to help me in this difficult hour. If I accuse you of unspeakable things, will you promise not to defend yourself? I shall ask no alimony as I expect to marry again as soon as the divorce is granted. Forgive and forget.—Avis.

**IT MUST** be true that God takes care of fools and children. If most women wrote such a letter to a man he would probably have her sanity tested. Fancy such a modest request as Avis made of poor, kind Gilbert!

Anyway he wouldn't have been Gilbert if he hadn't agreed to do as she asked. His letter came without reproaches, without entreaties to change her mind and without mention of how he felt about the matter. He even said that he would pay for the divorce if Avis was not able to.

She had planned to work and conserve her funds towards this end but on the whole it seemed better to take Gilbert's offer as then she should be free sooner. Dimly she thought of paying him back some day.

So the divorce proceedings began. Avis became very chummy with a girl across the hall. She was an artists' model and besides getting work in the studios for Avis, she was also a help in the divorce. She was a witness to the fictitious case which was brought against Gilbert. Her name was Gwen Hildreth and she was the kind of friend who tries to talk one out of one's follies and when she finds she can't, will then help one to be as foolish as one pleases to be.

She was a beautiful blonde and a perfect friend. On the day that Avis was definitely freed from Gilbert Trent, Gwen said, "You got him; you got rid of him. Now, Avis Clayton, let's see what else you get out of life."

Avis laughed recklessly. There was a mirror across the room in which she could see her reflection as they talked. She saw her eyes, long-lashed and gleaming, her hair falling in soft, silky waves. She was so sure that she was a favored daughter of fate that she was amused at the serious note in Gwen's voice.

"I helped you to get your divorce," Gwen said, "because you wanted it. Heaven knows I didn't approve of the idea. Marriage is the most important thing in every girl's life. I think you should have given Gilbert a chance. You would have come to love him in time."

Avis said nothing. She had given Gwen to believe that she had divorced Gilbert merely because she had not loved him. Gwen's loyalty and sincerity often made Avis feel a strange, unpleasant doubt that perhaps she after all was not quite perfect.

The time passed pleasantly for the girls. Gwen and Avis took a large room with a kitchenette and pooled their funds. They each got plenty of work in several studios and managed splendidly. There were men who took them out now and then. Gwen's friends mostly. Nice enough chaps but they only represented dinners and theaters. Nothing more. They were not marrying men and it mattered little to Avis that they were not matrimonially inclined for she was still set on marrying money and these men did not have it in abundance.

She soon discovered that the successful artists treated their models with cold courtesy and most of them were already married. She was contented enough however and a year passed by in which Gwen and Avis were happy and very busy. Despite the fact that they were popular models neither of them had saved a penny. Gwen was as fond of pretty clothes as Avis was although she had had a few hard knocks in her life and had learned not to rank clothes first in her list of important things.

The following year held a surprise for Avis. A play called "The Queen's Glove" made its appearance on Broadway. It was, she heard, a very high class sort of thing. Splendid voices and fine music. A well-known woman was starred in the show and the supporting cast was headed by Gilbert Trent.

Avis saw his name in large type on the billboards as she passed the theater with Gwen. She was astonished and Gwen was amused.

"See what you threw over?" Gwen smiled.

If she had known Avis's real reason for divorcing Gilbert she would have laughed aloud. Here was Avis living comfortably but certainly not luxuriously in a furnished room while Gilbert was on his way to success and a fortune.

"The Queen's Glove" proved unsuccessful. Avis followed its career in the newspapers and felt sorry for Gilbert when the show perished. She need not have pitied him however for though "The Queen's Glove" had not satisfied the public, Gilbert Trent had.

A scant two months after the closing of the play, Gilbert Trent appeared as the star in a musical version of "Bellarion." Avis heard from several sources that Gilbert's salary was a thousand dollars a week and that his royalties on Victrola records were enormous.

"This is his first year as a star," people said. "He'll make a great deal more money than that. He's wonderful."

Somehow or other Avis had developed a little sporting instinct. Enough to make her feel that she had thrown him away and had no right now to cry over her folly. She made no effort to get in touch with him. She was even able to smile a little to herself at the irony of the situation.

**GILBERT'S** popularity spread like wildfire. Avis met no one who had not seen the show. His name was on the lips of all theater-loving people. Curiosity at last forced her to see "Bellarion."

Gwen and Avis sat up in the balcony and watched Gilbert as he sang his role. He was a dashing, handsome hero and something within Avis stirred at the sweetness of his voice. It was a feeling akin to the one she should have experienced months before in the light of a rose-colored lamp. She shook herself impatiently and maintained that she should feel the same if she had never met Gilbert Trent. It was merely admiration for his voice and the natural feminine response to a picture of courage and daring. Surely this would be another strange and ironical angle if Avis Clayton were to fall in love with the famous Gilbert Trent.

No, she told herself, this was merely proof that "Bellarion" was a splendid piece of work. It had absorbed her wholly. Probably every woman in the theater felt her heart beat faster at the bravery of the gallant adventurer.

Gilbert's play ran on. It was successful. But Gwen and Avis were facing storms.

First of all the hot weather had come. Many artists were out of town. Others were loafing luxuriously. The girls got very little work. The summer before they had not felt the press of circumstances as they each had had a few dollars.

Gwen asked the landlady about a cheaper room. She gave them one. It was on the top floor and it was suffocatingly hot. It was meant for one person and the double bed which was installed gave them hardly room enough to turn around. They reduced their breakfasts to toast and coffee. Later they did without butter assuring themselves that it was only a matter of a few days. They began eating sandwiches for dinner and those were of cream cheese or anything else that was cheap.



## Just what do the other wives mean

*when they talk together about feminine hygiene?*

**WHY** do the others seem to know so much more than she does about this delicate subject? Probably they do not know more of the actual facts. They only *seem* so. Unfortunately, in a matter so intimate as feminine hygiene, any piece of information is likely to be accepted as truth.

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Avis laughed at herself in those days. Here was fortune's favored child living in a stuffy room without proper food. She was glad that she could laugh at herself.

In that dismal, hot room under a burning roof, Avis Clayton found herself. She saw a girl who had hoped much and done little. A girl who had never appreciated anything the world had given her. A silly, shallow drop of water believing that it should be distinguished from the other drops of water in the mighty river and treated more gently. She lived through her book of revelations and emerged another person.

Gwen was a wonder through everything. Avis admired her intensely and strove to be as brave as she. And after all it was poor Gwen that the fates pounced upon when they got ready to show Avis what real trouble was.

The girls had been looking for some work that did not depend upon artists. They had separated at Pennsylvania Station. Avis was on her way to a department store's employment bureau and Gwen was going to try her hand at telephone operating. Avis did not get a job and soon after returned to the room.

She was shocked speechless at the sight of her friend whom an hour before had been in perfect health. Gwen was walking up and down clutching despairingly at her right side. Beads of perspiration stood on her brow and upper lip. Her eyes were wild and her voice was a moan.

Avis helped her to the bed and Gwen gasped that she knew nothing except that the pain had gripped her suddenly and that she had managed to get home. Avis counselled her to lie down but the pain was so intense that Gwen needed action. Avis was badly frightened. She looked in Gwen's pocketbook where the joint funds were kept and saw less than three dollars but Gwen had to have a doctor.

**A**VIS rushed madly out into the street. A half block away lived a doctor. He listened to the story and was willing to hurry. His haste sent icy fingers of fear to clutch at Avis's heart. What she had said had aroused the doctor's concern. Did that mean that she was to lose the only friend she had in the world.

The doctor examined Gwen. Her agony was so intense that she could hardly remain quiet for the brief moment that it took him to make the diagnosis.

"Appendicitis," he said.

"What can I do for her?" Avis asked.

His brows raised at the question. "Her appendix must be taken out," he said. "She must be operated on today."

"We're out of work," Avis said. "There's no money."

"I'll call an ambulance," the doctor said.

Avis offered him two dollars which he waved aside as he went out.

She returned to Gwen and looked down at her. Gwen opened her very blue eyes and looked up.

"You heard what he said?"

"Yes, everything. Don't send me to a hospital, Avis," she begged. "Maybe I won't be all right in a minute. Maybe I'll—you know—maybe I won't get better. Please don't let me go where I'll just be another charity case. Let me stay where I have a friend."

"Gwen," Avis said. "Listen, you're not going to be a charity patient. Be brave for a little while longer. Help is coming."

Avis called the landlady and explained the situation in a few hurried words and told her to send the hospital ambulance away. Avis clutched the pocketbook with the last few bills and rushed out. She called a taxicab and ordered the driver to hurry to the theater where Gilbert's play was. Luckily it was a matinee day. Avis sent her name up to Gilbert's dressing room

and he came to her looking like a blessed lamp of promise on a dark and stormy sea. "What is it, Avis?" he asked.

Her story burst from her in an amazing, prayerful rigmarole. That is, Gwen's story burst from her. She covered her own impoverished state. She could not bear to have him think that this was a device by which she sought him in his success.

"My friend is out of work, penniless," Avis cried. "My husband is traveling on business and I won't know just what town he is in until tomorrow. She'll die if she doesn't have the operation today. I'd wire my husband for money only I don't know just which town—"

"Don't worry," he said. "Wait a minute."

He left her and when he came back he held a check in his hand. It was for five hundred dollars.

"They'll cash this at the box office," he said. "Call Dr. Morrow. He's great for that sort of thing and he has a good sanatorium."

Avis thanked him and rushed away. Even as she rushed she thought of the expression that had come over Gilbert's face when she mentioned her "husband." He still loved her. It was cruel to tell him that she had a husband but at any cost he must not think that she was after Gilbert Trent, the Broadway star.

Avis telephoned Dr. Morrow. He was wonderfully kind and attentive to every detail. Soon Gwen had gone in a private ambulance to his sanatorium. Avis followed her and waited outside the glittering white and silver room until Gwen was out of danger.

At six o'clock Gilbert Trent came to the sanatorium. Now that Avis knew that Gwen was going to live, she was a more poised creature. She thanked Gilbert prettily and promised him payment from her husband.

It pained Avis to talk of this mythical creature whom she was supposed to have married. She hated to do it but Gilbert must have absolute assurance that she was not after his money. Oh, he had to believe that she was happily married and not pursuing him.

**A**ND why did it pain her to do this?

Because she was in love with him. That heart of Avis Clayton's so long frozen stiff with selfishness had melted in the time that she had spent facing want and self-denial.

She thought these thoughts while she answered his remarks, complimented him on his play and spoke of Gwen's sudden illness. He asked her out to dinner. Avis accepted as she was nearly famished. After dinner Gilbert offered to take her home. She could not object without appearing a fearful prig but she hated him to see that she lived in a rooming house. He must believe that all was well with her. She gave him the address of a house on Murray Hill where one of her father's clients had lived. It was a charming old house and Avis could see that Gilbert was impressed by its quaint grandness. He went away looking very thoughtful.

Avis cried herself to sleep that night. She was in love with her ex-husband and he must never know it.

She was up early in the morning. She wanted to visit Gwen and also hunt a job.

Avis found her friend weak and white against her pillow but smiling. A great bowl of red roses filled her room with a cheering brightness.

"Your sweetheart?" Avis asked.

"No, darling, your ex-husband."

"Not going to vamp him, are you?"

"A girl could do worse," Gwen said.

Gilbert came next day to see Gwen. At least he said that he had come to see Gwen but as Gwen so aptly put it, "If he came to see me, why the devil didn't he look at me?"

Avis was curious about his actions. This



wasn't like Gilbert to pay obvious attention to a girl who was married to somebody else.

If there had not been the cursed complication of his success she would gladly have told him that she loved him. But there was that complication. A golden barrier between them. She could see in his eyes that if she said, "I am not married and I love you," that he would rush her to a minister. But she could not do that. There was the golden barrier. The thing that would always make him wonder if she hadn't remarried him for his success and money.

THEY saw each other every day of the second week that Gwen was in the sanatorium. It was Sunday of the week that Gilbert took Avis to dine in a little isolated garden far out of the city. There, Gilbert told Avis again that he loved her.

Avis stiffened in her chair. Was this really Gilbert? Was he actually telling a woman, whom he knew to be married, that he loved her?

"What are you saying, Gilbert?"

"I'm asking you to remarry me."

"But I'm married."

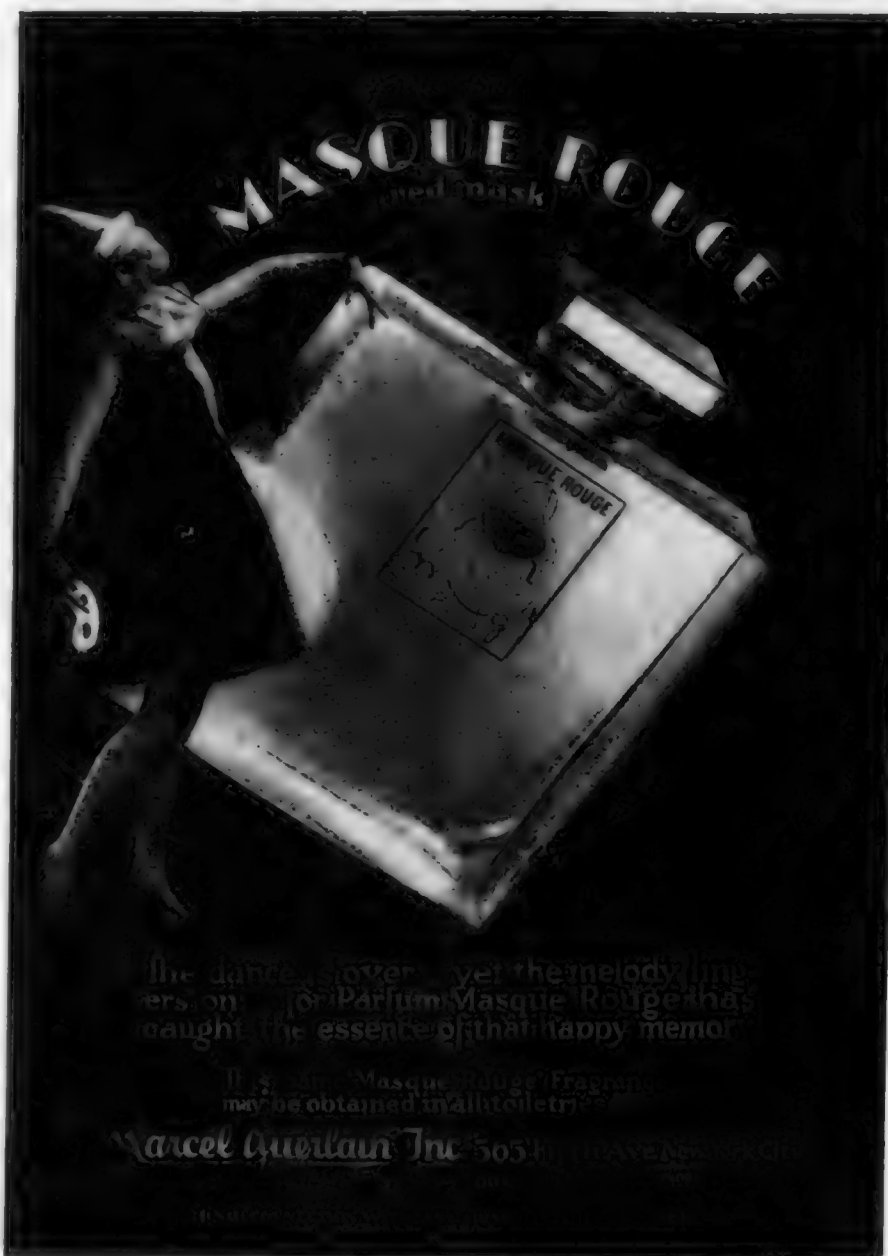
"Oh, darling, you do love me. I could see it in your eyes so I was bold enough to have your new marriage looked up. There ain't no such animal."

So the next day Avis married her ex-husband. It was not a remarriage. It was a marriage. This was not the same girl who had gone through the ceremony before. This was a person who had been born in a small, hot, furnished room where food was scarce and lovely clothes unattainable. This was a girl who loved Gilbert for himself.

After the ceremony Avis and Gilbert drove to Gilbert's home. It was a charming, old house with a quaint grandness about it. It was in the Murray Hill section. It was the same house in which John Clayton's client had lived and the one which Avis had claimed.

"Oh, I've had it for a year now," Gilbert laughed. "Not so clever, little lady."

And taking some of her past performances into consideration, Avis agreed with him that she wasn't.



## How to Choose a Career

[Continued from page 69]

clamations. Our hostess said she would cook the luncheon for us. She did and I think it was the most tasteless, unappetizing meal I ever ate in my life. I saw instantly that she had no feeling for food; she ate almost nothing herself. The whole thing came from her brain instead of her heart. She had adopted this career and had made herself shine in it, but it could not stand any real test. I have seen negro cooks in South Carolina prepare a far better meal with a few pots and pans than this household expert. But negroes, you see, love food. With them it is an emotion.

Before the luncheon was over I found out that our hostess had really wanted to be an actress but her family prevented her from going on the stage. After we had all helped put the dishes in the electric dishwasher the kitchen expert draped a Spanish shawl around her lithe form and gave a wonderful exhibition of Carmen. I came away thinking that the drama had certainly lost something when that woman began to play with carbohydrates and baking temperatures.

Unless you have some very unusual natural talent for a definite business pursuit the best way to make your beginning in business is as a stenographer. But be a good one. In my twenty years of business life I have met only six good stenographers. And everyone of these six rose to higher

positions and large pay. I am not exaggerating when I say that if you make yourself a first-class stenographer the business world will simply rise to its feet and welcome you.

But what is a good stenographer? In the first place a competent stenographer ought to know how to spell, how to punctuate and how to write grammatical English.

Her temper must not be sharp and she ought to possess the fine quality of patience, for her employer is just as likely to be a fool as not, and one must be patient with fools. Most men in business are not models of efficiency, otherwise there would not be so many failures. A first-class stenographer supplies the routine efficiency that her employer often lacks. That is why excellent stenographers are so highly valued. If you are a good stenographer you know such things as who is the President of Mexico, who wrote Pendennis, what is the most valuable agricultural crop in the United States, as well as what happened to the memorandum about Jones and Company.

ARE you having trouble choosing your career? If you are, write your problems to Helen Woodward through this department in SMART SET and she will try to help you

Your employer may not know any of these diverse things but you ought to know, for it is your business. These requirements are easy enough, but it never seems to enter the heads of nine stenographers out of ten that anything is expected of them except to write a few misspelled letters.

The reason for this general slackness is that most girls who work in offices, especially as clerks and stenographers, are not interested in what they are doing. They want to do something else and they put up a sort of defensive wall between themselves and their jobs.

The great advantage of starting out as a stenographer is the complete knowledge of business from the ground up that one gets. There is no school of commerce that can teach as much about the technique and operation of a business concern as a wide-awake stenographer can learn. If you are in doubt as to what you ought to do, start as a stenographer. Then, when you have your bearings you can look about and get into the kind of business you like.

In the December SMART SET I shall tell the story of Mary Kincaid, a girl who almost scored a failure in her first job, but who eventually made good. She was earning \$25,000 a year when she married a few years ago and went around the world in her husband's yacht.



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## I Know Your Line

[Continued from page 40]

were there. He had everyone in the place laughing at him.

Her madness is not without its method, in fact it's not madness at all, it's simply foresight on her part. After all she's told you, if you take her out and if you do you have my sympathy, you've been fully informed beforehand as to where she likes to go and what sort of times she is used to having. It's up to you to keep a step ahead of Freddy and the rest. And you're never happy with her. No matter what you do or how hard you try, the ghosts of her other playmates keep crowding you. So be sensible and say to her, "Well, as long as Freddy took you to the Frivolity, you know what it's like, so we'll go around to the B. and G." If you can live through the icy stare you get, you're making it a lot easier for the next fellow she meets.

Then there are the vampish types, at least those who think they are. They fit the words to the music when they are dancing and hum in your ear, and give your hand a little squeeze under cover. If you watch them closely enough you can see them do the same thing to the next partner.

They begin by telling you that you look a lot like some one they once knew. If there is a girl friend at hand they turn around and say, "Edith, doesn't he remind you of so and so?" If Edith knows her cue she says yes. Or if they think you're weak enough to believe them, they'll tell you you look like some movie actor. Just what good this does, I don't know. It's supposed to touch your vanity, I guess. One of the most irritating specimens of this type I ever met always insisted on giving me portions of food from her plate in crowded restaurants. I suppose she thought she was being nice but it made me feel like a trained seal.

SOMETIMES they like to be mysterious.

They begin by telling you they are engaged. Any ordinary ring that happens to be on their finger will do for the engagement ring. And their boy friend is so jealous. Once he said he would kill any one he saw talking to them. This is all simply to add spice to the acquaintanceship. After a week or two, the supposed engagement fades away into thin air and no more is said about it. One admitted to me of her own accord that she had made it up just for fun. But as a rule they don't like to be reminded of it after they have stopped making-believe. If you mention it they may start the whole thing over again in self-defense. I have always suspected that these fake engagements are intended as bait for a real one. The best comeback is to frame up an engagement of your own. That makes it fifty-fifty.

They like to be mysterious in lots of other little ways too. If you admire a bracelet or a string of beads they have on, they become mysterious and won't tell who gave it to them. "You wouldn't like it if I told you," they say. They probably bought it themselves in the five-and-ten but that doesn't make any difference. They want you to think some one terribly fond of them gave it to them. And they love to give you initials instead of their full names. "My first name begins with an M. If you guess it right I'll tell you," they say and if you're foolish enough to start guessing, they keep it up all day. Call them something that they hate, like Gwendolyn, and they'll tell you their right names quickly enough.

Next, the "gimme" girl. As a baby she probably reached for everything in sight and wouldn't stop crying until it was given to her. And now that she's grown up, the habit of wanting everything she sees has remained with her. If you walk past a the-

ater she looks up at the lights and says, "Oh there's a show I want to see." In front of novelty-jewelry stores she seems to get fallen arches and it's practically impossible to move her away. She'll point at something and say, "Mabel has one just like that, but she won't tell me where she got it. I think I'll go in and price it." If you're wise you'll wait for her out on the sidewalk. Even at that she's liable to come to the door with something or other just to show you how it looks on her and find out whether you think it's becoming or not. There are a thousand little tricks like that and one is as good as another.

They go into ecstasies over everything they see. In front of a florist shop, "Oh, aren't those flowers just bea-u-tiful? They're almost the color of my dress." And in front of a drug store, "Oh, that reminds me, I have to get a refill for my compact." You go in with her to get a refill and you come out with an assortment of cosmetics she could start a beauty parlor on, with a roll of film for her camera, a chocolate float and a few telephone calls thrown in. All you're glad about is that it wasn't the piano department at Macy's.

After you once get to know her line you're comparatively safe because you know what to expect and how to guard against it. Like a friend of mine who was giving a party one night. When I got there he had the closet door open and was putting things away: books, cigarette-lighters, odds and ends, even the shawl that went over the piano.

I asked him if he was moving.

"No," he said, "but Bernice is coming over later and everything she sees she wants to take home with her, so I have to hide things until she leaves."

The "gimme" girl and the gold-digger are closely related, only the gold-digger has advanced a little farther along the line. The "gimme" girl is an amateur, the digger is almost professional in her methods sometimes.

I know one who has developed a system that's really original. She has a mother who seems to spend the time asking for things. Every time you meet the girl she says, "Oh, mother asked me to bring her home some candy but I've forgotten my hand-bag," or, "Mother told me not to forget to get her a pair of stockings and I left the change home on the dresser." If you think you can dodge the hint you're wrong. She follows this up with, "Could you lay it out for me until the next time I see you?" And of course she only goes around with gentlemen, and no gentleman would think of reminding a girl of a little thing like that the next time they meet. As for the stockings themselves, if you happen to notice them on her a day or so later, she will cheerfully admit that she and her mother both wear the same size and she just borrowed them without letting mother know.

ANOTHER member of this tribe has a quaint habit of making you think she is doing it all for your sake. "Don't they look good!" she says in front of a store window. "How would you like to have me walking down the street with you wearing one of those? Wouldn't you be proud of me?" And then when she has it she says, "I'll only wear it when I'm with you." Of course she will, because when she's with somebody else she'll use the same line over again and get another.

There are girls, and plenty of them too, that don't have lines. But the better-looking a girl is and the more popular she is, the greater the temptation for her to practise a



line on the boys she may meet. And the strangest part of it is, a boy always remembers the girls with lines much longer than he does the ones without them. Even when the line isn't fooling him a bit, it impresses him somehow. Maybe the girl with a line is a girl with a lot of personality, who instead of going on the stage and acting before an audience, does her acting before one person at a time.

I hope I haven't seemed too harsh on our little friends and playmates. The truth is, of course, that boys have as many different lines as the girls, and probably with a good deal less imagination and cleverness to back them up. But naturally I've only heard theirs second-handed from the girls themselves. Whereas I can judge plentifully of the lines girls string us fellows along with. So I say, as some one or other has said before me, no matter how thin you slice it, it's still boloney.

## She's Embarrassed to Tears

[Continued from page 83]

marriage is something terribly spiritual or something that you ought to go into with awfully serious ideas and all, because I mean otherwise it's all so sordid, sort of."

"I've never met a girl with such high ideals! You're the first girl I've ever met who's really inspiring. Oh, if you only could care for me, Kitty!"

"I'm awfully fond of you, Mincing, dear. Gosh, life's so awfully difficult, though, isn't it? I mean what can I do?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, gosh, it's all so impossible! I mean I adore Talma and I wouldn't do anything to hurt her for the world. Don't you see that even if I could care for you, Mincing, I could never show it?"

"Kitty! You do care for me!" breathed Mincing, taking her in his arms again, and Kitty didn't bother to deny the soft impeachment because she rather liked Mincing's necktie. They kissed ecstatically, unaware of the dismayed scrutiny of Ransom, who had come upon them suddenly, after a frantic search.

"Everybody's gone into lunch," stuttered Ransom, when he had mastered his emotions sufficiently to speak. "Talma sent me out to look for you."

"Ransom!" gasped Kitty, going to him, impulsively. "I'm so glad you came." She lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "I think Mincing's had too much. I mean I was simply terrified, because he suddenly grabbed me and before I knew it he was kissing me! I mean I was actually embarrassed to tears, my dear, because I mean I was simply powerless to do anything about it because I mean he was so brutal, sort of. Gosh, I think he's poisonous—I mean I actually do!"

When, later, Talma and Kitty were talking over the events of the hectic day which had been crowded with events in honor of the wedding party, Talma said, "I'm so glad you and Mincing like each other so much, my dear. I was sure you'd hit it off. He told me all about your tremendous talk in the rose garden before luncheon. He thinks you're terribly clever, my dear."

"Well, my dear," replied Kitty, easily. "all I actually did was to sit heavily and listen to him rave on about you. I mean he adores you, my dear. I think you're awfully lucky to be marrying somebody who's so completely infatuated with you, my dear. I mean I actually do!"



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# The Kidnapping of Leda Barrie

[Continued from page 86]

too that ransom money had been placed at the point demanded, but no one called for it. "Matt wouldn't explain why they hadn't taken the ransom money and from that time on I was silent. I couldn't speak.

"The morning of the tenth day they left me foot-loose and my hands were bound less tightly than usual. As soon as Matt was gone I began struggling with the cords. It was awful work but I got myself free finally. I was almost suffocated with excitement. I stole into the next room. No one was there. I did not know exactly where I was or how far I could escape, so I decided to take what food and drink I could find in the shack. On a shelf I found two oranges and some bananas. These I put in a little sack which was on the floor. Then I noticed a whiskey flask and I took it, because I knew I might get faint and dizzy on the desert. I shook with fear, I had to hurry so. I realized that if I passed out and was found, it was best to have some mark of identification on me. I tore a scrap from the label of another bottle lying there and with a burnt match scratched my name and address on it and stuck it in my sack.

"OUT of doors everything was quiet. I stole out along the way I thought Matt and the other man took every night. But I hadn't gone far before I became absolutely terrified of their coming down the road, so I struck into the desert. I can't remember much: the glaring hot sun, the dizziness, the sand, the cactus that tore at me, my shoes all twisted, my clothes torn. It lasted for hours and hours, but I was so desperate I went on ten, fifteen, I don't know how many miles till I sank down to rest in the shade of a giant cactus. I took a swig of the whiskey and it tasted strange. A swallow made me so intoxicated I fell asleep. When I woke I gave a cry of joy, for I could see cement houses not far away. I wondered I hadn't noticed these before but I concluded I must have been too dizzy to notice anything.

"I got up, sore and stiff and weak, and went into the little town. It was Sabrina. An Indian showed me where the sheriff was. He came out of his house and I told him the story. Then he said:

"But look at your clothes!"

"I looked. I was dumbfounded, Mr. Leggers. My dress, my stockings, my pumps were brand new, untorn, unspotted. I remembered how my clothes had been torn, my shoes twisted. These were new clothes. Those were not the ones I had escaped in.

"I've been kidnapped," I cried, "ten days." But the sheriff only laughed at me and made me a prisoner.

"You know the rest. Before I was kidnapped I was a star and held the world in my arms; when I came back, my home was destroyed; Lionel was lost to me and my career was over.

"Do you believe me?" she asked.

I looked into her eyes, which did not flinch and which seemed profoundly deep and true. Not once in telling her story had she made a slip nor been inconsistent. And yet if the thing wasn't a frame-up, what was it? And if it was a frame-up, how could she be innocent? As the sheriff of Sabrina said after being asked by the Los Angeles police whether she hadn't appeared exhausted and weak:

"She acted that way, gentlemen, but then she is an actress."

That was it. Nevertheless I deemed it wise to say I believed in her.

Tears of thankfulness shone in her eyes.

With a sudden half-sob, she said, "Will you see Lionel? Will you try to make him understand?" Her mouth twisted with bitter sobbing. "How can he think so harshly

of me? Why can't he see the truth of it?"

An hour later Wattles and I met on the flying field in Glendale. A continued search had already been made around Sabrina by motor car and by foot to find the shack in the wilderness Leda had described and all such search had been futile. If Leda's story were true—and I had to begin on that assumption since she was my client—then probably the house, which she said was new, had been purposely built where it would be most hidden and inaccessible. And also these men she told of must be engaged in some traffic, probably bootlegging, which made it necessary for them to have a secret meeting place that would be hard to find.

A search by airplane had not been made and that method alone could put the observer over the country so that it became a map for him to study with speed and accuracy. This was the method I planned to use.

While we waited on the field for our plane I asked Wattles what the exhibits in the case showed.

"Darn little," he grunted. "Shoes bought at Bainbridge and Company, local department store. But they say they sell so many of them they can't keep track. Then there is the whiskey flask, absolutely clean and washed. And then there's the label."

He handed me a bit of paper, with dried shining mucilage on the side where Leda's name and address was written in burnt match and with fragments of printing on the other which read, "Co. Inc. ati."

"Some drug company, I suppose, probably in Cincinnati," I surmised. I handed the paper back to Wattles.

It was about eleven in the morning that we hovered over the little town of Sabrina, which wheeled below us on the stark treeless ground, a squalid place of flat 'dobe houses and deserted dirt streets. Far to the south we could see the bed of the Rio Grande with a shining ribbon of water; here and there in that wide expanse there were hills, stretches of sand, patches of sage-brush.

THEN we began circling. The pilot carried out the maneuver perfectly, which was merely to make a growing spiral about Sabrina so that time and again we would turn the same circle, but each time a wider one. Wattles and I looked over the side and watched carefully. Every time we spotted some dark ravine or some patch of trees, we signaled our pilot, who made the plane dive so that we would almost brush the tree tops or touch the canyon side. This went on for some twenty minutes when Wattles reached over, grabbed me, and pointed. Leaning far out, I saw a valley. We signaled Connelly, the pilot. As we rushed to earth I gave a shout. I could discern something that looked like a patch of unpainted shingles.

"Land," I signaled.

We landed at some distance from an indistinct road through the desert wastes, each carrying a revolver. We slipped out of our flying togs and started forward.

"It's a house all right," said Wattles.

I led the way. We ascended a hill of sand, then descended through the sparse trees of the valley to the road, and went down the road—it was really the dry bed of a stream—until we sighted what was a new and unpainted house. At that point, we began running, revolvers in hand. I flung the door of the shack open, and we rushed in. The room was empty. I opened a little door in the wall. There was a tiny room, a bunk, a table, a few wall hooks. I turned back and confronted Wattles and Connelly.

"This is the house," I whispered. "She didn't lie about this."

"Let's search," put in Wattles.

He began peering about the wall and suddenly I saw him reach to a shelf and bring down a blue bottle. Then he took the torn label from his pocket, and fitted it.

"Look at this bottle," he cried. The patched label read: Chloroform, Fairhope & Co., Inc., Cincinnati. The label Leda used had been torn from this bottle."

We searched the place thoroughly but found nothing else. Then we noticed that the house had an attic reached by a ladder.

I climbed up, gave a look and descended. "Well," I said, "this much is clear. From the boxes up there I know the men here are dope-smugglers! That's what we've run into. And we'd better hurry, for we may expect a visit from them before long."

Leda had said they came regularly at noon. It was now so close to the noon hour that we ventured out of the house very cautiously. Nothing appeared in any direction. The heat was consuming; the sun, blinding. Circling the house we found a rubbish heap and in a few moments later Wattles triumphantly exhibited a cardboard box, marked Bainbridge & Company, Los Angeles, Calif. The tissue paper was still in it and a torn sales slip, a carbon copy reading: "September third, Ellie White, 2006 Tanger Street." That was all.

This I pocketed. "There's a woman worth seeing," I said.

**T**HIS discovery changed my campaign. I signaled the men to follow me, and we went back inside. We climbed the ladder into the loft, and since the hole was near the center of the room, we stretched flat on the attic floor and looked over the three sides, our guns ready.

We heard the increasingly loud hum of a motor. It chugged to within a short distance of the house and stopped. The world was unbelievably still again. We softly edged back until we could neither see nor be seen.

And then they came, two of them. There were voices, one affable, light, the other snarly and low.

Since Matt was the gentlemanly one, it was his voice which must be the affable and light one.

I nodded to Wattles, he to me. We would see if they would spill any secret before we acted.

"Ansel Leggers is on our trail," Matt announced.

So it was out. And how had it leaked?

"Who's he," muttered my unseen enemy.

"Ansel Leggers?" murmured Matt. "He's a New York detective."

"New York," murmured Skippy in a changed tone.

"Yes," Matt rose. "So, Skippy, I wish you'd come to your senses. Lay off the dope long enough and you'll see that this hole has become too hot for us. If they keep it up long enough and Leda Barrie has enough money to pay for the search they're bound to find us."

"Well, they won't," said Skippy. "They haven't yet. So shut up and get busy, while I go out for some wood."

I gave the signal and all three of us softly climbed down, freeing our gun-arms and covering the two men. In that moment I saw that Matt was tall and thin, his hair scanty and gray and that Skippy was short and squat with an ugly face, unshaved, and small greedy eyes.

Skippy was making for the door and Matt was rising from the chair. In the stillness my ordinary tones of voice carried distinctly.

"You're caught," I said. "Stick 'em up!"

They stopped Skippy in his tracks; Matt was still crouching. They turned and stared at us. Then up shot their hands.

Matt's voice was trembling.

"Good work. Is it Mr. Leggers?"

"The same," I said.

"Welcome, gentlemen."

"And be damned," added Skippy.

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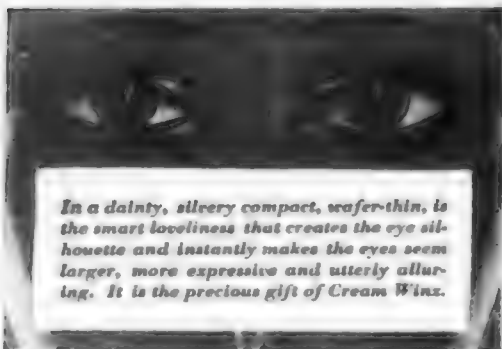
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We searched the men. Each carried a gun which we took from him.

"And now will you please explain why Miss Barrie was here," I said to Matt.

"That's a lot of applesauce," blurted Skippy.

Wattles pulled from his pocket and held up first the torn label and then the torn sales slip.

"It was a chloroform bottle at that," he said.

"Where's your authority?" snapped Skippy.

I nodded toward my gun. "Right there," I said.

"Well, we don't say a word. Find out for yourself," Skippy's tone was surly.

"Very well," I said. "Let's all be going."

**O**UTSIDE we bade farewell to Connelly, who was to take the plane back to Glendale, and Wattles and I, with our quarry, got into their automobile. Wattles drove while I kept the men covered and in half an hour we were in Sabrina, instructing the sheriff to send some men down to the shack to round up the rest of the gang.

As soon as we reached Los Angeles three plain-clothes men joined us; Connelly had seen to that. According to instructions they had brought a limousine for me and agreed to take my captives to some spot near Phyllis Clarkwell's house and wait there until I came for them.

I was acting on sheer hunch when I gave such instructions. I telephoned Lionel Witmore, Leda Barrie's husband, to meet me at the same address in half an hour. I didn't know what was going to happen. I didn't know that I should have anything to reveal to that doubting gentleman or whether I needed to face Leda Barrie with my dope smugglers. I had one remaining clue to investigate before I could go further, the clue of the sales slip. I sent my men out towards Hollywood while I drove down to Los Angeles to the department store of Bainbridge and Co.

It was simple enough to get in touch with Bainbridge himself and the work of looking up the sale took only a few minutes. A clerk entered with the original sales slip. The only thing was that there were two of them. Bainbridge looked them over.

"That's curious," he said. "Two of everything. And identical. Two identical dresses, hats, pumps and pairs of stockings."

"Thank you, Mr. Bainbridge," I said. "May I keep it?"

"Of course," he said.

We shook hands and hurried out. The clothes on Leda Barrie had been new because the clothes she had set out in had been changed before she reached Sabrina. Here was a fact indeed! But why had they been changed? And by whom was the change made? If by herself, she surely would have said so. If by others, what was their motive? To ruin her?

I crossed the crowded sidewalk in a hurry. "Drive straight to 2006 Tanager Street."

I leaped out, dashed up the ragged lawn, rang the bell.

"Are you Mrs. White?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," her voice was sweet.

"Mrs. Ellie White?"

"Oh, no," she laughed. "She's my daughter and no Mrs., either."

"Is she here?"

"Oh, no, she's at work."

"Pardon me," I said. "This is all for the census, you see." She nodded quite content with my explanation. "What work does she do?"

"Why, she's a maid, sir, working for movie people."

"For whom?"

"Miss Phyllis Clarkwell, sir."

You could have knocked me down, as they say, with the lightest feather. This was news indeed, red hot news, news that would take the country by storm. So the maid of Phyllis Clarkson, the bosom friend of Leda,

the friend in need, had bought the clothes which Leda had worn in the shack. Incredible! I felt so stupid with the shock of it that I left her and returned to the car without saying a word.

"To Phyllis Clarkwell's house and make it snappy," I said.

The car swerved from the road, passed through a gateway and climbed the hill of the Clarkwell estate. Before the house came in view I stopped. The detectives with my prisoners were there waiting. I instructed two of the men to skirt the house carefully and plant themselves behind bushes so near the French windows that they might hear a police whistle when I blew it. The third was to guard the dope smugglers and to bring them in when I called.

I then went to the front door and said to the maid:

"Tell Miss Barrie that I have a personal message from her husband and must see her alone for a few minutes."

Leda entered and held out a hand to me.

"Sit down, Miss Barrie," I said and when she had done so, I leaned over and whispered, "Forgive me for my message for I haven't seen your husband. I simply sent that word as a ruse for seeing you alone. Now you must tell me if you and Miss Clarkwell have always been good friends."

She started. "Oh, no," she said. "that's the amazing part of it. We were bitter enemies." I felt the blood leave my cheeks. "Why?"

"She was madly in love with Lionel."

"How madly?" My heart did a somersault.

"Madly enough to try to make him believe sometime ago that Charley Boone and I were in love."

"She did that? And did he believe it?"

"No, he didn't. He sent her packing."

"And yet you could trust yourself to her?"

"It was wonderful, Mr. Leggers. I was at the hotel and she came, burst into tears and flung her arms about me. She asked forgiveness. She understood so deeply, she said my situation because she too loved Lionel, because she knew how hard he could be and that was a bond between us."

"Very well. Fetch Miss Clarkwell."

She went out and I paced the floor. The front door bell rang and Lionel Witmore entered. There was no mistaking him.

"I am Ansel Leggers," I said.

Lionel nodded to the two women and all of us sat down. Again Phyllis was on the arm of the chair and Leda, holding her friend's arm, was looking at Lionel with a look that must have melted his heart if he saw it. It was the look of a child begging forgiveness for something she had not done.

"I have news," I said. "We have found the guilty one. There has been a confession. It is a great surprise."

**I**N THE tense silence no one moved.

Suddenly I lifted the police whistle and blew a shrill blast. All of us leaped to our feet; Leda was moaning.

Through the open French windows came our two prisoners and the detectives.

Matt and Skippy stood there confronting Leda and Phyllis. I heard a scream but it did not come from Leda who was crumpled up in a dead faint. It came from Phyllis.

"So you've peached," she cried.

"We didn't peach," said Matt.

"Done," I said. They had given themselves away completely.

I turned to Wattles. "Get some water or whiskey for Miss Barrie. And now, Matt, out with the yarn."

"Well, you see, gentlemen," he said, "Miss Clarkwell has to have a shot to keep her poise and all that hard-boiled stuff, and I'm her bootlegger. Got to know her well. She treated me as if I were a gentleman. Then she talked over this kidnapping business. Said she'd thought of a way to queer Leda with Mr. Witmore so that she could horn in. I told her she was crazy but after Mr. Boone



had left for a week or two she said there was an easy way to do it. Miss Barrie was staging a bandit story in which she had to get carried off. Skippy and I could substitute in the scene so that the absence of Charley Boone could be connected up with Miss Barrie's disappearance and when Miss Barrie showed up she'd spoil her own case.

"We got two sets of clothes through Miss Clarkwell's maid and the first we had Miss Barrie put on in the shack. The ransom business was just another bit to make Miss Barrie's story fishy. On the twelfth day we saw to it that the ropes of her hand were loose. We figured she'd take the whiskey flask, as any one would, and we doped the whiskey, for we reckoned that after ten miles or so she'd have to rest, and she'd feel so faint she'd take a swig. Then she'd go into a deep sleep. Well, Skippy ran the car slowly and waited at different points until I showed up and I tracked Miss Barrie. After she became unconscious, we swapped her clothes for her and cleaned out the whiskey flask. Then we put her in the car and drove up near Sabrina where we found a place to deposit her. We knew then she'd tell the yarn straight, and they'd ask her about the clothes, and that, with the ransom trick and Charley Boone being away would about ruin her.

"IT WAS all the infatuation of Miss Clarkwell for Mr. Witmore. Perhaps she's gotten out of this what she wanted; I haven't."

"No," groaned Phyllis, "I haven't won a thing. Lionel wouldn't see me; he was heart-broken over Leda. I was so sorry for him I almost gave myself away."

I turned to Wattles.

"Take these two men and Miss Clarkwell to headquarters. I'll follow later."

In another moment the room was cleared.

"Miss Barrie," I said, "you are absolutely cleared. The whole world will know it tonight."

"You have done everything for me. Mr. Leggers," she said. "There's only one thing in the world I want now."

An anguished cry broke from Lionel.

"Oh, darling," he said, "forgive me. I've been a brute. How could I lose faith in you?"

"Lionel, Lionel," she sobbed and they held each other close.

I discovered I had business elsewhere.

But that was the end of it so far as Leda was concerned. She swept back into popular affection as swiftly as she had been cast out and all Los Angeles went wild with joy at her reinstatement. Phyllis Clarkwell went to prison along with Skippy and Matt. A year later Leda retired from the movie world, well satisfied to go while still loved by the public.

But Wattles and I still remember that day in California with rare satisfaction. It was a mystery so baffling that even I could not believe Leda Barrie's story told by herself, with evident sincerity.

But there it is. I have a few more cases perhaps equally interesting. For instance the story of the man who appeared to be a polygamist, and who may or may not have been as you shall see when I tell it to you some time soon.

Whether we admit it or not everyone of us has to some extent that peculiar emotion called jealousy. Lucian Cary tells you what jealousy is, when it should be controlled, and when you should raise hob about it, in his article aimed directly at every married and unmarried couple in America today. "Don't Be Ashamed of Jealousy" in December SMART SET

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This Book  
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## I Know Your Line

[Continued from page 41]

and have fudge and pop-corn and intermittent doses of my company at any time.

Out of high school, I began meeting boys and applying a knowledge which was merely theoretical in a practical way. Don is a hair puller. He is a Cecil grown up. The first time he meets a girl, he pretends that she might as well be a lemon hanging on a lemon tree in Abyssinia as far as he is concerned. When he finally deigns to notice you, he starts telling you what a false alarm you are.

"That's a rotten hair cut, baby. What makes girls get hair cuts like that?"

"Don't you like my hair cut?" the girl asks in an injured tone.

"Well, you have the kind of face that can't stand it. I mean, your face is the ordinary sort."

He lets you think that he can't see you for dust. When he finally has you reduced to a shivering pulp of inferiority, he begins being kind to you. Then the second part of his line begins.

"YOU know, there's more behind your eyes than any one would suspect. When I first met you, I didn't think that I'd like you. I like you pretty well now, though."

By this time, the girl thinks she is being favored by the gods. She'd give her eyeteeth if anybody wanted them, to wrench, by hook or crook, by fair means or foul, a proposal from him.

Larry is Irish. He has a soft voice and earnest, soulful eyes. Larry might tell a woman that he is the Crown Prince of Alagozalum, hiding from his courtiers because he doesn't want to marry the Crown Princess of Saxony, and the woman wouldn't bother to look for Alagozalum on the map.

And Larry doesn't leap at a girl and kiss her the first ten minutes he knows her. Here is how he does it. A moonlight night and a canoe, liberally sprinkled with cushions and seasoned with weeping willows if possible. He stares earnestly and intently into your eyes, sighs and says, "Lord, with eyes like that, you must have had a thousand men in love with you!"

Your cue is to drop your eyelashes modestly. Larry won't miss. He'll gasp. "Fringed," he'll say, "with black butterfly wings!"

It is a wow. They go down under it like ninepins. They love to hear him talk about their gorgeous: one, red-gold; two, blue black; three, copper; four, chestnut; five, honey-colored, (check the one you want) hair. They are aching to be kissed by the time he finishes but do you think he kisses them? Not he. He knows the value of suspense. He produces a volume of poetry from under his arm or up his coat sleeve, or out of his shoe, or wherever he carries it, and reads beautiful little sonnets about lovely white ladies and moonlight nights, and by the time he finishes, if you don't think you are a lovely white lady in a moonlight night, you are a pretty smart girl.

There's the man who tries to capture you by letting you think he's a big he man, a potential Tilden, Tunney, Weismuller. George is that sort. You can picture George pulling out of an ice cold shower in the morning and immediately bursting into song. You never see him without a tennis racket or a sack of golf sticks hidden somewhere on his manly person. He sits on your doorstep at break of dawn, waiting to initiate you into the joys of an athletic existence. He drags you around and makes you sock white balls back at him whether you want to or not. George is the type of man who has marriage as an objective. With an eye to future connubial bliss, he

will stand over you on the golf course and criticize your manner of grasping your club.

"Darling," he'll protest, "don't hold it that way! Look!" then he'll demonstrate and you are supposed to admire him. If you aren't careful, George has you exhausted by the end of the fifth week. You stagger to your couch wondering if you will ever walk again. He chooses a nice, bright day in the open air for his proposal. "Companionship," he'll say, "is the first requisite to a successful marriage. Mutual love of sport, plenty of exercise to keep the mind and body fit. That is the type of marriage that produces healthy, keen-minded children!"

Plenty of exercise! When you are aching in every bone, every muscle! When you are thinking traitorous and loving thoughts about tile tubs and hot baths! When George finally comes to the point and says, "What do you say we try it out?" you gasp feebly that you intend to be an old maid.

I know a man whom we will call Ned. He has traveled. Oh, hasn't he! You feel that Ned has seen señoritas and half dressed French women, and blonde Swisses and almond-eyed Chinese girls, and they have all dropped off his knife like water off a duck's back.

You can picture Ned in a roomful of women, searching, turning them down with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

Then he'll say, "I'm wild about you, mad about you."

Ned never mentions marriage. Ned is sufficient, marriage or no marriage. He calls the waiter, "Garçon" and asks for "l'addition" instead of the check. He pesters your traveled friends by trying to catch them unawares and make them admit that he's seen some place they haven't. He establishes an air of intimacy between himself and the lady of his choice for the evening by pretending to watch her every move admiringly, adoringly. Looking up from your soup, you are apt to find Ned's soup uneaten. Ned is meanwhile feasting his eyes on your hands, or the curve of your cheek.

**WHAT**, pray, can you do with a man like that? If you have a kindly disposition and are a glutton for punishment, you can endure Ned for a month. After that, if you have a brain besides a kindly disposition, Ned is about as much use as an empty bottle.

Tommy falls in the fifth category. In his early youth, I suspect that he read something about sweeping a woman off her feet. He has the idea that when he sees a girl he wants, the approved procedure is that of galloping to her side, putting his arm around her and kissing the back of her neck before they are properly introduced. If some enterprising person gets the introduction in before Tommy gets a chance to kiss her, he wastes no time in taking her out in the moonlight and bruising her lips effectively. Tommy's favorite song is "You Don't Like It—not Much." When Tommy kisses a girl and she protests, he laughs. When she slaps him, he laughs again. That is an indication that she has fallen for him. He has a neat line of chatter and it deals mostly with the fact that women don't know what they want. Tommy thinks that when a girl runs, she means for him to chase her. If she falls down, he thinks she falls purposely, and his method is to pick her up and kiss her again.

Corey is a briber. He is about thirty-five years old.

"Anything you want, my dear," Corey says with a large gesture indicating that you may take home the chandelier as a



souvenir if you want it. It's all yours.

He sends you candy done up like jewelry and jewelry done up like candy. After the third box of orchids, Corey starts pawing you. If you protest, he is injured. Whether you ask for his orchids or his candy makes absolutely no difference. He says, "Haven't I been pretty good to you? Could anybody treat you any nicer than I have? I suppose you're interested in some young fool, somebody without anything to offer you. Perhaps you prefer the movies and the Bronx Zoo to good shows and night clubs. Is that it?"

If you explain delicately that the movies and the Bronx Zoo carried no obligations, he raps out, "Some day you'll grow up. When you do, call me up."

Wally is good looking. He is wealthy. "Women," Wally says with a yawn, "bore me. I have never found a woman whose company I could stand more than five hours at a time."

It is a challenge that most girls fall into head over heels. They set about it with the air of confidence that says that soon, Wally will be on his knees requesting their presence for the rest of his life.

"Kissing is awfully stupid," Wally says, "but what else is there to do? All women are alike, though. Kiss one, and you kiss them all. There's nothing original about women, that's why they're so dull."

WALLY walked out on a girl at a party one night. She was furious. Everybody present suspected that Wally was keen about her. She had not fallen for his line. His boredom had made no impression upon her. She simply shrugged and said, "If you're bored, beat it. Go somewhere where you aren't," but underneath that indifference, she was crazy about him. She followed him out, got in her roadster and caught up with him about two miles from the party. They must have been funny, sitting in their roadsters on a dark country road, fighting. Wally said, "I left because I was bored!" She snapped, "You're a liar! That's a pose!" Wally had never before met a girl who was capable of liking him and seeing through his line at the same time. They settled Wally's boredom after two hours of mutual insults and came back to the party in the same roadster.

Dick lives in Greenwich Village and believes in free love.

"Darling," he'll say, "what is marriage? Merely a few words of unimportance mumbled before an unimportant man. The real issue lies between you and me. I love you. You love me. Nothing matters, after all, but love, does it?"

If you curb the impulse to tell him that you've heard that nothing mattered but love so many times that you know when it is coming before he even reaches that point, Dick is sorely hurt. He rants about insincerity, swearing that he is sincere.

On the other hand, there is the young man who tells you what he thinks of you honestly, compliments you when you deserve it, knows when to season the association with romance, is enthusiastic about sports with moderation, is able to talk intelligently about his travels if any, spends what he can afford, is bored when he should be, and is sufficiently broadminded to get by in this day and age of broadmindedness. He knows when to kiss you and when not to kiss you, and if he likes you, he doesn't make any great fuss about telling you or trying to conceal it from you. He usually says, "You're a good kid. In fact, I'm crazy about you."

It's fairly easy to tell when he means it and it is twice the compliment. There are a few of them left. I know several but I won't promise to bring them around and introduce them because I want them all myself.

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# Girls, Be More Like Men

[Continued from page 54]

of time while experimenting with his chum on a homemade short wave receiving set. The girl had a wild story of being caught in a prohibition raid.

"Now do cut out the worry about me, dad," she said. "I know my way around."

She does. But the only way she knows is the round of the night clubs. She's a fine, clever girl, quite irreproachable in personal conduct. But she hasn't interest in life except hunting a husband in her own gay fashion, which is to drink moderately and dance ceaselessly with a certain set of prosperous young business men among whom there are two or three eligibles. My point is that each of these men, like the girl's younger brother, lives a life of varied activity, with jobs, hobbies, studies, sports and some evening social recreation. But to the girl the latter is everything.

THE fundamental fact is that man strikes lustily through the surges of life with a thousand shifting objectives. Woman floats passively in the warm backwaters, craving mostly caresses.

The recent plunge of young women into man's realm of business and sport hasn't altered their governing mood. Business girls make use of their new intimacies with the opposite sex only as so many additional lures to capture a mate. Or, failing to win a man, they consider their jobs simply as compensating activities by which they can make the best of things despite spinsterhood.

In other words, the great failure of the so-called free modern girl is that she has only picked up man's vernacular and superficial habits; she has carried with her intact her old sex obsession and until she is free of that she can never be free.

When I said as much recently to a very radical contemporary maiden, she rallied righteously to mid-Victorianism.

"Why," she flared up, "you men are notoriously sex-mad creatures. As such you're always ready to exploit womanhood. Girls, even today, are as innocent as babes in the woods, compared to you!"

Of course, the plain truth is the other way round. To men, sex is nothing but a casual motive, but women, from time immemorial, have seized upon it and played it up to the exclusion of all else. They have found it the easiest way of managing men for their own ends.

In a crowded restaurant the other day, I was struck forcibly by this contrast between the male point of view and the female. A group of young business men sat at a near-by table. The fragments of their conversation that I overheard touched on politics, exploration, college athletics, radio, golf and the problem of the skyscraper as a cause of street congestion. These chaps had a vast range of impersonal motives quite outside the realm of romance. They exemplified the fact that man has won his dominant place in the world because he will give himself with even more enthusiasm to business and artistic or mechanical creation than to love-making.

In this same restaurant at another neighboring table sat several business girls. Did they talk shop, as the men were doing all around them? Did they give even a thought to the stock market, the boss's new business deal, the latest aviation triumph or the situation in Nicaragua? No. They were gossiping about mutual acquaintances, for all the world like village housewives of the pre-emancipated age. Soon they had narrowed the whole conversation down to sex in its different phases including Betty's Paris frock, Peggy's latest heart affair and Ann's

coming baby. This lasted the whole hour.

In a word, the emancipated Eve of today still suffers from Eve's ancient illusion that love is all. She fails as a cultivator of life because she has gone in for the one-crop fallacy and when her one crop fails, the same being sex-gratification, marriage and maternity, then she is utterly lost.

Now this particular harvest is more than likely to fail. Too many tempests of life are in conspiracy against its fruition. If you girls would only look about you intelligently and not through the tinted haze of your lingering romantic illusions, you would see that marriage is at least as often as not a less happy state than single independence and that maternity by itself brings more of grief than joy.

And yet to this fragile reed you radical young women of 1928 are clinging just as ardently as ever. You see all around you promising marriages become domestic purgatories; you see men and women in unprecedented numbers seeking freedom by divorce and nevertheless you devote all your best energies to the capture of a man. I grant, of course, that wedded life may often be a splendidly happy career. But I am urging that often it is not and that therefore you should take much more to heart than you have yet done the other careers that are now opening to you.

Moreover, now or never is your chance. You have lately succeeded in adopting the outer guise of man's life. Can't you go farther and grasp the spirit within, the spirit of multiple compelling ambitions? If you fail to do so, reaction and disappointment may bring about a counter revolution that will throw your sex back into its old helpless servitude.

To illustrate how widely you have so far missed the true goal of your break for freedom, I need only cite the topic which has set me speaking along this track.

The editor of SMART SET asked me to talk to an audience of sophisticated and very modern young women but the subject he proposed was this: Are girls becoming too masculine to appeal to men, and especially to the red-blooded and virile type of heroes which he credited me with creating?

To appeal to men!

That, he correctly implied, is your single, central life interest. You know it as well as he does or I do. Then I can only ask a counter question: Where is all this modernity and self-sufficiency you boast of? Wherein, for all your sophistication, do you differ from the girls of 1890?

Let me dismiss the propounded question with the obvious reply that the alleged masculine girl isn't masculine at all and that so long as she chooses chiefly to charm men she will continue to do so, be she superficially just as mannish, hard or cynical as whim dictates.

BUT on the other hand, I wonder whether for your own sake, you girls shouldn't begin deliberately to neglect this preoccupation with an appeal to men. Perhaps I'm arguing here against the pleasurable interests of my own sex, since your ceaseless efforts to enhance your charms undoubtedly add tantalizing variety to our masculine lives. Indeed, though, there is precisely the core of my argument. The thing which to you is the most important activity of all has for its object only the casual diversion of men.

Among my acquaintances is a young woman who makes a breezy boast of having scrapped all the old conventional shackles of her sex. Yet she goes calmly

on playing the utterly trivial role of dolling up, posturing and flirting artistically with glance and word for the single purpose of entrancing men. But she speaks with bated breath and a quite sincerely outraged moral sense concerning one of her friends who played the same game too consistently and fell deep into an illicit affair. You would think the latter girl's lapse was the greatest of all conceivable sins. To "good" women it actually seems so. Men know that many vices are worse: greed, selfishness, hypocrisy, cruelty, treachery.

The importance of sex is over-rated in our moral code because women have largely made the code and they have no sane perspective on this subject. Assuredly their route to the emancipation they seek is not through suffrage nor a place in the business world, but simply through the relegation of sex to a minor place in their scheme of things, alongside many vital new interests such as men thrive upon.

Indeed, I believe that women may be charged with poor citizenship generally, simply because of their continuing sex-obsession. With obvious exceptions, it is broadly true that women are selfish, arrogant and petty as compared with men. They are poor sports. They are merciless and jealous.

In her soul every woman considers every other woman a potential rival for male attentions. From this mutual distrust springs an ingrained habit of unsocial conduct. From it also arises the haughty intolerance which the circumspect woman, like the breezy modern girl I have just mentioned, has for her less cautious friend.

I know an extremely capable girl who is a subordinate in a large office. She complains that twice in the past year younger men have been promoted over her head to jobs which she might easily have handled. The reason is simple. Men know that in general few women can be safely advanced to executive positions because women cannot make disinterested decisions; personal factors and picayune jealousies will govern their acts.

**A**gain, why does the fair sex so rarely produce great artists, great leaders, great heroes? Because, in the mass, women are bent upon what they can acquire for themselves. They are always thinking of what they can get and not of what they can do. They demand clothes, jewels, leisure and luxury either as bait for male quarry or as symbols of victory in the chase. Even in the supposedly feminine quality of tenderness men often excel women because, to be tender one must put oneself in the under dog's place, and woman cannot afford to do that if she is to succeed in her unremitting task of keeping herself the center of the picture for men.

All this, of course, is a blanket generality, with the reservation which any fair man will make that many women as mothers, nurses, sweethearts and wives, are capable of heroism, gentleness and self-sacrifice beyond man's uttermost powers. Indeed, it is this very capacity for greatness which makes the most uncommon failings of women the more tragic. It is all bunk to say that women are naturally incapable of desiring anything but mating and maternity. Their lives are narrowed simply by schoolgirl habits of thoughts and not by biological destiny.

And the chief mistake you ultramodern young women have made is to cling to the schoolgirl habits of thought while adopting only certain of man's most conspicuous and least admirable ways.

But if once you would seek to rule the world with all your powers instead of only with physical charm, you might easily reduce men to a secondary place and incidentally wipe out many of the horrors of civilization which men have never been able to conquer.

This then is the opportunity which I see for you modern young women. You have found a new bodily freedom. Now you need only find a corresponding new soul. Don't stop short as you have at present with a mere breezy affectation of man's superficial activities. Get the genuine feel of man's inner attitude toward life which is that there are a thousand and one big things to do besides cultivating romances.

And suppose, as a result, you do lose some of your appeal to men. When your masculinization is more thorough you will accomplish something which you miss now and that is to maintain your hold on men after you have won them.

Obviously, the men who tire of sweet-hearts and wives tire of them because they find when the glamour is worn off that there is no dovetailing between them of spiritual and mental interests. The man is thinking constantly in terms of accomplishments and the woman in terms of acquisitiveness. All the work of the world is the man's scope of curiosity. But the woman's is encompassed largely by three topics: First, does he love her? Second, what is all the latest personal gossip about her friends? Third, in how many ways can she appear superior to the latter? No wonder marriages go on the rocks. The reasons given in divorce proceedings are legion, but back of many of them is this subtle, universal incompatibility between the sexes.

**A**ND it is my observation that companionships often are more lasting between virile women and their husbands than between the old-fashioned baby doll and her husband. In other words, while sex is truly the greatest attractive force in life, it has little tensile strength. To hold your mate or to hold your children or to hold your grip on sanity and happiness in this world of multiple cross currents and conflicting destinies, you must have the binding cement of a diversity of interests.

Man has such varied interests and to him the world is a pretty good place. You modern girls, for all your pretense, have not acquired this masculine breadth of compelling motives, and hence you are just as dissatisfied and restless as your predecessors. In sport, your play is largely for display, not for the points of the game so much as for the chance of showing your own best points. In business, you don't plunge head over heels in love with your job, as any successful man must do, but you are continually calculating whether the boss or somebody won't fall in love with you.

But the sum total of your failure is more extensive than its reaction upon your own happiness. You are actually working havoc among young men today because you have come forward to meet them chiefly on the plane of their animal instincts. You very sophisticated young women aren't smart enough to perceive that from adolescence onward most boys have within them some strains of idealism and tentative spiritual cravings that would respond to the stimulus a girl could offer.

Actually you chose to stimulate only their senses and appeal only to their levity.

The responsibility rests, then, with modern girls to determine whether our era of so-called flaming youth may not become an era of gloriously golden youth. Surely the generation that has produced our Lindberghs and Amelia Earharts and Glenna Colletts is capable of far finer things than the petting parties that certain young women have made its most notorious characteristic. Men can play with you on that level and with less risk than you. But they cannot meet you on higher levels unless you will climb there to meet them. If so far much of your freedom has been only futility, it is because you have failed to learn what men know, that there is more to life than love.



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# What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 35]

again by this ancient tradition which Catherine the Great proved to be ridiculous over a hundred years ago.

A man says, "My wife is wonderful when anything big happens. But she makes herself so unhappy over a lot of little things that don't mean a darn."

You have met the wife who weeps because her husband has ceased to notice a new dress when she puts it on.

Yet in the courtship days he was too dazzled to know what she had on and she considered it a compliment.

And right there, if she only knew it, if she would only stop to think it out, lies one of her greatest safeguards.

A WORLD-famous portrait painter said the other day, "I have painted some of the world's greatest beauties and I, if any man, should admire and love feminine beauty. Yet I believe that after two years of possession a man entirely ceases to take cognizance of whether a woman is beautiful or not. The beauty and the plain woman stand upon exactly the same level when a certain amount of time has elapsed. He either loves or hates her by that time for other things, for deeper, more real things. She has become a woman to him and not just a piece of flesh."

That is why a clever woman knows that it doesn't matter whether the man notices her new dress or not. In the same ratio, he won't notice it when she happens to have a cold in her nose or her hair turns gray. Those are the "little things," a new dress and a swollen nose.

The fallacy of the importance of little things is exposed by the very words themselves.

Little things are little things, aren't they? And all life and all human relationships are turned topsy-turvy if they are allowed to assume an unwarranted position. They can bring unhappiness only when the woman herself allows them to do so by losing her perspective.

There is but one way for any woman who sincerely wishes to make a success of getting and holding men to judge these matters.

What was their value in the man's eyes? Were they important to him? Did he consider them big?

If they were and he neglected them, then that means something. If they weren't, then it doesn't.

Take, for example, the much discussed matter of anniversaries, wedding and otherwise. A forgotten wedding anniversary is set forth on many occasions in divorce complaints as cruelty.

The average man doesn't attach much significance to such things. If he happens to think about it, of course he celebrates it, makes presents, and expresses tender sentiments. But he's just as apt not to remember it at all.

Does that mean anything?

Probably nothing more than that he has a rotten memory or is busy. The woman who causes an uproar because of such an omission is a fool and an egotist. If in the year that has passed since the last date the man has given proof of his care and affection, if he still likes to be with her better than with any one else, does his oversight mean that he doesn't love her?

On the other hand, suppose John has been fairly attentive to Mary for some months. There isn't any engagement. They aren't bound to each other but he takes her out

more often than all the other girls put together and he's beginning to wonder if maybe she isn't the one he wants.

But suppose one night he happens to meet Jane when he's coming out of the office. He hasn't a date with Mary, so he asks Jane to go to dinner and a movie. And it just happens that the next day Jane mentions what a good time she had in front of Mary.

When John meets Mary that night she's a little frigid and sometime during the evening she gets off a couple of catty remarks about Jane.

John knows his evening with Jane wasn't important. He's under no obligation to Mary. And his reaction to Mary's cattiness is one of amazed withdrawal. He probably says to himself, "Oh—oh, I guess maybe it wouldn't be so nice to be tied up to Mary after all. She'd be jealous and she'd be unfair. Wouldn't understand. No, I guess I'll ease out of this."

Whereas if Mary, knowing about Jane, had "pulled up her socks" and given John a much nicer evening than he had with Jane, she would probably have found herself proposed to before the evening was over.

A "little thing" has cost Mary what might have been her life's happiness.

These are, of course, surface things. But the deep and important fact is that too many companionships between men and women today are wrecked by the lack of a sound sense of values on the woman's part.

In this connection there are three things which should be considered by every woman.

First, the terrific danger of driving a man away from them, either in the early days of attraction or the later days of possession, by making him uncomfortable, unnatural, and self-conscious about "little things."

Above everything in the world, a man loves to feel comfortable with the woman he loves. Often that is the first thing that makes him single her out among the rest of the women he meets. He says to himself, "I feel comfortable when I'm with her." He likes to be himself. Her hold on him, her attraction for him, gains power with every hour of ease and pleasant companionship which happens to them. When he finds in her the sort of comradeship which he has hitherto found only in men, with the additional glamour that she is a woman, he is completely enthralled.

The instant that the girl makes him self-conscious, the instant he has to stop and think whether that's the right thing to say or do, he is uncomfortable. And few men will stay around anything, even a beautiful woman, who makes them uncomfortable.

The joy in the relationship vanishes. Deceit is the next step. The final one is where he moves on to some one else.

ALL this may make the woman very unhappy. It may even break her heart. Yet she won't see that the whole thing is her own fault. She won't stop to consider that the little upsets, the little quarrels, the sense of strain, all came from her. That she started them all by resenting some careless remark, by being hurt because he didn't happen to notice that the orchestra was playing her favorite tune, by rebuking him for some minor negligence, by being jealous. Nothing makes a man more rebellious than being put in the dog house when he isn't guilty. And nothing fills him with



more tenderness, nothing heaps coals of fire on his head, like being treated with gentleness when he is.

The modern girl doesn't do these things in the same way that her old-fashioned sister did. She doesn't weep and pine and faint. But she does them as every man knows to his endless bewilderment.

Strangely enough, however, the modern girl does them only when she is actually in love with, or attracted to, the man. It is an accepted fact that a woman can handle any man with perfect ease until she is in love with him. Then, at the time when she most needs all her cleverness and judgment, she loses both. Which proves anew the point that head work is the thing that counts.

Compliments, sentimental speeches, delicate remembrances, even if all this is expressed in the modern mode of kidding and hard-boiled frankness, are all very pretty. And any man who loves a woman gives them to her in some form or another. The trouble is that woman wants them her way.

The measuring stick to be applied here is to remember how easy and how cheap words are. Almost any one can say words. Almost any one can repeat pretty phrases.

Keats, for instance, who wrote some of the greatest poetry the world has ever known or ever will know, was one of the most harassing and thoroughly unsatisfactory lovers it is possible to imagine. He wrote "The Eve of St. Agnes" under the inspiration of his love for Fanny Brawne, but he made her life a series of tragedies with his jealousies, his misunderstandings, his temperamental outbursts. And Fanny Brawne was a middle class English girl without the genius of a Catherine or a Cleopatra.

**R**OMANCE is a deep and beautiful thing. It belongs in every life; it is loved in every age. Today as much as in the days of the Round Table and Launcelot and Galahad. Its true expression is in unselfish devotion, in real understanding, in that oneness of thought and desire which binds two people to each other for all eternity. There is no denying woman's need of and right to romance. To beauty in love. The most diamond-cut flapper crumbles beneath it. The heart of woman hasn't changed, only her surface.

But the big woman learns to find romance in spiritual closeness, in mental companionship, in high achievement, in fine loyalty and sustained action and not in the cheap tinkle of words and the blatant protest of cheap sentimentality.

Above all things, indeed, she should learn to differentiate between romance and technique.

The second thing to remember is that here again it is up to the woman. She must inspire romance, she cannot demand it. She must earn and create beauty in love, she cannot expect it as a right.

Great lovers are made by the women they love.

Every man has an ideal. And every man carries with him through all the muck and mire of living, all the cheap affairs with women, all the loneliness, all the disappointments, this ideal.

Most women would be infinitely surprised to meet that ideal face to face. Yet there is nothing which would be more helpful to her in winning him and holding him. With all men the ideal is more or less alike. Sweetness, kindness, thoughtfulness, affection, companionship, comfort, understanding, beauty that is within more than without and above all understanding.

When Potemkin, who was then only a young Russian officer, first fell in love with Catherine, he wanted her to measure up to his ideal. He was unhappy because of her past love affairs. And she wrote him a beautiful letter in which she said, "And now, Sir Hero, can I after this confession hope for forgiveness for my sins? If fate

had given me in my youth a husband, whom I could love, I should have remained true to him forever. The trouble is that my heart would not willingly be one hour without love. If you would attach me to yourself forever, then show me as much friendship as love, and beyond everything, love and speak the truth."

Every woman will have from her man the amount of love she inspires; she will have romance in the proportion that she measures up to that ideal in his heart. That, rather than demands, rather than forcing small demonstrations, is the method which has been used by the women of the world's history who have been madly loved.

And the way to inspire love is to please.

The third thing to analyze with care and honesty is how much outside opinion, concerned with what the world says, has to do with a woman's insistence upon the little things.

How many times is a woman upset by some action or some failure in action simply because other people see it, or may get the wrong impression from it?

For the woman who really desires to win and hold her man this is the last thing that should ever be considered. It is dangerous; it is petty; it throws her whole perspective out of line.

Again there is a simple and perfect testing rod.

In a love affair, nothing matters but the relation of the man and woman to each other. If she is sure that between them harmony exists, if she is sure that the two of them are going along side by side, hand in hand, united by understanding, nothing else should have the slightest importance.

She can laugh at anything else in the world.

Yet jealousy, that one emotion which has absolutely no redeeming phase, is nine times out of ten based upon wounded pride and vanity, caused by what the woman considers her humiliation in the eyes of others.

Five women, all of them considered more than ordinarily charming, all of them having been much loved and by rather superior types of men, were discussing jealousy.

Without exception, they admitted that they would rather the man they loved was actually unfaithful if no one knew about it, than that he was markedly attentive to some other girl in the presence of mutual friends or where the world could see.

In other words, most jealousy is wounded vanity. Most jealousy is hurt pride. Wounded vanity is a small and ignoble emotion. Consequently it must be overcome. And it is overcome by learning the value of things, by analysis of circumstances, by thought, clear, honest, right thought.

**C**ATHERINE the Great said of herself that she had a masculine rather than a feminine temperament. To some extent this was true. She thought like a man and she had a man's sense of values. Therein lay her greatness. Little things never disturbed her.

But she was a very feminine person just the same. She fought with the French Government for years because they continued to address her as "Your Majesty" instead of as "Your Imperial Majesty." She never got over regretting a dress she wanted the Christmas before the Empress Elizabeth died and which she couldn't afford. When, after she had become Empress, she had with Orloff's assistance restored discipline in the army, reformed the currency, straightened out the taxes, abolished monopolies and settled the strikes in the mines, she devoted her time to silk embroidery, and made a gorgeous robe of the most exquisite and delicate workmanship, to be presented to a certain Monastery.

First of all perhaps in her wonderful indifference to little things, came her sense of



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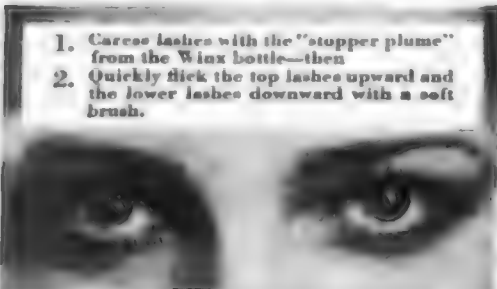
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humor. It was impossible for her to take things too seriously. She once wrote an essay upon the different ways of laughing. After Voltaire died, she wrote, "Since Voltaire died, it seems to me that honor no longer attaches to good humor; it was he who was the divinity of gaiety. Procure for me an edition of his works, to renew within me and confirm my natural love of laughter."

She was extremely easy-going. In her memoirs, the Princess Dashkov, who may lay claim to being the only intimate woman friend the Czarina ever had, speaks of an occasion which shows how much care Catherine took to make her lovers comfortable.

On the very evening when the revolution, under Gregory Orloff and his brother Alexie, had succeeded in deposing Peter and proclaiming Catherine II empress, the Princess, who had been one of the conspirators, went to the palace. There she entered Catherine's own rooms, without being announced, as was her custom.

"What was my astonishment," she wrote, "at beholding Gregory Orloff stretched at full length on a sofa in one of the rooms, having hurt his leg it appeared, with a large packet of letters before him, which he was in the act of opening, and which I recognized as State papers. I asked him, in amazement, what he was about. 'The Empress has ordered that I should open them,' was his answer."

But worse was to come. The Empress invited her to stay to dinner and had the table, set for three, drawn up beside the couch where Orloff lay, so that he might eat without discomfort to his wounded leg. One version of the story says that the Empress herself had dressed the wound on his leg previous to the arrival of the Princess.

**W**ELL, Orloff had just presented her with a throne and she is famous among all her contemporaries for her gratitude, so unusual in princesses. He had risked his life that she might wear a crown and she treated him always with tenderness.

There can be found no record anywhere of her losing her temper. In spite of her exalted position, she seems always to have been amazingly affable. If any one did anything she disliked or disapproved, she simply withdrew herself from them. That was her way of punishment. But there was never any recrimination, no harsh words, no anger.

The love that existed between her and Potemkin was the biggest thing in her life and it was a love of the mind in the highest sense of the word. She had other favorites during the nineteen years that their attachment continued, but she dismissed them whenever Potemkin desired that she do so. They were bound together by the closest ties. The companionship between them, the complete mental oneness, is one of the most amazing things in history.

For two years, Potemkin was her favorite. After that he became her chief minister and, in all but name, her husband.

There is something both touching and beautiful, something from which every woman may learn a great deal, in a certain action and attitude of Catherine's during the famous journey through the Crimea.

This great territory had been won for her by Potemkin and he wished to show it to her, to lay it at her feet as a token of his love. He was a spectacular showman, and he made the most of the trip which he and Catherine, with their retinues, made through the new lands. In some places he had actually erected "cardboard villages," towns which like motion picture sets had nothing

but fronts. But they looked impressive as the Czarina rode or sailed past them.

There can be no question that she knew that some of these towns were fake. In fact she later admitted as much to friends. But she never allowed Potemkin to know it.

Everyone who ever came in direct contact with Catherine spoke of her wonderful disposition. She was so thoughtful of others that though she herself rose at six in the morning to write she would not ask her servants to get up at such an hour and herself lighted her fire and dressed without a maid.

From Catherine the Great may be learned the lesson of giving. She gave without stint, with joy, with a prodigal hand. But she got back as much as she gave. Few virtues are more likely to arouse love than real, heart-felt generosity and this Catherine had beyond any other woman of history.

She herself wrote an epitaph which she wished to have written upon her tomb. Her son did not carry out her wishes. But the inscription shows something of the ideals in Catherine's own heart, the things she herself had measured up to.

"When she ascended the throne of Russia she wished to do good and tried to bring happiness, freedom and prosperity to her subjects.

"She forgave easily and hated no one.

"She was good-natured, easy-going, was of a cheerful temperament, republican sentiment and a kind heart.

"Work came easy to her; she loved sociability and the arts."

There we have a picture of the woman who through her handling of men won and held an empire.

### Will You Be Adored at Seventy?

**N**EXT month Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell you about Ninon de Lenclos of whom Byron wrote, "Some never grow ugly." Why was it that this woman became the most sought after in France and was adored at seventy as she was at seventeen? How was it that her salon was the rendezvous for all the famous men of her time? That is, "What Every Woman Wants to Know" and will find out in December SMART SET

No magic secret, no superwoman created by the gods. But a woman who knew the value of cheerfulness and kindness. A woman who understood how greatly men value comfort and companionship. A woman who could forgive, who was always good-natured, who never exaggerated the importance of little things.

No great beauty, but a woman of active mind and a desire to please.

In the final summing up of her character, we find three great things:

She was pleasing.

She was of a most amiable and easy-going disposition.

Little things never affected her.

Not such difficult things to learn. Nothing that the woman of today cannot acquire.

**OTHER** articles concerning "What Every Woman Wants to Know" appeared in the September and October issues of SMART SET. Copies of any or all of these issues will gladly be sent postpaid for twenty-five cents each



# The Great Lover

[Continued from page 45]

suffered himself to be led to the divan and pushed down upon it. Ruth dropped down beside him.

"She's exquisite, dear," she continued. "And she's got intelligence, too, and an air, oh, quite an air. Who is she and wherever did you meet her?"

He felt himself expanding a little.

"She's a niece of the Randolphs, the Livingston Randolphs." He rolled the name on his tongue like a luscious morsel. "I met her at a party the Warburton Merediths gave. We've been knocking about for nearly two months now. She gives me something I haven't had in years from—well, from the others. Meets me on my own level. No silly adulation, no gushing about how perfectly heavenly I was in this or that play. I always liked that sort of flattery before but now I see how trumpery it was. She's a thoroughbred, a fine, high-spirited thoroughbred. I'm frightfully serious about this, more so than about anything since I first knew your mother. Try and be nice to her. There's a dear."

She caught his hand and pressed it fervently.

"Of course I will, dad," she said. "Excuse my comedy. It didn't belong at all."

He found himself enveloped in a glow of self-righteousness the next morning at breakfast. He could hear Ruth in the library chatting over the telephone with Doris. It suddenly dawned on him that Doris was the first of his intimate women friends he had ever introduced to his daughter.

HE WAS lunching again with Doris and he was presently in the throes of an elaborate ceremonial in which he was assisted by his valet. This was his preparation for his mid-day appearance on Fifth Avenue. The ritual of preparation had become complicated and elaborate.

The rubber girdle came first. Time was when Arnold Lacy had maliciously ragged certain older friends of his who had had recourse to this beneficent device for the correction of nature's whimsies. He had never dreamed that he would come to this himself some day.

This morning Mallory had a particularly difficult task in making both ends of the girdle meet and his employer was winded and red-faced when the operation was completed. When his waistcoat was carefully adjusted by the deft hands of the valet, however, and he noticed in the mirror the tapering waistline which had been artificially contrived he felt compensated for the discomfort.

With a gardenia in the buttonhole of his English topcoat, a pearl gray Fedora tilted at a slight angle on his head and a slim malacca cane under his arm he looked a full decade younger than his actual fifty-two years when he emerged into the morning sunshine.

He and Doris lunched at the Crillon where they had a table in a corner of the red and gold dining room.

"Ruth's a dear," Doris told him. "I have a feeling we're going to be great chums. She's going to introduce me to some of her pals. It'll be a relief to mingle with a new group. My own set of friends is getting a little shop-worn."

He laughed inwardly at his fears of the day before. He felt that Doris's new friendship with Ruth had brought him closer to her than ever before. This new feeling of assurance was short lived, however. It was nearly a week before Doris let him see her and then she consented merely to drive through the Park for half an hour. She

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Mlle. Sophie Koppel, Dept. A  
100 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City



shaded lamp on a table near the fireplace threw a soft radiance over a massive easy chair. He let his overcoat slip from him, dropped his hat on the floor and sank into its soft embrace with a grateful sigh. "Certainly," he told himself, "no human being had ever before been quite so tired. Fool, that's what he'd been, a fool. Should have been in bed hours ago—should have—" Sleep claimed him.

He woke up with a sudden start. For a moment he was not quite sure of his surroundings. A blurred murmur of voices came from the hall. He couldn't distinguish them at first but then Ruth's rose above the others.

"It's a duplex, I tell you," she was saying. "He's been fast asleep upstairs for hours. Don't be silly."

There was another confused murmur and then the click of a switch in the hall and the wall lights went on, flooding the room with brightness. He blinked and sat up as Ruth came through the doorway, followed by two young men and another girl. The girl was Doris! He braced himself and rose to his feet.

"My dears, it's dad," Ruth gasped and her voice trailed off into a nervous laugh. "Whatever are you doing up until this hour? You look as if you'd been in a railroad wreck. What's happened?"

"Just a late party—night club—sorry to intrude," he mumbled.

HE WAS looking at Doris and saw her pale a little. She caught the arm of the young man next her, a handsome athletic looking chap about her own age with laughing blue eyes and curly blond hair.

"Good morning. You're surprised to see me here, of course," Doris said. "It's Ruth's doing. She—"

"I'll explain everything, old dear," said Ruth. "We've all been out on a wild lark, too. First a party at Ken Douglas's place and then two night clubs. They put us out of the last one, the curfew regulation or something. I brought them up here to try out one of my Welsh rarebits on them, had to literally drag them. They were afraid of disturbing you. Mr. Randall and Mr. Goodrich, this is my father."

The two young men shook hands with Arnold Lacy with such force and gusto that he winced perceptibly.

"Didn't expect to find you up, sir," remarked Mr. Randall, the blond youth. "Sort of forgot that stage people keep late hours."

"But dad doesn't," said Ruth. "He must have been celebrating something or other tonight."

"Doris, come over here and bind up his wounds while I do a little fussing in the kitchen."

He felt that he was being made ridiculous in the eyes of Doris and the young men. She came to him as Ruth left the room.

"I shouldn't have blundered in here like this," Doris said. Her first embarrassment had passed. "Ruth's so—well, so dominating that she just forced us to come. It's a shame to keep you up."

He writhed at this and mumbled some polite commonplace. She made no effort to explain why she had not attended the reception which she had told him was on her social calendar for this night. Suddenly it was borne in upon him that this had been a pretext she had invented and that she had forgotten it. A poignant realization that he really meant nothing to her at all engulfed him. Fool's paradise, that's what he had been living in for two months! He noticed the blond young man eyeing them from the other side of the room. The fellow looked as beastly fresh as if he had just left his morning bath. Ruth, emerging from the dining room, broke in upon his irritation.

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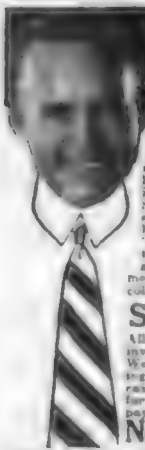
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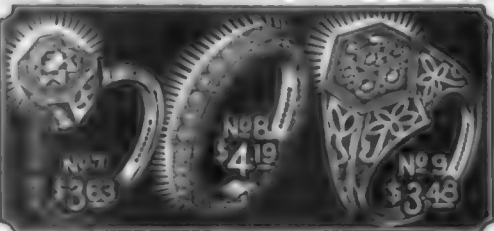
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"Rarebit's off," she announced. "There isn't a bit of cheese in the house. There's some cold roast beef if you want sandwiches."

They protested that they weren't hungry. Ruth, noticing that young Mr. Goodrich was idly inspecting the victrola on the other side of the room, was seized with an idea.

"What do you say if we wind up the night with a little dance?" she inquired.

They pounced on the suggestion with enthusiasm. Presently they were out in the centre of the room circling around in gay abandon. Doris, in the arms of young Mr. Randall, was laughing at something he was saying to her. Arnold Lacy suddenly felt himself very old. He belonged to another generation. He was just a silly old fossil. The call of youth to youth was one of the eternal verities. He was just a bystander. He rose to his feet and gathered up his overcoat and hat.

"That's right, dad, go to bed," called Ruth over the shoulder of her companion.

Doris and young Mr. Randall stopped near him. She held out her hand.

"I know you're tired," she said in the indulgent tone that a very young person might use to an elderly grandparent. "Good night."

He took her hand. There was no response from her long, slender fingers to the pressure of his own. They were dancing again before he reached the doorway.

It was noon before he arose. Ruth had already gone out. He was still weary, but his bath refreshed him. His secretary came in with the mail in response to his ring.

"Any telephone calls?" he asked.

"Henderson wants to see you at three about the scene designs. That's all, I think. Oh, yes, I forgot. A young woman, a Miss Ayres, has called twice. She said she'd call again at twelve-thirty."

A smile brightened Mr. Lacy's face.

"You can send Mallory in at once," he said, "and when that phone call comes, push the buzzer."

The patient Mallory was struggling with the rubber girdle when the buzzer sounded.

"Please step outside for a moment," requested Mr. Lacy.

The memory of an impudent smile and a quaint little turned-up nose enchanted him as he stepped jauntily towards the telephone. Old? A man was only as old as he felt. The ancient platitude came trippingly to his lips and gave him comfort for he felt twenty-one again—well, not over twenty-two at the outside. There was always romance just around the corner.

## It Takes Two to Make a Divorce

[Continued from page 47]

constant nagging because I wouldn't go to church. That's how I started to fight back."

"The things I did were right," interrupted the wife. "The things of which I complained were wrong. You often admitted that."

"Sure I did," he replied, "but I got tired of hearing about it. I only wanted to be comfortable in my own way and you wanted me to sprout wings."

"Only for your own good," she persisted, "but you didn't appreciate my interest."

I've noticed that whenever people try to force their own standards on others that it is always for the good of the latter. It makes no difference whatever it may be; personal uplift, Sunday observance or Constitutional amendments. It is particularly so in wedlock. There are more unselfish uplifters in this communion than in any other, more ingrates who fail to appreciate, who repay good with evil.

Marital dissension of itself isn't fatal to happiness. In fact between persons of different temperament it is often a healthy sign. It shows a survival of interest in each other that is usually lacking when one or both of a pair make no objection to anything the other thinks or says or does. It all depends on the cause of the dissension. People may marry what seem to be mistakes and be happy. They may come from different social classes or religions; one may be educated, the other uncultured; one rich, one poor. These differences are no barrier to successful marriage.

tongue, but he doesn't change his mind about the morality of drinking.

If such a wife were satisfied with her moral victory and stopped there all would be well but a really righteous person having won the first round for morality is going to continue. She is certain to find causes aplenty because the man whose moral code whitewashes the habit of strong drink, is certain to do and say other things that continually affront such a wife.

Persistence in the best of causes, if carried too far, becomes plain nagging. It offers to the offender an excuse for revolting. Presently, the unregenerate backslides not only to the point at which his reform began, but back to the point of his ante marital convictions. He is then beyond the reach of the other because a wife fortified by knowledge of her own righteousness cannot possibly surrender or condone her husband's new excesses.

"Aren't the imperfect ones partly to blame," inquired a friend, "or do you argue that their very imperfections exonerate them?"

**O**F COURSE they are partly to blame. Just as the righteous mate fooled herself or himself, so did the weaker one. "Love is blind," runs the classic explanation for the wholesale picking of mismates. But as a matter of fact love isn't blind. It is eminently egotistical. The lovers discern the drawbacks and weaknesses in each other, but love lends to each an optimism that is supreme. Just as the righteous one knows that by the power of her love she will be able to mould the other to her way, the imperfect one never doubts that she will continue to overlook in him things she would never condone in another.

Up to this point each is equally responsible. It is only when they reach the crossroads at the end of every honeymoon that one or the other makes a false move. The future happiness of this pair depends absolutely on whether both will continue their mutual compromises. Those who know they are partly in the wrong will continue to yield partly, but those who know they are right have nothing to compromise and don't. Thus, the one willing to yield partly



finds that this never suffices and soon ceases to yield at all.

"It's all my own fault," said one embittered wife who had left her husband and wanted him restrained from annoying her. "My friends told me he was a crank, that he'd try to rule me body and soul, but I knew better. I gave in to him as far as my self-respect would permit but he was never satisfied. Nothing I did suited him. I was never permitted to question any decision he made. He knew everything about everything."

There was an illuminating outcome from this case. The daughter of a friend of mine who had just become engaged, got the idea that a visit to the domestic relations court might disclose some of the pitfalls she would do well to avoid. She followed the testimony of this woman intently. Afterwards she announced that she was going to break her engagement. She had really had two suitors, and it had been hard for her to choose between them. There was Bob, whom she favored but who was inclined to be irresponsible. Then there was Gilbert,

issues that the unyielding husband or wife makes the stand. Sometimes they are simply domineering by nature; sometimes they are acutely ambitious and wholly actuated by praiseworthy motives. Probably there isn't one single thing they do that the world would blame them for and yet they drive wives or husbands to despair.

A certain aggrieved wife, not of the cultured type, but alert and ambitious, wanted her husband put under bonds to support her. Hers was a poignant tale of woe. He had owned a prospering store in a smart suburb but he had taken to drink, failed in his business and then deserted her.

"I did everything to help him in a business and social way," she declared.

He didn't deny it. But although she boasted of her aims for his betterment, they were the very cause of their smash-up. Bit by bit I got the story from the husband. She agreed generally to his statement of facts, although she placed a different interpretation on them. It appeared that she, coming from a lower social strata, had been bitten by the society bug. In the better environment of the suburb she soon became ambitious to wedge herself in socially. Clearly she was afflicted with an inferiority complex which manifested itself in rudeness to her husband's customers who were not of the elect. Business fell off and with it, the income. She became a sorry mate for a worried man. She was constantly on the offensive or the defensive. She either lectured her husband for his inefficiency or apologized for him in his presence to her social betters. When he complained that this sort of thing was making him unhappy, she told him that was her very purpose, that she did it to spur him to success.

This wife placed responsibility for her trouble on what she termed the new vices and habits he had acquired. She made the usual mistake. People don't often change their habits nor acquire new vices after they reach the age of marriage; they merely resume old habits and vices when they are harried with marital worries. The change is in the offended one more often than in the offender. Not only do they seek for flaws but they naturally find more reason to condemn the offences.

It is with the best possible intention that a married pair starts out. Most of them love each other unselfishly. Their interests are merged to the practical exclusion of all outsiders. I have had scores of men and women tell me that the first rift between them was a more terrible experience than everything that happened afterward. Before that, sheer panic at the thought of a possible severance of interests held them within bounds. So long as this fear prevails the pair is safe but when either or both of them reach the conclusion that nothing terrible will happen if they disagree then they are headed for permanent alienation.

### From Tokyo

I am a reader of the SMART SET and just love it. I hope you will continue to improve so that it will be the best magazine in the world. I am so sorry that I cannot join any of your contests especially poems as I am very fond of them, but I live in far off Japan and can't be on time.

SOPHY NATALIE MORGIN  
Ginza, Tokyo, Japan

the one she accepted. He was everything that was right. Her friends had plead his cause. Her common sense made her agree that he was the better match.

"But this case has opened my eyes," she continued. "Gilbert is a good man; he's too good. I'm going to take Bob who isn't so good. He thinks everything I do is right. Now I'm not an angel and don't want to be one but I don't intend to go through life feeling like an unworthy, sinful sort of creature."

"Gilbert thinks I'm a bit too modern. Short skirts are immodest, he'll say. Make-up is vulgar. Bobbed hair is silly. Cigarette smoking is suggestive. Gilbert probably is right but we don't fit together. I don't intend to be perfect; I intend to be happy. I thought he'd gradually change but I realize that it is I who will have to do all the changing."

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I remember one opinionated husband who answered his wife's assertion that he was tyrannical, stingy and abusive. He explained that she brought it upon herself by always defying him. It had become a habit with her. He had only to approve or disapprove of anything and immediately she took the opposite view.

"Was she always so?" I asked. "Oh, no," he replied. "At first she agreed with me in everything. That's what makes it so strange."

"What was the cause of the first break?" I asked. He raked his mind.

"I'll tell you what it was, Your Honor," said the wife; her manner showed that the memory rankled fresh in her mind. "My mother was sick and I wanted to go and help take care of her for a few days and he forbid it. I tried to coax him but he said a wife's place was with her husband."

"And you defied him?" I asked.

"I couldn't help myself. There had been other times when I wanted to but I was always afraid it might lead to a separation. This time I simply had to defy him. A girl's mother is her mother!"

SO THIS husband had, himself, taught his wife the efficacy of defiance. By being unreasonable in a case close to her heart he had forced her to defy him for the first time. He had held her through fear of his permanent displeasure and then he had upset it all by teaching her that his threats were only empty bluffs. With a person so yielding as this wife, he could have trifled with her desires without letting her know he was compromising. He could have remained to the end the unchallenged monarch of his home. Here he was whining because his wife had done him an injury without the slightest thought that he had really done it to himself.

The next most fatal thing in wedlock to non-compromise, is compromising in a grudging way. It is a popular form of marital recrimination. There was one husband whose wife charged that he neglected her, that he went out every evening and left her alone, that he gambled and, she strongly suspected, philandered.

"It's her own fault," said the man. "All she ever wanted to do was stay home every evening and play the phonograph and get to bed by ten. I like outside amusement. I used to coax her to go out and she agreed that if I stayed home four nights each week she would go out with me the other three. She went, all right, but she spoiled it all by forever talking about the terrible sacrifice she was making for me. She forgot the sacrifice I was making."

"Finally I stopped asking her to go. I pretended to be doing extra work nights and kited around myself. When she got wise, she offered to go along but I didn't want her. I had better times without her sitting around finding fault."

Men and women who are always ready to yield to each other, I notice, are usually the ones who get along the best. Reciprocity is the pivot upon which revolves every marriage whether it is happy or not. Because people are human they proceed on a give and take basis. If they get a slam, they return a slam. When one is attentive, appreciative and liberal, the other usually falls over himself trying to make adequate return.

While in wedlock the most constructive virtue is yielding yet when it is carried to an extreme it becomes a definite marital vice. Because of it in some marriages the one who is deferred to out of reason, becomes a tyrant, while the other becomes that miserable object, a domestic slave. Sometimes the latter driven too far will revolt, and then there is never a chance for reconciliation. But usually the slaves resort to subterfuge, lying, sneaking, even stealing to

get the things they have not the courage to demand.

THIS accounts for those surprising cases in which a man or a woman is suddenly revealed to be the chief figure in a liaison of long standing, perhaps carried on under the very nose of their mate. These offenders have been forced to learn the art of guile and incidentally they have learned its efficacy.

It has proved doubly effective because the lord and master, or his female counterpart, has been so supremely self-confident, so contemptuous of the abject mate. Wives of this sort are often unfaithful not at any urge of sex, but as an incident in their stolen romance. It is the price they must pay for the sympathy and consideration and deference which they fail to receive at home.

In cases of this sort it is the one who imposes on the mate of yielding disposition who pays in the long run, although there are many other cases where the reverse is true, where the one who does all the yielding also does the paying, and in addition has only himself to blame for his misfortunes.

Such a man came to court one day to secure aid in getting rid of a star boarder. This husband, although kindly and unduly tolerant, was a pitiable sort of creature. His wife, he explained, refused to let the boarder go, just to show him there was no truth in his suspicion.

"Why don't you put him out by force, if necessary?" he was asked.

"Oh," he said, "I couldn't. I'm not sure, you see, I don't want to go too far."

A little delving disclosed that this man had yielded to his wife in everything because he believed that in this way he would assure domestic harmony. He found that it worked the other way. It seemed that in the beginning she had been reasonable enough, but once she learned he was always ready to capitulate despite the merit of their difference, she gradually ceased to be ever willing to do so, whether she was in the right or wrong.

"Why did you let a man come into your home?" he was asked.

"Because she insisted. I was working nights and she said she wouldn't be so lonely if we got a lodger for our spare room. I wanted a woman but she said a man would be more protection. I wanted to do everything to make her contented and see what I get for it."

A remark of the wife's, when we heard her side, bared her state of mind. "He's an old woman," she said of her spouse. "I don't care a rap what he thinks about this other man. Your Honor, I ask, could any one blame a woman for falling in love with a real he man, if she was tied up to a rabbit of a man like this?"

So long as human nature continues as it is, and so long as the sex urge continues to obscure other considerations there will be marital mismates. I have certainly no solution to offer.

IN ONLY one way would new divorce laws or trial procedure tend to discourage divorce and separation. If, for example, instead of focusing the inquiry upon the actionable misdeeds of the defendant, the courts were to work backward and study the trivial dissensions which started the trouble, they might indirectly prevent the start of much marital litigation. Then the self-righteous victims, the martyrs of wedlock, probably wouldn't be so eager for the limelight because they would realize they might be shunted from their pedestals and disclosed as heroes with clay feet.

Some day when the world puts aside the hypocrisies which go arm in arm with the traditions of wedlock, and gives due importance to cause and effect, society will be ready to admit that the guiltless in wedlock are more often the guilty.



# Fads and Fashions

[Continued from page 67]



Who would be chic must have at least one of these models of the moment, a dancing frock with a dinner coat. This is developed in transparent black velvet, the skirt lined with green satin. The coat is of green velvet ribbon with rhinestones

Courtesy B. Altman & Co.

yard less than ordinary silk. By all means, take a look at the new rayons.

## For the End of a Long Day

Say what you will, women are gradually getting some of the delightful privileges that for centuries man alone enjoyed.

JUST now, we are not thinking of cigarettes and pocket lighters, but of pajamas. Lounging pajamas. Sleeping pajamas really are not as free and comfy as real nighties, nor can they ever be so sweetly pretty, as the phrase went in Grandma's day. But where can you find so much solid comfort as in a pair of lounging pajamas? If, in addition, they are smart, you can get a real mental tonic out of donning a pair after dinner at the end of a long hard day.

These are especially recommended to col-



This is Patou's girlish beret of cream colored mouton fur and black ribbon.

Courtesy Hyland Brothers

lege and business girls, to save their smartly tailored day frocks, for what every young woman ought to know is that no dress, however good the material and however excellent the making, will stand up under the strain of lounging evenings, or busy evenings of mending, gloves and hose washing, manicures, etc.

The wise maiden, be she college girl or business girl, will get out of her good dress and into something not planned for public life, every evening that she spends at home. Nothing could be more suitable than pajamas.

We have in mind a sweet girl who used to help her mother with the dishes every evening, and come to work next day with a grease spot on her good-looking office frock. And another girl who peroxidized her hair—yes, honestly—in a lovely little dress that she had painstakingly bought only about

a month before. Well, we won't bore you with other horrible examples.

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## Fads and Fashions



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**If you can afford only one evening dress, this is the frock for you to choose. Of black and white velvet, carnation trimmed at the waist, it has lovely simplicity. A matching coat may be purchased, also**

Courtesy of **Saks & Co.**

ing to maintain its supremacy for evening slippers this winter.

Further ensemble news—and there simply is no fashion today that is not ensemble fashion—is that our old standby, the pearl necklace, will greet society this winter developed in pale tints of green, lavender, blue and beige in chokers and long and medium length strands. Sometimes these tinted pearls are combined with crystals or colored stones but I think the smartest strings are those of graduated pearls shading from pale through medium to the deepest tones. I suspect every girl knows that knotted pearls are cheapest in the long run—I mean where each pearl is separated from the other by a knot in the string—but I put this bit of buying advice in here as a word to the wise.

**THERE** is every chance that the very small muff will stage a real come-back this winter. Muffs will not be used for general wear, in our grandmother's fashion, but semi-occasionally as a perky note on a very cold day. This, like the tied fur kerchiefs, is one of the uses to which you can adapt those good sections left from your old fur coat. The muff does not necessarily have to match the fur of the coat with which it is carried. Personally I think it would give a delightful dash to your appearance if you carried it with a plain, unfurred coat. But, please, avoid muffs if you don't carry yourself erectly but with what is politely called the debutante slouch.

The most charming new-season accessories I saw this month are the new shoe buckles. They are delightful, fashioned in three new materials, enamel, wood and metal, completely surpassing those cut-steel buckles we have all owned—and all gotten rusted in rainstorms.

The new buckles follow the modernistic trend in fashion devotedly. Those developed in enamel come in every shade and while they are quite expensive I can think of no more lovely finishing touch to a very smart ensemble than a pair of these, just matching the color of your frock, and contrasting with the color of your otherwise severely plain pumps.

But it is the wood and metal ones that have real dash. I saw one pair that were of silvered wood and looked exactly like six little cartridges in a row. The metal ones combine gold and silver, silver and black, bronze and brown, or two-tone greens in a most debonair manner.

Naturally shoes so decorated are not supposed to be worn and worn relentlessly, day after day, with every frock. Buckled shoes are always formal and stressing this very contemporary note they should be kept to one costume, preferably. The crystal buckle, introduced late last season, seems to be go-

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## Be Yourself

[Continued from page 81]

Joan had crossed the bridge, and was striding toward the house. I gaped after her, quite entranced.

"She said she didn't have any hankering to meet any fortune-hunting English noblemen."

"Eh?"

"That's what. She said lords and dukes are all out hunting for heiresses."

I protested, "Oh, that's putting it on rather thick, you know."

"Of course it is. Joan's like that. Thinks she's hard-boiled, but if you ask me, she needs a guardian."

Miss Joan intrigued me. It had been my experience that American girls are inclined to put themselves in the way of meeting persons of the nobility. It was novel to find one who preferred to—well, beat it for the links.

"Your sister," I said, "aside from her—ah—antipathy for English lords—rather jolly girl, what?"

"Oh, she'll do. We're good pals as a rule, Joan and I. But it does get me sore having her insulting a guest."

"Oh, I say, Miss Dottie! Insulting. Rather strong word, what?"

"Well, it was insulting, running away like that when she knew you were coming. Anyway, I don't see why you're defending her."

"Oh, as for that, running away isn't a crime."

"It's almost time for dinner," Dottie said and started toward the house.

"I suppose I'll meet your sister at dinner?"

"Shouldn't be surprised. If you want to."

"I say, Miss Dottie, why are you angry with me?"

"Angry with you!" She laughed. "I'm not angry with you. I'm just—" She broke off. "Oh, there's Clarence! You'll excuse me?"

I bowed, and she ran to rejoin Clarence, leaving me to ponder upon the futility of hoping to understand women.

AS I entered the house, Miss Joan was just descending the stairs in evening dress. She was charming, with a distinct type of out-of-doors beauty and athletic freshness. Healthy tan blended superbly with her light brown, boyish-bobbed hair and her big, rather humorous eyes.

She did not smile when I was presented to her. But she did extend her hand and murmur, "I am glad to see you, Lord Cocomber."

A polite fib, I thought. It embarrassed me when she drew her hand away from mine in a way that seemed to emphasize the fact that I had held it overlong. For the first time in my life I was reduced to stammering. I felt like a blithering, gibbering monkey in her presence.

I fancied a look of distaste in her eyes as she turned away. At best it might have been a look of indifference. But distaste or indifference were alike; either made me feel miserable and cold.

Dinner was a bore. I was too embarrassed to make much progress as a conversationalist. Miss Joan, seated next to me, carried on a lively chatter with Julius Royce, on the other side of her, and when dinner was over, she walked with him toward the garden.

I had hoped to walk in the garden myself with Miss Joan. It seemed a fitting place to walk when one's falling in love. I wondered, in some agony, if Joan were in love with Julius.

I excused myself on some pretext and



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slipped out into the garden alone. I strolled about until I came again to the shore of the little lake. And suddenly I was arrested by the sound of a voice, just beyond a clump of thick bushes at my left. It was Joan's voice, roguish, half mirthful; she seemed to be carrying on an argument with Royce.

I detest eavesdroppers so I wandered on, but I had a queer feeling that the two were discussing me.

**WHEN** I went back to the house I discovered that I was again in Dottie's good graces. She made a dive for my side, exclaiming, "Oh, Your Lordship! We've been looking all over for you. Haven't we, Clarence?"

Clarence agreed with an air of one reluctantly telling a lie. "Where have you been, Pickles?" he asked.

The word "Pickles" made me jerk.

"Oh, is that what your friends call you—Pickles?" Dottie cried, clapping her hands.

"Ah—yes. That is—ah—yes. Quite." I stammered. I wished that I had Clarence to myself in a nice dark, quiet corner somewhere.

"What a thrilling nickname!" Dottie exclaimed. "You Englishmen all have such thrilling nicknames."

"Pickles and I are old buddies, aren't we, Pickles?" Clarence remarked.

"Ah—yes. Buddies." I longed to squeeze the blighter's nose.

"Oh, how thrilling!" Dottie cried. Everything, it seemed, was thrilling to Dottie. "Oh, there's Joan and Mr. Royce." She went to the door to greet them, as if they had only now arrived.

"Don't call me Pickles!" I hissed in Van Pick's ear.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't like it."

He laid his hand on my arm. "Aw, I didn't mean to make you sore."

Joan and Julius sauntered over, and I was surprised when she gave me a friendly smile.

"My Lord," she said, "every one of us is just dying to hear about your ancestral estate in England."

"Oh, I say!" I remarked by way of modest protest. Joan looked at Julius and laughed. He frowned, and whispered something to her. She made a face at him. Colonel Gore came in, and Joan told him that I was about to spin a yarn about my castles and things. Dottie went off in a flutter to find her mother.

Julius found occasion to whisper: "Watch your step, boy! I tried to head her off, but—"

He made me nervous. Once again I found myself wondering what my hosts might expect of an English lord. And as I floundered the helpful American admonition, "Be yourself!" again came to my rescue.

The nervousness slipped away as I told them of my home. With some drama, I related its history and traditions, described it as a place of beauty no richer, perhaps, than it deserved. I love Cocomber Heath, and in my enthusiasm I grew eloquent. As I talked, the mockery in Joan's eyes was supplanted by something like admiration, while Julius's countenance assumed an expression of wonder.

When I had finished, even Dottie was rather tardy in bringing out her inevitable, "Oh! Isn't that thrilling?"

Conversation centered about estates for a time, and Colonel Gore related a few statistics regarding cost and labor involved in creating Montegore.

Julius linked his arm with mine and steered me out on the terrace.

"Newspapers," he said, "sometimes are misinformed. Am I right?"

I had no idea what he meant, unless he

was pulling my leg. I said so. He shrugged.

"Congratulations," he said, "on the way you described Cocomber Heath. Evidently you have been there."

"Er—Yes. I have."

All the time his sharp glance was jabbing at me, and although his face was gravely expressionless, I had an uncomfortable feeling that he was laughing at my expense.

A light step sounded behind us. We turned and faced Miss Joan.

"Run along and play, Writing Person," she commanded. "I want to talk with his lordship."

"Right-o!" Julius said cheerfully and turned into the house.

After a few minutes of silence Joan remarked, "You should be a writer of fiction, big boy."

"Eh?"

"You've a wonderful imagination. Your description of Cocomber Heath was perfect. I actually found myself almost believing there really was such a place."

"Really! I'm afraid I don't understand, you know!"

She laughed.

"You know you don't have to pretend with me. Julius has unburdened his bosom of the whole deep, dark plot."

"Oh! My word!"

"Honestly, I'm glad you're not a lord. One of my best friends married one of the things and they're dull as dishwater."

Before I had ceased making queer sounds in my throat, Joan proceeded:

"You know, I'm going to have oodles of fun out of you!"

"Oh, I say! You're guyin' me. All that!"

"Don't gamble on it, big boy! I'm going to have a regular German picnic watching you squirm. You see, I've got a plot of my own, Mr.—by the way, what is your name? Your real name. I mean."

"James Roderick," I answered truthfully.

"Good enough. It's best to be frank, isn't it? I detest liars, any way."

If I could have thought of fitting words, I couldn't have uttered them.

"All right then, Jimmie Roderick, watch your step. From now on I'm going to pull every stunt I can think up to make you give yourself away!"

I had an impulse to blurt out that I really was Lord Cocomber. But I recalled Dottie's naive information that Joan disliked noblemen so I held my tongue.

"Remember," Joan said, "it's to be war!"

I found my voice. "Friendly war, I hope. What!"

She laughed outright. I had some hope that she was beginning to like me.

"Now that we understand each other," she said, "we might as well go in. But watch your step, Pickles!"

To hear Clarence calling me "Pickles" was one thing. To hear Miss Joan calling me "Pickles" was quite another. Such an intimate sort of name when Joan used it. "Pickles" really can have a very musical sound.

Anyway, we went in.

**LATER** in the evening, without any apparent reason, Royce cornered me and took from his pocket a little slip of paper, which he handed to me. It was a clipping from a newspaper, reporting, erroneously, of course, the return to England of Lord Cocomber. Since I had read it before, I returned it promptly. His eyes jabbed at me for an instant, and he sauntered off. I couldn't understand the man but then I have heard that writers sometimes are a little balmy.

Joan favored me with much attention in the days that followed. Every afternoon we paired off at golf or paddled a canoe on the lake. In the morning we rode horse-



back or went speeding over the highways in Joan's light blue roadster. But whenever I raised my hopes that she was beginning to like me, she brought me up short with some remark which indicated that I was an enemy and needed watching.

Once, however, she suddenly drove the car into a shady spot at the side of the road.

"You know, Pickles, I'm really glad you did turn out to be a fake."

I batted my eyes.

"Think of the fun I'd be missing if you were a stupid old Britisher with nothing to recommend you but a handle on your name."

"I say! Then you like me for myself alone! What!"

"Who said I liked you?"

I wilted as she started the car again.

MY SLEEP was irregular, from thinking about Joan, and the tangle into which I was getting myself. If she learned that I was a nobleman, after all, she would lose all interest in me. And yet, when she learned that I had been permitting her to believe a lie, her interest would turn to disgust. "I detest a liar," she had said. It was all very confusing.

On the links one afternoon, she paused in the act of making a drive, and turned to me.

"Pickles, you're not such a bad egg, after all. You do shoot a good game of golf."

Praise of my golf always warms me. I grew suddenly bold.

"Would you like me as well," I asked, "if I were a British nobleman?"

She looked at me and mocked.

"Oh, be yourself, Pickles!"

I was afraid to go further.

As we strolled toward the house later, Clarence called out to me. "Oh, Pickles!"

Excusing myself to Joan, I walked over to him.

"Don't call me Pickles!" I muttered.

"I forgot," he said. "But Joan calls you that."

"We don't need to discuss the question, you know. What do you want with me?"

He seemed rather apologetic.

"You—you're kind of shining up to Joan. And I—that is I just wanted to tell you you'd better lay off!"

"Thoughtful of you, my dear fellow," I said. "And why do you want to tell me to lay off? What!"

"Well, you see, Joan's going to be my sister-in-law. And I won't stand—that is I don't like the idea of her getting mixed up with a—with some one who claims to be what he isn't."

I advised him to mind his own business, and stalked off. On a sudden impulse I turned back and thrust into Van Pick's hands the money which he had given me. The entire thousand dollars was there. As I moved away, he gaped after me.

HARDLY had I got away from Clarence when Julius stopped me at the terrace. I had avoided him whenever I could; his cryptic remarks were too disconcerting.

"How's things?" Julius inquired.

"Toppin', old fruit," I replied.

"Funny situation here," he said. "The colonel's keen about you because he thinks you're a nobleman; Joan falls for you because she thinks you're a fake."

I did not fancy the subject, but I could think of no way to change it.

"I've been wondering what she'd do if she discovered you really are Lord Cocomber."

My eyes blinked.

"I say! How did you know that?"

"Hah! I've known it ever since the night you talked about Cocomber Heath. I've been there."

I could say nothing.

"Anybody with half an eye could see it. Your actions all along showed who you were."

"I say, my dear fellow. You're not going to tell her? What!"

He looked thoughtful.

"She'd see it herself, if she hadn't gone batty over you. I don't know. I may tell her."

Again I had that uneasy sense that he was laughing but his countenance was quite sober. He stalked off but all evening I was on nettles whenever he went near Joan.

The next morning I set off with Joan for a canter across the country.

"Well, Pickles," she said, "I think your goose will be hash before another day has passed."

"The long expected offensive has started," I guessed. "What!"

"It has. We're to have guests from Chicago over the week-end."

"Int'restin'. Who are they?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I'm dyin' to," I admitted.

"You'd be surprised!" she said.

She chuckled to herself from time to time and I wondered what was up. As we drew near the house, however, she grew quiet and rather pensive. She looked at me as if about to speak, but turned away, silent. She was frowning thoughtfully when she went into the house a few moments later. I was puzzled by her unusual actions.

I WAS not alone with Joan again until late in the evening. I had caught her glance several times during the afternoon, and she had lowered her eyes, looking worried. Clarence was watching her and me and I surmised that Clarence had something on his mind.

Joan and I walked together in the garden. She was silent and it seemed to me a little confused. Not at all her usual carefree self.

"Jimmie, I wish you'd go away for a day or two," she finally said, in a low tone.

"Do you want me to go, really?"

"Yes. Some one's coming who might—"

"Might what?"

"Might know Lord Cocomber, the real one."

"Oh! I don't mind chancing that, you know."

She breathed a little heavily. "You've been such a brick. I never could forgive myself if—"

I waited a moment. "If what?"

"Oh, if you got into trouble. Dad would be furious; he might have you put in jail!"

Something impelled me to put my hands upon her shoulders.

"I say, why are you so worried about me?"

She swallowed, and looked away.

"Is it because you—"

I could not frame the words that were in my mind. But Joan leaned toward me ever so slightly, and in some inexplicable manner I was kissing her.

"I love you!" I whispered and she clung to me.

After a moment she freed herself.

"Please. Please go away!" she murmured.

I shook my head.

"Jimmie, you must."

"But I can't, you know. I can't run away from you, dear."

"If—if I go—with you!" she said then, with a sudden breathless look. "We could be married—tonight!"

I was tempted.

"No," I said at length. "You'd only despise me—for runnin' away."

A servant spoke at my elbow: "Beg pardon, your lordship. Colonel Gore is asking for your lordship and Miss Joan."

Joan gasped. "Don't go!"

"Come," I said. I conducted her into the house.

Colonel Gore was looking very stern when

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we arrived inside. His wife was patently scared at something. Dottie looked unhappy. Clarence, his arms folded, glared at me with a righteous scowl.

"Mr. Van Pick has made serious charges against you," Colonel Gore declared heavily. I turned to look at Clarence. He fidgeted, and dropped his gaze.

"Mr. Van Pick informs me that you are not Lord Cocomber!"

"Mr. Van Pick," I said, "is mistaken."

JOAN gasped and drew a little away from me. Van Pick saeped forward belligerently.

"He's no more Lord Cocomber than I am! We hired him, Royce and I, to come down here and pose as—"

"Nevertheless," I insisted, "I am Lord Cocomber."

Joan cried, "Oh, I hate you! I could forgive you anything but that!"

I turned to her.

"Could you forgive me for being a nobleman? What!"

"Even that, if you were! But you know how I despise a liar!"

"Wait!" I cried. "Mr. Royce knows who I am!"

"Call Royce," snapped Colonel Gore and Clarence went to find the writer.

"Mr. Royce," the colonel demanded as Julius came in, "I want the truth from you."

Royce bowed, with his usual sardonic smile.

"Who is this gentleman?"

I smiled at Royce. Here, at least—

"Well, if you want the truth," Royce said, "he's a bird we picked up in Chicago and hired to come down here and pose as Lord Cocomber."

"Dash it all! I tell you I am Lord Cocomber!" I cried in desperation.

"Aw," muttered Clarence, "be yourself."

"Dash it! I'm trying to be myself. You won't let me, you know!"

"He's awfully sincere about it," Dottie remarked with wide open eyes.

"If you ask me, I think he's crazy." This remark from Clarence. "I think he really believes he is Lord Cocomber."

"Young man," said the colonel sternly, "such an imposition as this is very despicable. I really ought to have you thrown in jail. However, the next train for Chicago leaves in two hours. I'll have the car ready for you in thirty minutes."

With a dragging step, I went up the stairs. As I packed my grips, I heard a motor-car stop on the drive, and a commotion at the door. The guests from Chicago, I thought, disinterestedly.

Wishing there were another way out, I slunk down the stairs. No one below paid the least heed to me.

Then I saw one of the colonel's guests. My old friend, Sir Eric Goodenough! Eagerly I hurried down the stairs.

"Eric! Dear old onion! You're just in time, you know!"

His face lighted up.

"I say! This is a surprise. I didn't know you were down here, Jimmie!"

Colonel Gore's jaw dropped. The whole group looked on amazed. As Sir Eric wrung my hand, the colonel said huskily, "You—you know this—this fellow, Sir Eric?"

"Know him! Well rather. We went all through the war together, Jimmie and I!"

"Then he's—"

"What! You don't know him? My word!" cried Sir Eric. "I say, let me present James Roderick, Lord Cocomber, of Cocomber Heath."

"I'll be damned!"

I thought that the colonel was going to have a stroke but he revived after a moment, and roared, "Where's Van Pick?"

We all looked around for Clarence. But neither he nor Dottie were to be seen.

"I just saw Clarence and Dottie lighting out in her car," Julius drawled. "I think they're eloping."

I LOOKED around for Joan but she also had disappeared. Julius came over and murmured in my ear, "Be yourself, Pickles! She just slipped out in the garden."

I hurried out but it was some little time before I found Joan, on a rustic bench near the lake. She tried to escape, but I—well, it's no one's business what I said to her. It sufficed.

A half hour later we heard a stealthy stirring of feet behind us and there were Dottie and Clarence, hand in hand.

"Isn't it thrilling!" Dottie exclaimed. "We're married. We woke up old Reverend Ames, down the road there, and he married us!"

"Mr Royce told us you really are Lord Cocomber! Isn't it thrilling! And he said we'd better elope before Dad made mincemeat out of poor Clarence!" She paused for a deep breath. "And Clarence wants to apologize."

"I—I—Your Lordship—" he stammered. I was standing very close to Joan, and I was very happy. I smiled at her, and turned to Clarence.

"Be yourself, Clarence, old bean," I said. "Call me 'Pickles', as all my friends do. What!"

## The Girl of Today

[Continued from page 25]

seemed to challenge the whole of civilization. But so much good and so little bad resulted that now Germany is getting used to it, like the rest of Europe. For it is not only in England and Germany that we find this comradeship, this coming together of youth. We find it in France, and to a less degree in the other Latin countries. Everywhere girls are taking to hard work and to hard sport. They are, in effect, stronger not only in endurance but in muscle than the male youth of their age.

Yes, the girl today is a wonderful creature with her freedom and her power. I sometimes feel, however, that her newly found strength, the physical disparity between her and the boy, has its serious side.

Suppose, for instance, we should be faced with the awful tragedy of another European war? In my opinion nothing would hold her back from the fighting forces. Remember, the girl today is harder, fitter, more

self-reliant than the boy. You simply cannot tire her and her nerves remain unbustled. I do not think you would get her to sit at home while her comrades were being mowed down in the trenches, and war work in the sense of munition making etc., at home, would not content her. What will they do, all these splendid girls? They will make the government take them as air pilots, machine gunners; they will force themselves into the firing line through sheer weight of will-power and physical perfection.

THIS is one of the reasons why I feel that at all costs any possibility of another war should be averted. That is why I feel that the girl of today all over the world must set her face against any such horrible catastrophe. For if there be a war woman will fight in it. Already the only bar is her sex. Woman is becoming skilled in aviation, in engineering; she can do hard jobs as effi-



ciently as a man and her nerves are more steady. She will be able to face the physical dangers and discomforts, the mental horrors of war with the same or, indeed, more resource than man. This seems to me very terrible. The idea that the time may arrive when woman should think that it is more important to destroy life than to give it, suggests awful consequences. It would almost mean the appearance of a third sex.

Youth today has the power to stop war. This is one of the things I look to youth to do, one of the things which the girl must realize and on which she must set her will and fix her thoughts. Youth must see to it that we do not have another war.

I HAVE said I very much admire youth today. I do. But we must admit there are faults and dangers. The chief fault, I think, is selfishness, the utter disregard of other people in relation to themselves. They must live their own lives and nobody is to stop them. They will not tolerate even the shadow of resistance. This comes very much into the material things of life. If there is a car it is the young people who must have it; the family aren't even asked! It is taken for granted that they simply don't exist so far as it is concerned. Also I think youth is a little hard, a little too prone to discount other people's emotions. But after all I suppose that it is the inevitable reaction against the mid-Victorian sentimentalism which lasted right up till after the war. I am glad it is gone. The chief danger that youth has to face is the spread of the pagan spirit, which makes many of them indifferent to dogmatic religion and indeed to any kind of spiritual guidance and authority.

I think the girl of today is more charming, more pretty and better dressed than at any other period. In spite of everything the papers say I do not believe that those terrible long skirts will ever come back or that girls will ever again fetter their bodies with steel and whalebone. That is one reason why she has grown so much stronger than the boy. She has dispensed with all the unnecessary garments that used to weigh her down. The boy, however, remains conservative and, like the rest of us, wears too much.

After all, clothes are the outward and visible signs of an inward belief, and the girl of today has dispensed with everything cumbersome and unnecessary, so that she can move freely, swiftly, strongly. And, as her limbs move in freedom so her soul moves in freedom also.

She has dispensed with swaddling clothes.

Applause!

To the Editor of SMART SET:

I wish to compliment Adela Rogers St. Johns on her article "What Every Woman Wants to Know," which appeared in the September issue of the SMART SET.

Although I am one of the opposite sex. I heartily agree with her and think it would be fine if every woman could read her article and take her advice.

I also wish to compliment Cornell Woolrich on his article, "Girls, We're Wise to You," which appeared in the same issue. He is exactly right and, Why, oh, why don't you girls take the hint and be real girls instead of trying to be boys?

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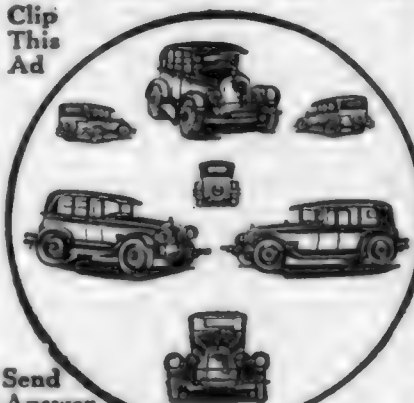
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**Richard Blackstone, B3811, Flatiron Bldg., New York**

## A Marriage for Convenience

[Continued from page 31]

it and mail it to me. I'll have to be on my way."

The older man put a forceful hand under his son's elbow and with amazing strength steered him from the room. The chauffeur, Pierre, assisted gingerly from the other side.

Cam was left alone in the room with more actual money than she had ever seen before in her life. The other girls helped her pick it up.

"Ain't it wonderful to be married!" declared Jane Murray. "Gosh! Your father-in-law certainly does think an awful lot of you."

"NOW about this matter of the collar button," Sam Sherman cross-examined, "just exactly where did you get it?"

Carter was putting away some clothes that he had been pressing. "Why, sir, in a manner of speaking, I sort of found it."

"Mr Underholt was looking for it at the same time, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir. But I found it first and I figured that maybe if he kept on looking he might find another for himself."

Sam preserved his severity. "Just what was your occupation, Carter, before I hired you last week?"

"My profession is that of valet, sir."

"I know you told me that. But when did you leave your last place as valet?"

"Three years ago."

"And in the meantime what has been your profession?"

"I've been making brooms, sir."

"I thought so."

"But I got religion and I was pardoned. I trust you won't hold it against me, sir."

"Personally I hold nothing against any one. But I'm afraid that I have no right to take with me into other people's houses a person who might appropriate even a collar button. It seems to me, Carter, that your chosen profession subjects you to almost too much temptation."

"Perhaps," Carter conceded. "But I didn't like the profession of broom maker. It's too confining."

"At any rate we will make it as easy as possible for you in this particular instance. You may pack up all the junk again because we are leaving in the morning."

"Yes, sir."

"I might mention that my cuff links are only plated."

"I had noticed that, sir. But have no fear, sir. Never in my most benighted moments did I ever take anything belonging to the gentleman I was working for."

Sam was starting downstairs to join the party in its after-dinner diversion but he turned back for a moment. "Carter, did you ever have religion before?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what happened?"

"The devil dropped a pearl necklace in my path, sir. But that was a long time ago and I've learned a lot since then."

"Um. I suppose you have. But, on the other hand, so has the devil."

Sam found Camilla more a center of interest than ever. The visit of the Collingswood family in person had given a tangible authority to the rumors about her unhappy marriage that made her a very fascinating person indeed. Even the girls were, for the moment, content to drop their resentment and indulge in a little heroine worship. It is not often that one comes in such close contact with what has all the earmarks of a forthcoming front page scandal. It was perhaps going to be worth something to say, "Camilla Collingswood? Oh, yes, I was with her just before that happened. I

knew her well. Not a friend, you understand, but quite an intimate acquaintance."

With the departure of the Collingswood clan Camilla herself felt better. For a moment it had looked as if she was headed for a mess of very stormy weather indeed. But since they were gone and she had actually been offered money to consent to a divorce her position was strengthened if anything. After due consideration she had determined to stick to her story. To recede from it now would put all these girls in the position of having attended an unchaperoned house party. Yes, Camilla had to weather this one wedding now whether it was real or not. She privately resolved never to have another though.

And then even that resolution got a little weak in the knees when Sam Sherman brushed aside a couple of the more immature swains of the party and seated himself beside her.

His concern was of an intensely practical nature. "What did you do with all that money?" he demanded.

Cam wasn't expecting that question. "Why, I left it in my room."

"Does any one know where you put it?"

Cam reflected. "I've forgotten whether Julie, the maid, was there or not when I parked it. There was no mystery about it. It is to be presumed that everyone here is honest."

"Everyone might be honest up to a hundred dollars. Beyond that there would probably be a few who couldn't stand the heat. Supposing we go and get that money now. If necessary I'll take it in to town to a day and night bank."

Cam laughed. "All right. I love melodrama myself even if the villain is only imaginary. Come on."

He followed her to the door of her room. One of the electric lights was turned on inside.

"I thought I shut everything off when I left," Cam remarked. "Probably Julie has been in to turn down the covers since I went out."

SAM waited outside in the hall while she went in for the money. He could see through the half-open door and he drank a deep draught of her lovely profile, delicately Spanish tonight because of the high comb that surmounted her hair and the flashing jet earrings that were really her only sophistication. He wondered how she would look if she took them off.

A little cry escaped her.

"What's the matter?"

She stood with her hand on the open bureau drawer. "The money is gone!"

Sam stepped inside. "Are you sure? Perhaps you put it somewhere else."

"Perhaps but I don't think so." She opened the other drawers of the dresser in rapid succession and then came to the chiffonier which stood behind the room door. To get at it she pushed the door to.

The money was not there either.

"I'll start an investigation right away," Sam stepped toward the door.

"I'd rather you didn't." She stopped him by words and by a tiny hand on his coat sleeve. "That money did not really belong to me and I was wondering how I could dispose of it. It was given me as the price of a freedom that is already mine anyway. Freedom is what I really want. The money means nothing to me. Does it to you?"

Sam scarcely heard what she was saying so loud were the signals which were coming over the nerve telegraph from his heart. He knew that this glorious woman was try-

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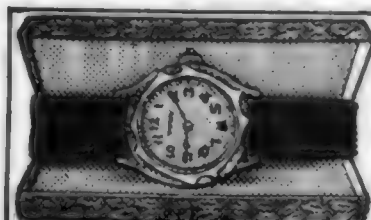
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ing to tell him that except for a few legal formalities she was his, that she prized her freedom only that she might surrender it again, that money mattered little unless it was something he wanted. Her message was indirect, perhaps she did not know she was sending it even in code, but his own love would have been a stupid, paltry thing if he had not understood.

Her hand on his arm had to go around his neck as he drew her close to him. There was nowhere else to put it. To both of them it seemed as if there had never been any kisses in their lives before. Probably there never had been one which lasted so long or said so much without any words whatever.

"I would say, 'Pardon me,' but I'm afraid that would be quite as conventional as the entire situation."

Sam and the lovely girl whom he held in his arms tore their attention from one another reluctantly.

THE interruption had come from young Mr. Stanley Collingswood who stood in the entry to a closet. He seemed quite sober now and wore a sneering smile. "It seems too bad you couldn't think up something different. Every hackneyed incident in the old plot is here: the bedroom, the door closed, the faithless wife, the handsome stranger. And now I have to be conventional too, the wronged husband appearing on the scene. But it's your own fault. If you had waited a few minutes longer I wouldn't have had to hide in that closet."

"What are you doing here?" Cam demanded.

"Old but good," returned Mr. Collingswood. "Why shouldn't I be here? I am your husband, am I not? This is your bedroom. You and I are the only ones who should be here. In return I counter gracefully with the question, 'What is he doing here?'"

"It was you who took the money," Cam declared.

"The witness declines to answer." Mr. Collingswood lit a cigarette. "If you will ask the apex of our triangle to leave us alone for a short while I imagine we can come to an understanding that will be very satisfactory to both of us, perhaps even to him."

"I wouldn't leave you alone with her," Sam began.

But the other man interrupted him. "I think you had better."

"I'll call some of the other friends of Mrs. Collingswood then."

"If you do I'll tell them that I found you here alone with my wife and that you weren't exactly playing checkers either."

Sam looked at Cam. His glance asked, "What shall I do?"

She replied, "Please go," but her eyes conveyed even more than that. They told him the same thing that had caused him earlier in the evening to sweep her into his arms. It was a message that made it doubly difficult for him to open the door and close it again on the woman whom he knew to be his mate, no matter what other legal ties might bind her.

But he did it and went on upstairs to his own room, resolutely determined not to interfere unless she gave some sign that assistance was needed.

INSIDE of Camilla's room the two young people faced one another. Collingswood was very much master of himself and, so far as that went, master also of the entire situation.

"You've got that money of your father's," she accused.

"What if I have? I certainly have more right to it than you have."

"Then you admit that you are not my husband."

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"I admit nothing. In fact after looking you over I have just about decided that I am your husband. I should think that might include many desirable advantages. What do you say? On the twenty thousand dollars we could certainly have one whale of a honeymoon and—"

"Get out of my room." Cam pointed toward the door and then on second thought toward the window.

Stanley chuckled. "You don't want me to go out where the other guests can see me, eh? You know darn well they would insist upon my staying. Well, I have just about made up my mind to stay anyway. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll leave."  
"Then I'll follow. You might as well stay here at least for tonight."

She started to call out but with the alert swiftness of a cat he sprang to her side and covered her lips with his hand. "Don't do that," he admonished. "I dislike publicity in family quarrels. And it won't get you a thing. I was able to convince your big boy friend that I had all the rights in the matter and I can do the same with this bunch of squabs downstairs. We will have a lot more fun if you give me a little kiss and we start making up right here and now."

"Hold everything and don't make a sound."

**T**HIS interruption came from across the room. A man sat speculatively in the window, one leg inside and the other out. Across his face under his eyes was a black handkerchief and in his right hand was a large serviceable looking revolver.

"Ordinarily I would not have called until much later but I happen to need twenty thousand dollars just at this particular moment and so I thought I had better stop in before matters got too complicated."

He crossed to the Collingswood family, searched Mrs. Collingswood with a glance and then patted the pockets of young Mr. Stanley Collingswood until he touched a satisfactory bulk which proved to be the much disputed wad of currency.

"I'll count this later but I trust that for your own sakes you are not holding out on me. If the young gentleman will take one of the sheets off from the bed and tie the lady up in it I will later do the same thing for him and nobody will be hurt."

Sam Sherman had been walking the floor of his room for perhaps an hour when Herb Raines found him.

"Well, for Pete's sake. This is where you are," Herb complained. "Everybody supposed that you and the chaperone had wandered off into the dewy dusk somewhere and I thought I could come in here and peacefully smoke one of your cigarettes. I just had another row with Ethel and—"

"Oh, you and your rows with Ethel. I am in a horrible jam myself."

Herb raised his eyebrows. "Fine," he applauded. "Didn't scrap with the beautiful Collingswood."

"No, she loves me."

"Then you are in the deuce of a fix."

"But her husband is here."

"Here?"

"Yes, in her room. He put me out."

"I don't know that I blame him. You had a lot of nerve to be there in the first place."

"You don't understand."

"No, I am good and old-fashioned that way. But as I said, I don't blame you."

"Don't be funny. She is shut in that room with him and she loves me and I love her. What shall I do?"

"I don't know what you can do. It looks to me as if he had all the law on his side and it is just possible that she really loves him after all and that she has just been using you as a foil. Every wife says she is abused and misunderstood. That is

part of the game and every husband falls for it the first year or so. My advice to you is to keep out."

"But I love her," Sam said and then started suddenly. "What was that?"

Both men strained their ears.

"I didn't hear anything," Herb finally relaxed. "What did it sound like?"

"I thought it was a muffled cry for help."

Sam strode out of his room and down the stairs.

Herb caught him just at Camilla's door.

"Go easy, you fool. You can't bust in like this on a married couple having a family reunion. Besides, listen."

There was a confused murmur of voices coming from beyond the door, nothing intelligible, but, on the other hand, nothing that sounded much like strife either.

Herb drew his friend back to his own room. "That's just a friendly discussion between a man and his wife. You could tell from the way the voices sounded that nobody was mad. Probably he is just telling her that his socks hadn't been darned since she went away."

Sam wanted to wring Herb's neck.

Herb realized that his friend was in no frame of mind to be left alone so they sat together half the night or rather Herb sat and Sam wore a path in the carpet, occasionally enlarging his stroll to go down and listen at Camilla's door. He could hear two people breathing heavily. Evidently they were asleep.

Finally he decided that he might as well turn in himself. Herb went to his own room and Sam rang the bell which connected with the servants' quarters.

After five minutes during which Carter did not appear he rang the bell again. Carter still did not show up. Then Sam went out to find out the reason why. In the dimly lighted hall, coming toward his own room Sam met, not Carter but the Dennydy butler, Askins. Askins was not quite as dignified as usual for he had not quite completed his dressing. Evidently he was going somewhere and had been aroused out of a sound sleep.

Sam would have brushed by him but Askins spoke to him. "Did you ring, sir?"

"I wanted my man, Carter."

"Yes, sir, just so, sir. Mr. Carter is not here, sir. He rather thought you would not need him any more tonight but I thought that if there was anything special—"

"Carter not here?"

"No, sir. He left a little note for me to give you in the morning, sir." Askins began feeling through his pockets. "Here it is." He handed an unsealed envelope to Mr. Carter's employer. "Is there anything else sir?"

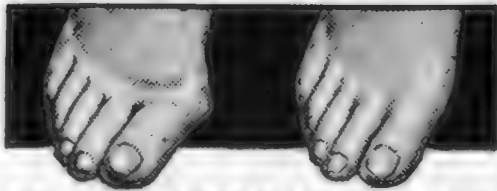
"No, thank you, Askins. I'm sorry I woke you up."

Relieved to be able to go back to bed again Askins returned to the servants' quarters.

Sam opened the note and read it.

Dear Mr. Sherman: What you said about the devil was right. Twenty thousand dollars just fixes me so I can get along for quite a while without religion. I hope I didn't frighten Mr. and Mrs. Collingswood too much. If you are willing to give me a reference please send same to H. C. Carter, General Delivery, Des Moines, Iowa. Yours truly, H. C. Carter.

**F**OR a second Sam blinked at the words on the white sheet of paper. "Twenty thousand dollars." "Mr. and Mrs. Collingswood." Just what did that mean? The twenty thousand dollars referred to must be the roll which Camilla had hidden and her husband had abstracted from its hiding place while she was away. But when he had last seen them the money was presumably in the possession of Mr. Collingswood. That meant that Carter had stolen or intended to steal



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it later, had in fact, committed the robbery while he, Sam Sherman, had been sitting awake upstairs ready to go to Camilla's assistance. His intuition had been something more than jealousy after all.

Suppose that Carter had done something worse than rob them? Suppose they had offered resistance? Sam could stand it no longer. He threw discretion to the winds. Once more he stole downstairs to the Collingswoods' room. This time he did not stop at the door but flung it wide open.

Tightly lashed to two chairs with gags in their mouths sat Camilla Collingswood and Stanley Collingswood facing one another.

Sam flew to Camilla's side and released her from her bonds. She stretched herself a little at a time, too stiff to rise from the chair. Sam brought her water from the night bottle and moistened her lips with it.

Finally Camilla recovered her voice sufficiently to speak.

"We have been sitting here for four mortal hours," she declared.

"A burglar came in through the window."

"Did he get the twenty thousand dollars?"

"Yes. And then he tied us up like this."

"Shall I release your husband?" he asked.

"I don't care, but he isn't my husband. I haven't any husband."

"Not any?"

"Absolutely not any at all."

"But why did you say you had?"

"Don't scold me. The reason I said I had one was because I found that I was getting to the age where unless I were married, I was being left out of things. I hadn't met any one that I really wanted to marry but I wanted to have a good time so I went away and when I came back six months later pretended to have been married and said I was all ready for a divorce. I didn't choose the name of Collingswood deliberately. I must have seen it somewhere in a paper and liked the sound of it. Anyway I shall never tell another lie. I suppose we ought to wake up the crowd and tell them that I am not really a chaperone at all so that they can get somebody else to come out and take my place."

This was a lot of information for Sam Sherman to digest all in one bunch but he finally did absorb it. And then he had a few more questions to ask. "Would this gang need any other chaperone if you really were married?"

"No-o-o-o, I suppose not."

"Very well. I will sacrifice myself for the sake of our hoodlum friends. Rather than spoil their party I will marry you today instead of a week from today."

"But—"

"Listen, dear, I can't argue very well in front of the young man who is such a superb imitation of an Egyptian mummy. Let's go out on the porch. I think I can prove to you that I am right."

STANLEY COLLINGSWOOD went along to the village as one of the witnesses to the wedding and then accepted carfare to Pittsburgh from the bridegroom.

It was all over and Sam and Camilla were back in the breakfast room of the Dennedy Lodge before any of the gang were up.

Herb Raines was one of the first to arrive.

"Have you been up all night waiting for Mrs. Collingswood?" he demanded. He hadn't had much sleep himself.

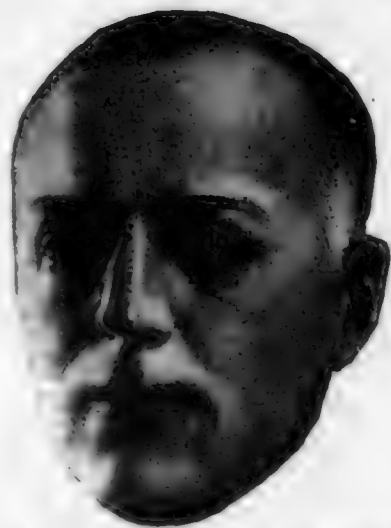
"I've been up all night but I was waiting for Mrs. Sherman."

"Mrs. Sherman!"

Some of the others had come in and the unfamiliar name was echoed several times.

"Yes," Camilla replied, "and I am Mrs. Sherman. If you'll promise not to interrupt I'll try to explain."

She did try but nobody believed her.



## "How I Licked Wretched Old Age at 63"

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# Daughter for Sale

[Continued from page 58]

They were over at last! At noon the Aquitania would be in sight of the Statue of Liberty.

Candida and Jason Harper stood to the fore of the deck, apart from the others. Candida said, "Jason, I'm so sorry."

"We've gone over that, dear. I know you are. But it's part of the game. I told you I'd be a good loser."

"You're wonderful. You're the best sport in all the world, bar none. If it were not—"

"For Allen, I know. Love can't be helped."

"It's so cruel."  
"Life is cruel. One can't surmount a

"You've been so perfect. I can't say it."

"You've been so perfect. I can't say it often enough. I thought I would hate this year. I thought it would drag by, horribly. It hasn't."

"I'm glad. That's something. There was only the one time. You know I'm sorry for that."

The one time! Candida's eyes filmed with tears of pity. But pity wasn't enough.

They had been standing on the banks of the Arno. Jason in evening clothes. Herself in trailing chiffon, gardenias spraying her throat. They had been dancing all evening. She had said, "How well we go together. Jason."

And he had answered, "I wish we might always go together, Candida."

"If it were not for Allen!"

**I**F IT were not for Allen! How many times they had thought that poignant sentence, both of them. How it had robbed the gold Italian sun of its warmth, the Neapolitan serenaders of their magic, the lake of Como of its celestial blue. In Rome, in Paris, running like a silken strip of wind over the Corniche road, standing on the rim of Vesuvius, gliding along the Grand Canal of Venice, always in her mind, humming a minor strain in her heart, "If it were not for Allen!"

How they had talked together, Jason and she. Ah, she would miss those talks! Early in the morning, basking in the sun by the radiant Bay of Naples. Strolling by the Tiber in the moonlight. Driving up the Champs Elysées at tea time. Gay talk, matching wit for wit, such as two people interchange when there is something profound drawing them together. After all he did care for what she thought. He did care for what she was. He cared about what she might become, what she might make of life.

That night by the Arno!  
He had been telling her something of his  
life, something of his boyhood and young  
manhood struggles, the privations he had  
undergone, the way he had worked, the  
way he had climbed, patiently, slowly.

"Why did you work so hard? What was it you wanted?"

"Love. But I knew that love was not enough to give"

"Oh, but it is!"

"No. Not for women. My mother taught me that. My father loved her but it was not enough. He was never successful. She had to work and worry. She had to go without the little lovely things that would have kept her young and happy. She had to have babies and fret about them, their clothes, their education. After while the love they had begun with faded. It grew drab and quarrelsome and nerve-racked. I made up my mind that the one thing I wanted from life was love. A beautiful love. I wanted to be able to give to it—beautifully. That's why I was

Turn to  
**SMART SET'S  
FADS & FASHIONS**

Page 64

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ing in to see me. Surely you understand."  
"What about the divorce? Is Harper arranging for that?"  
"Oh, yes. Rhode Island or somewhere."  
"You don't seem very interested. How long will it take?"  
"I don't know exactly. A year perhaps."  
"A year! Another one! Great God!"  
"Twelve months. They'll pass."  
For what are twelve little months out of forever?

"You're pretty cool about it. I've done all the waiting I'm geared for, I tell you. What's the matter with you? Don't you love me as you did? Were you telling me the truth about yourself and Harper?"

"We needn't go over that again, Allen. It was all exactly as I've said."

"Baby Doll, do you mean it?"

Candida drew away. She wished that he wouldn't call her Baby Doll. She wished that he wouldn't insist on so much reiteration. There had been no such harping on the same string between Jason and herself. Between them the truth had been a palpable thing.

"I've told you the truth once, Allen. That will have to be enough."

"Oh, it will, will it? Well, Mrs. Jason Harper is awfully high-tighty, I should say! I'm going to keep right on, young person, until I dig up all the dirt. I don't believe all I hear nor all I read in the papers either. And I know men! There was nothing between you?"

"I've told you."

The stuffy train came to a jolting stop. Candida and Allen jumped down to the gritty platform.

THEY lunched and strolled toward a little wood Allen knew about.

Allen was talking about the little house they would have. So much down and so much per month. They'd buy a car on the "excitement plan," too. They'd have a girl in to help, like his brother's wife did.

Candida felt slow tears hurting her. A little house on the instalment plan. Roast lamb on Sunday. Allen tinkering with the car. Tradespeople coming to the back door. Years and years and years.

How silly she was! How selfish and small! His sultry voice planning for her. Of course they wouldn't be like that. Allen was in a profession. He was on the way to big things. And they had love.

Soon they would be alone together. Allen would kiss her for the first time in a year. They would cling together and the bright storm of his love would engulf her again, would break over her in the old shattering ecstasy. What was it Jason had quoted? "This year knows nothing of last year."

THEY came to a clearing in the woods. Damp cool odors smote them. Green light filtered down.

He had her in his arms again at last!

She was crushed against him. His soft full lips found hers. She closed her eyes and waited. Waited for the bright storm to rack her, for the intolerable quality of her love to drown her.

She waited and it didn't come.

She felt sticky and hot and uncomfortable. She wanted to draw away, to run, to be freed. Something was wrong. Horribly wrong. Something was lacking. It was thin and pale and insufficient. She missed what? Profundity? Depth beyond depth? Strength?

She tried to return his kisses. She must recapture the beauty for which she had sacrificed Jason Harper. But her mouth was stiff and unyielding. She felt shamed. Something was the matter. It was all wrong to be kissing him like this, this pallid persistent boy.

She drew away after a struggle in which she felt her temper rising.

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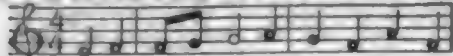
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"Allen . . . something is wrong. Let me go. Let me go!"

He released her roughly. "I know what it is. It's Harper. You've been lying to me. You're different."

"Yes, I am different."

Allen leaned against a tree.

"I'll say you're different. I guess you know what I mean, too."

"Don't go on, Allen, please."

"I'll go on as far as I please. No use hedging. No use prettifying things to suit Mrs. Jason Harper. You're in love with that bloated bond holder."

"Yes, I am in love with him. I am in love with him. But I only found it out now. Just now!"

"DON'T chant it at me. You're a good one but not good enough. I know the signs when I see 'em. What'd I tell you when you went away with him as his 'sweetheart to be wooed and won'?"

"Allen, let's go. I'd like to tell you—"

"I'll bet you would. But you won't get the chance this time. I've lost my interest in fairy tales, Baby Doll. Don't insult my intelligence as you've insulted my love. I wouldn't believe you. The way I've worked, cooped up in a stuffy office, laying off other girls and all the while you and your fancy millionaire were having the laugh on me. Well, you've taught me a lesson in time. You've taught me to lay off ritzy dames like yourself. I'll go after a regular girl next time."

In Grand Central Station Candida held out her hand. "I'm sorry, Allen. It isn't the way you think. I should have liked to explain—"

"I'll bet! But nothing doing. I've got to make up for lost time and I haven't a minute to waste. Well, sweet dreams."

Oh, would she reach Jason? Would he be there? If she should be too late!

JASON had cool drinks for her. Her favorite brand of cigarettes. Against the rich glow of books were jars of white gardenias.

They sat in deep leather chairs, facing one another. And Candida smoked heavily to make a blue lattice work between them so that Jason might not see her eyes too soon.

"You've been crying, Candida."

"I know I have."

"My child, why?"

"Because I love you."

Her voice broke and the words gushed from some wound in her heart.

There was silence between them. An arrested silence. Time seemed to halt.

In the vague light Candida saw her very life take shape and hover before her, suspended, waiting to be crushed to the ground, or waiting to soar to illimitable heights.

Then she heard Jason saying:

"How has this happened?"

His voice was steady. Emotionless! Deliberate! Cool!

Candida's heart thudded. She thought, "I mustn't let him see my eyes. There is fear in them. He mustn't pity me."

"I saw Allen today," she said, "for the first time. I spent the day with him. It was not as it used to be."

"Where did you spend the day with him?"

Jason's voice was still impersonal. She answered him as a prisoner answers a judge.

"In Connecticut. We made plans about houses and things."

"Is Allen poor?"

"Yes, quite."

"Poverty frightened you, that's all."

"No, Jason. Not the poverty. The man back of the poverty. The poor little man. Little!"

Her voice was faint. Her words were faint things, too. How could she show her heart to him?

He was silent, waiting for some touchstone of truth.

"It wasn't only that. In the woods Allen kissed me. I knew then. It was thin and cheap. It wasn't you."

"You can go on being my wife if you wish to, Candida. You can go back to Paris, to Rome, anywhere you wish. You can live as you have lived this past year."

What did he mean? She had to know but her voice faltered as she asked the question.

"You mean alone? Without you?"

"Yes."

"No, thank you, Jason."

SHE rose to go. Her voice was dead and the only things she could think of to say were stale and profitless. She had committed the unforgivable sin of denying love, of not knowing it when she had met it face to face. The answer was atonement. For all the rest of her life she must be tortured to pay for this. She must go on alone—without Jason.

She had known that love was passion. She had thought it might be pain. But not like this. Not death.

Her hand was on the knob of the door. He was letting her go. There was something she must do. Something he had taught her to be. A good loser! That was it. But she couldn't. That didn't seem to matter either. You could come, she found, to a place where you are beyond words, beyond gestures, beyond tears. You probably could reach the place where you are beyond pain, too.

She loved him more than he loved her. She had transcended him. She had scaled his heights and gone beyond them. It was necessary for her to say something but she couldn't say it. And he saw that she couldn't. He saw it and he pushed back his chair and sprang across the room to her. Perhaps he believed her at last.

He had her in his arms. He looked into her eyes. Her heart was in them. Then they closed their eyes because the face of love was blinding.

## OUR GREATEST MOTHER CALLS

ONCE a year the American Red Cross asks her faithful sons and daughters to give their little dollar toward the fund that goes to help humanity in all its innumerable distresses and disasters.

There is no greater service in all the world at so small a cost as this. For the price of a pound of candy you can contribute to the noblest of causes, where your money will buy relief and happiness

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Indeed, your dollar can be likened to that mustard seed in the parable which once sown grows into a mighty tree whose branches shelter all the birds of the air.

So, when the roll call of the American Red Cross sounds between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving, November 11-29, this year, be sure to answer it, and bring company with you.

# Prize Winners

[Continued from page 8]

SET, titled "Mama's Boy." It has all of the action, all of the daring, and all of the feeling, love, and emotion one expects to find in a book so modern and youthful as SMART SET. We people of the younger generation enjoy reading stories about ourselves and our friends—stories that we know are happening about us because we witness them; we revel and glory in Robert S. Carr's stories. He is our knight, who, with pen in hand, writes about us just as we are—writes of our philosophy, our psychology, our emotions, and our ideals.

THE second prize winner, Miss Gertrude Livingston, runs a very close second. She tells why SMART SET appeals to her and so many other girls throughout the United States, with well-chosen illustrations from each of the four contest issues:

SMART SET is the book of youth. It has stories, features and articles which are of intense import to the young people of today. It is a magazine which is constructive and human. And these four pieces of literature which I have picked as the leading ones in each of the different months from May to August illustrate the absorbing articles, the stirring serials, and the fine short stories which are just bubbling over with youth and romance, that make SMART SET the most dearly loved magazine by the girl of today.

"Unforbidden Fruit" is by far the most interesting piece of writing in the May issue. The characters are real; they are true to life! They act as college girls do. I know because I just graduated from a university in the northern United States. The story itself is full of suspense and adventure. And it has been written by a master writer who knows girls as few people do. I am sure that all girls throughout the country who have read this story will hate to see it end.

In June "You My Beloved" wins first place. It is the kind of story any girl enjoys reading. One that is wound around that eternal question of love and devotion. It is throbbing, pulsating, and absorbing.

I liked "Sally Steps Out" best of all the things in the July issue. It is youthful and full of life. After all, this is the type of story that we young people enjoy. And Bob Carr writes in an entertaining fashion.

One of the best things SMART SET has done in a long while is that of making up a fashion page. And while "The Clothes of a Perfect Day," posed by Ruth Taylor, can hardly be called an out-and-out fashion page, it is nevertheless a fine piece of art. And fashion is just that, a work of art. I sincerely hope that SMART SET will continue to give us a department on fashions. It is something the young girl of today craves.

THIRD prize—again oddly enough, goes to a man—to Mr. Gilson Vander Veer Willets. He enjoys reading SMART SET because of its humanizing appeal, and because it presents problems of today. Mr. Willets, although partial to articles, has written a sparkling letter:

He chose John Sumner's article from the May number, Charles G. Norris's from June, "Sally Steps Out" by Robert S. Carr from July, and Irvin S. Cobb's radio story from August.

MISS PHRE VOIERS wins fourth prize with an artistic, well-composed letter enclosed in a beautiful parchment binder:

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It is with an especial enthusiasm I greet this opportunity to criticize the SMART SET. One of the most attractive features ever inaugurated was the John Held page. What that boy can do to the modern female figure! and not be jailed for it, is nobody's business! He is a delight and the best of the features.

May. Not only the cleverest but most profound in its thought is "Bluffers," by that young writer, Bob Carr. "The Quality of Mercy" ran it a close second in dramatic value and story content but in the writing skill displayed and the interest aroused it fell short, by far. Then, too, Mr. Carr has here a subject interesting to both old and young, the essential decency and the desire for cleanliness that underlies the giddy surface of the better class of youth, a subject that is important and timely.

June. He comes very near to repeating his success in the June number with "Thrill Girl" but is outclassed by "The Man Who Flew From Love." This story has an intensity, a flavor of maturity, a touch of hopelessness and suffering, a remarkable finale, that raises it above any other contribution of the month. Also, its illustrations are particularly fine which add much to its enjoyment.

July. This is the richest number of the four included in this competition. It is hard to choose. There is something in this issue for every type of reader and a feast for those of catholic tastes. But to me the most dramatic, the most surprising, the most gripping pages of the month are those devoted

to the beginning of the new story, "The Woman in the Case." This has an incredible amount of tragedy, love and hate, of intrigue and mystery, everything that goes to make a good story. And beyond that, it was written by a careful craftsman.

August. Here an article overshadowed everything else. This article was that splendid "sermon" by Professor Baker, "Go," advocating early marriage, the sanest and most reasonable exposition of this biologically and economically sound theory I ever read. I was emphatically interested and I hope every devotee of SMART SET read that, particularly any parents who may have been dubious about allowing youngsters to marry early.

IT IS astounding that in a girl's magazine two men should be among the first four contest winners. You girls will certainly have to atone for this in the next contest, won't you? Go to it, girls! And here's wishing you luck and all kinds of it for the next time.

The Editors regret there isn't enough space to publish all the letters. It is their hope, however, that all of you who have entered this contest will enter the next one, and that you will tell your friends about the good things you found in the four issues of SMART SET from May to August inclusive. Also tell your friends about the New SMART SET.

Did you see the \$5,000 reward offered for The Typical American Girl? See page 61

## "Dear Mr. Woolrich"

[Continued from page 16]

where you can throw a wild party. One who would enjoy a good home-cooked dinner instead of going to a cabaret to get soggy sandwiches and something to drink. One who would enjoy music at home instead of the cabaret kind. One who would come straight home after the theater instead of trying to park off some side road. One who does not stop at some drug store and get a bottle of gin the first thing during the evening without asking whether or not you minded. One who believes in loving one and one only. One who doesn't think you are crazy when you say you have to be home at eleven-thirty.

"If some one would show me such an old-fashioned boy, I'd keel over and die of happiness."

Thelma Swisher of Joplin, Mo., who states that she is only nineteen and she hates all men, expresses the mood of hundreds when she says:

"Most of what you told in SMART SET is true, but did you ever stop to think that you men never get under the surface of us girls of 1928."

"We are as disgusted with the men of today as the men are disgusted with us. Jellies, dance hall fiends, dressed in the latest of fashion, dancing as though they were on air, but what have they? Not a dime in their pockets, not a brain in their heads. Would they make a living for a girl, a home for her? Or be a good father for her children? No."

Little Miss E. P. Hoag of Brooklyn, N. Y., has a sense of humor.

"Try to get a boy who would talk about moonlight as authors have them talk in stories instead of 'Snice 'Smoon'."

A flapper who signs herself "Chaste Diana" and lives in Calgary delivers this declaration of independence:

"I'm a modern girl out for a good time. I play around with boys I know are not good. They have sense enough to know a nice girl when they meet one so they don't get rough with me. However I can play

around with them but when I marry I'm going to get a good boy. I have just as much right to do this as a boy has to sow his wild oats and expect to marry an angel."

Seventeen-year old Dorothea Kahn of Montgomery, Ala., seeks guidance:

"I got tired of running out every night and tried to interest boys in discussing things with me, but then the boys said I was a highbrow and they don't like it. At heart I'm just as old-fashioned and romantic as my grandmother but when I don't pet or drink I hear, she's all wet. Please advise me."

Here springs up a loyal man, Mr. J. E. Vaughan, resident of Johnson City, Tenn.

"Boy, you're all wrong. The type of girls a man meets are those he seeks through choice. I've met girls from Bombay to New York. They're all old-fashioned and there are more old-fashioned ones in the big cities like New York than there are back off here among the Tennessee hills. Think that over."

A minister's daughter, Melba Morris, explains her stand.

"About two years ago after I came home from one of many wild parties I suddenly thought what a fool I was to subject myself to things I hated. From that night on I let my hair grow and stopped petting."

"Today when I go out with boys we have intimate friendly talks and they are delightful. But a girl doesn't have a chance to enjoy such things often because not many boys are capable of real friendship."

But it is Myrtle Brown of Vermont who puts the gypsy curse on Mr. Woolrich:

"Someday I hope you meet your old-fashioned girl with the long hair and the clean, unpowdered face and the sweet, sweet lips. Someday I hope you meet her and have to marry her. Then you'll learn."

SMART SET on its part thanks all its correspondents and hopes Mr. Woolrich will become properly repentant. And in response to all these letters, may we say that the columns of SMART SET are always open to discussion. Send in your letters and we'll print them as long as space permits.

# As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

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THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a

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